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THE CAMBRIDGE "APOSTLES"

AMS PRESS
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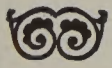
William Henry Brookfield

From a portrait by Samuel Laurence

THE CAMBRIDGE "APOSTLES"

By
FRANCES M. BROOKFIELD



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To
C. B.

PREFACE

I HAVE not attempted in this book to write a complete or collective history of the Cambridge "Apostles." Such a work might prove of interest to individuals but hardly to the world at large. Nor have I presumed to pick out from the register of that distinguished band the twelve indisputably the most brilliant and renowned. Such would be an invidious and pretentious task, and in any case beyond my powers. All I have tried to do is to give a few sketches of such of the "Apostles" as were friends of the late William Henry Brookfield, of whom accordingly I have family traditions and literary records. I was pleased and flattered to find, after having made my selection, that it tallied with the list of illustrious "Apostles" mentioned by the late Lord Houghton on the occasion of the opening of the new Cambridge "Union" in 1866.

In my selection of letters from these eminent men I have endeavoured to choose those which should reveal, not so much the intellectual mission of the man as the humanity of the intellectual missionary. For remarkable as were the mental powers of each one of this dazzling group, it is not his genius which strikes one first and most forcibly, but his greatness of heart,

his extraordinary capacity for loving and need of being loved.

For helpful assistance in this work I am greatly indebted to the generous co-operation of Mrs. Venables, the Misses Spedding, the Misses Blakesley, Miss Judith Merivale and Mrs. C. B. Johnson (author of *William Bodham Donne and his Friends*). Also to Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.B., Major-General Sterling, Colonel Kemble, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, W. L. Courtney, Esq., Messrs. Methuen ; to the Rev. C. B. Donne and W. Mowbray Donne, Esq., who lent me the valuable letters in their possession, and to the author of *Charles Lowden*, who kindly permitted me to make use of his *Life and Memorials of Archbishop Trench*, to whom and to all I tender my truly grateful thanks.

FRANCES M. BROOKFIELD.

HIGH WYCOMBE,
October, 1906.

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THE CAMBRIDGE "APOSTLES"

CHAPTER I

THE "APOSTLES"

The first ripe taste of manhood's best delights,
Knowledge imbibed, while mind and heart agree,
In sweet belated talk on winter nights,
With friends, whom growing time keeps dear to me,—
(MONCKTON MILNES).

Brothers, who up Reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer,
O! loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

(*Ibid.*)

THE third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century found together at one time at our great universities an extraordinary number of exceptionally gifted men: men of keen wit, of solid thought, of brilliant achievement. But while we acclaim these giants of the past, we are constrained to compare them with the pygmies of the present. By comparison, the undergraduate of to-day appears dull, mediocre and unpromising. There is excellent and abundant reason to rejoice over and take pride in

the rare talents of the youth of that bygone era—for they glowed with energy, they set forth with steadfast purpose, and they arrived long ago at their goal. Yet parents and guardians in those times had their day of doubt. It is we, of the next generation, who can appreciate their children's careers—just as it is our descendants who must sit in judgment on our contemporaries. The tide of thought in a great university is constantly flowing, although, like the stream of a wide river, its course is hardly visible; imperceptibly, however, it seems to have made further progress at Cambridge during the past century than during any similar period of time. Each generation has had its distinctive features—mental, psychical and social. In each "set" the highest mettled has struck his spark which in due time has glowed into a guiding luminary. May we not hope that in the apparent dullness of to-day there lurks here and there an unperceived ember which will one day burst likewise into flame? The light of genius seems certainly more diffused to-day than it was seventy years ago. We are no longer dazzled by a few blazing beacons, but illumined by rows upon rows of twinkling lanterns. Still, one of these may continue to burn more and more brightly as his fellows flicker out, until he shall beam upon a generation to come with as brilliant an effulgence as was shed by the shining lights of "those dawn-golden times."

There was in the air of Cambridge, in the spring of the nineteenth century, a spirit of intellectual free-

masonry, a tendency of bright wits to recognize each other and to drift into sodalities more or less informal and undefined. Some of these remained mere "sets" —that is to say, groups of friends united by nothing more than a community of likes and dislikes. Some developed into "societies" with a definite object—the pursuit of some special quarry or the riding of some particular hobby; but the most important, distinguished and lasting result of this gregarious tendency of sympathetic souls was the constitution of a fellowship commonly known by its cant name of "The Apostles."

The conditions of life at that time were such that they caused men who were in possession of greater than ordinary ability to float towards each other; to become, by right of a community of interests, fast and abiding friends; and the friendship that existed between a certain set of undergraduates at St. John's in the year 1820—men of high promise and higher hopes —undoubtedly led to the forming of this distinguished "Society." Attracted towards one another by an equality of mental attainments and similar tastes in literature, the thoughts of each acted and reacted upon those of his fellows until all were fired with the same intellectual desire. This took the form of a common craving for further investigation than was permitted by the opportunities given by the University, into higher philosophy. In order to achieve this, they, with the venturesomeness of youth and a prodigious belief in self—and also, be it said, in face of

the fact that they were looked on coldly by more conventional minds—formed themselves into a society for the writing of essays upon subjects on which they required larger and wider information. To this end, and to promote and provoke discussion upon their favourite themes, they arranged that members should meet together once a week for these objects.

Henry Tomlinson (afterwards Bishop of Gibraltar) was of this gifted band—and one of the founders of the Society—which was called "The Cambridge Conversazione Society," which name remains its title to this day; the more familiar designation, "The Apostles," having been originally applied to them in a spirit of banter. A member of the Society might belong to any college, but he was bound to have more than ordinary talents, and as well a distinct and original personality. Once elected, a new member would urge the claims of his own close friend to be the next; he himself having been raised to the dignity by others already his friends.

The common idea has been that membership of this sodality of itself bestowed glory, but that was not so, at least in early days. In its prime, from the year 1824-1840, each member took to the Society his laurels ready plaited, and it was the individual brilliancy of its members which caused this Society to shine so brightly.

The "Cambridge Conversazione Society" carried on its work with more or less success, until it was observed that Trinity was giving to it all its best

talents; accordingly, its meetings thereafter were held in that college. Then began its golden era; and then it was that its members (limited to twelve) came in gentle raillery to be called "Apostles," a term meekly—and, according to some of themselves—appreciatively accepted; and which was met by a sinking of all allusion to their high distinction when in the company of those not of the "Society." The eminence achieved in after life by almost every one of those early Cambridge "Apostles" shows that collectively they must have possessed, besides their talent and genius, a keen and critical perception of promise very remarkable in men so young. The most stringent of their rules enacted that the absolute freedom of thought and speech they one and all desired should be respected by every member and in all circumstances; and, in order that no one of them in his ideas or convictions should in any way be trammelled or hampered, minutes of their meetings were never published.

The life of an "Apostle" at this time was, as Carlyle says, "an ardently speculative and talking one." The method of the young enthusiasts was first of all to strip tegument from tegument, until the very heart of their subject was laid bare; next, to reveal to the world the secrets their scalpels had brought to light. The ambitions expressed and the business performed at their assemblies give a lively impression of the ebullitions of a group of congenial spirits on the same intellectual plane, proud with the florescence of youth,

which in a first ordering of life for self had gained what it required—in this case, opportunity for the expression of seething thought and new-born speculation.

The usual procedure was to meet every Saturday night in the rooms of the one whose turn it was to read the essay; essays being read by each of them in regular succession. After preliminary precautions such as the "sporting" of the "oak" or outer door, as well as the locking of the inner one, the host of the evening would provide his guests with light refreshments, which invariably included coffee and anchovies on toast—called "whales," even in those days—after which he gave to them his own thoughts—frank and free. Then the others replied, agreed, disproved, criticized, as conscience or as humour dictated.

There was no prim ordering of the day; each "Apostolic" essayist read his best, and polished his material under the encouraging murmurs or the sympathetic ejaculations of friends as he went along; while each of his hearers imbibed the information given him at his ease, lounging in easy chairs, on sofa or hearthrug, until discussion became heated or interesting enough to demand a more vigilant attitude.

Theological and political investigations, as became the time and the place, abounded; sometimes the theme was purely metaphysical, sometimes scientific or literary; but each and every subject which they took and pondered over was discussed, criticized and settled fearlessly for themselves.

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark,

is Tennyson's masterly description of these intellectual assemblies.

For a period poetry ruled supreme, and this perhaps was their favourite subject; all of them being poets or having, at all events, the poetic temperament. But on poetry, as on every topic chosen, they turned their searchlight of philosophy and reason. Landor and Southey inspired them and gave them zest in criticism; for some time they lived under Shelley's influence; they brought Keats to the knowledge of mankind; and Coleridge and Wordsworth, both beloved by them, gave them painful as well as joyful moments. They would have only that which they considered to be the highest; they dismissed with disdain everything that seemed to them to savour of humbug or of "pill"; and, however heated their "instructive hours" sometimes became, they permitted no difference of opinion, however wide, to shake the solid and steady affection which existed between them. This affectionate interest and friendly intercourse between the "Apostles" was once, by one of themselves, likened

to the description of friendship given so long before by St. Augustine :

"To talk and laugh with mutual concessions, to read pleasant books ; to jest and to be solemn, to dissent from each other without offence, to teach one another somewhat, or somewhat to learn—to expect those absent with impatience and embrace their return with joy."

But they were all through and first of all "modern" and modern with the first bloom and freshness of the changing times upon them ; therefore they took and used, whenever and wherever they found it, the thought which seemed freshest and newest and which best blent with their own. Niebühr for them was a god, who for a lengthy period formed all their sentiments. Bentham, Mill, and others took them in their turn and whirled their thoughts this way and that ; these intellectual bouts leaving them sometimes confused and sometimes dissatisfied. Yet with such strength of character were these "Apostles" girt, that they emerged from their wrestlings with these Titans with but little loss of individuality.

Above their ardent yearnings to clear the abstruse, and to make the world see with their eyes—which endeavours, after all, were the end and aim of the "Society"—must be placed the wish of all of them that each should use for all it was worth the talent entrusted to him ; that he should shape a straight and definite course and walk that course directly and in satisfaction to success.

In just presumption many of them attempted the fulfilment of this pleasing expectation, making their effort in advantageous circumstances, surrounded by minds great enough to give them a sense of their own greatness, and encouraged as men in this life were seldom encouraged. Were there not in these days, to mention only a few of them, Trench, Sterling, Alford, Maurice, Kemble, Spedding, Buller, Blakesley, Milnes, Henry and Edmund Lushington, Alfred and Frederick Tennyson, Venables, Allen, Garden, Thompson, Merivale, Hallam, Heath, Donne, Monteith, Thirlwall? Was there ever of late centuries, at one given time, so formidable a phalanx of talent? Does it not compel comparison with the similar rush that came with the last years of Elizabeth? and do not our later and not lesser lights meet on common ground with Spencer, Marlowe, Donne, Sidney, and Jonson?

Our "Apostles" could have dispensed, had they chosen, with authority and precedent and the opinions of the ancients. They had enough of contemporary material on which to form their opinions and whet their critical curiosity; they had their own friends' burning thoughts and robust methods to attack or acclaim—thoughts and methods born often of their own inner consciousness and fostered by friendly comment.

The dissimilarity in style of the "Apostles" adds to the interest of the Society. The primary aim of the Society had been, it is true, to associate together those of the loftiest and solidest thought; but its members who possessed these attributes in the highest perfection

were those who demanded admittance for friends of gayer and lighter vein; men who had cultivated nimbleness of wit as well as originality of thought, who should brighten discussions which evinced a tendency to become dull in their profundity. Trench and Kemble, Maurice and Buller represent opposites, amongst the earlier lights; and by and by Arthur Hallam and Spedding relaxed their deeper interests and heavier weighted minds—and bandied nonsense with Blakesley and Monckton Milnes.

Two of the Society's most brilliant members did not long shed their light upon it. Alfred Tennyson, too lethargic to have his essay prepared when his turn came and it was demanded of him, was asked to resign. The subject of this essay was "Ghosts," and he had partly finished it, but unfortunately only part of the proem remains. Monckton Milnes, on the other hand, was only elected a member a few terms before he went "down." Yet these two did much to bring the Society to the high prominence it attained during the early years of its existence.

Merivale gives a quaint picture of their apostolic mission:

"It was with the vague idea that it should be our function to interpret the oracles of transcendental wisdom to the world of Philistines or Stumpfs, as we designated them, and from time to time to call forth from this world the few souls who might be found capable of sympathizing with them, that we piqued ourselves on the name of the 'Apostles,' a name given

us, as we were sometimes told, by the envious and jeering vulgar, but to which we presumed that we had a legitimate claim, and gladly accepted it. We lived, in constant intercourse with one another, day by day, meeting over our wine or our tobacco, but every Saturday evening we held a more solemn meeting, when each member of the Society, about twelve in number, delivered an essay on any subject, chosen by himself, to be discussed and submitted to the vote of the whole number. Alas! alas! what reckless, joyous evenings those were, what solemn things were said, pipe in hand; how much serious emotion was mingled with alternate bursts of laughter; how every one hit his neighbour intellectually, right and left, and was hit again, and no mark left on either side; how much sentiment and how much humour! Who is the poet who says, and how aptly he might have said to us:

> Witty as youthful poets in their wine,
> Bold as a centaur at a feast, and kind
> As virgins that were ne'er beguiled with love.

The style of our lucubrations may be illustrated perhaps by a saying of one of our profound philosophers, Jack Kemble: 'The world is one great thought, and I am thinking it.'"

Regular meetings for the expression of definite thought had at least the effect of helping an "Apostle" to "see himself." The effort to show his best to anxious adorers, to speak his soul before his peers, to shine as bright as other stars, were acts that gave the ablest of them a serene confidence in himself and his own genius. It is scarcely surprising that some of

them, stimulated by such surroundings, nursed on such applause, should afterwards have come to look the whole world calmly in the face—and even to have dared to play with it.

Monckton Milnes once wrote: "We have had some capital debates in our Society called 'The Apostles,' we attacked Paley last night." But that subjects were not always so stiff as Paley is proved by Sir James Fitz-James Stephen's paper entitled: "Is a little knowledge a dangerous thing?" And that the manners of the "Apostles" were not always dignified and reposeful is proved by the following: "Last Saturday we had an 'Apostolic' dinner . . . most of them stayed till past two. John Heath volunteered a song: Kemble got into a passion about nothing, but quickly jumped out again: and Thompson poured large quantities of salt upon Douglas Heath's head, because he talked nonsense."

"Apostleship" did not end with college life, and members resident or visiting Cambridge could, by giving notice to the host of the evening, attend a meeting of the younger men; and this they often elected to do. The particular "Apostles" dealt with in this volume all took in after life every opportunity for meeting their old fellow "Apostles" in the company of the new. They never relaxed their affection for the Society; to their last days "its membership constituted a bond of friendship which revived in them the freshness of youth." Many were the occasions when they brought the tale of their newest success and latest

laurels to add interest to the many interests that met together at the yearly "Apostolic" dinner; a festival held for years at the *Star and Garter*, Richmond. With old "Apostles" only the most imperative calls prevented their assisting, for to have each other's society in convivial intercourse was part and parcel of the scheme of life laid in early college days.

"Kemble, Sterling, the two Bullers and all the stars of the first magnitude are announced as having promised to shine." This was at a meeting at the Freemason's Tavern, another haunt of the "Apostles." It was at this feast they had the "inadequate consolation" of drinking the healths of those forced to be absent. It was Sterling who, at another merry meal, gave "a melancholy account of the coldness produced at Trinity by the late controversy." This when a war was waging concerning the question of admitting Dissenters to university degrees, and when fears had been expressed in Parliament as to the effect of free theological discussion amongst undergraduates—and comment had been made upon the meetings and the freedom of speech of the "Apostles."

But witty Connop Thirlwall, then a tutor, on that occasion took up the cudgels for his fellow "Apostles" and spoke eloquently in their favour, saying:

"You may be alarmed when I inform you that there has long existed in this place a society of young men—limited, indeed, in numbers, but continually receiving

new members to supply its vacancies, and selecting them in preference amongst the youngest, in which all subjects of highest interest, without any exclusion of those connected with religion are discussed with the most perfect freedom. But, if this fact is new to you, let me instantly dispel any apprehension it may excite by assuring you that the members of this society, for the most part, have been and are amongst the choicest ornaments of the University, and that some are now among the ornaments of the Church, and that so far from having had their affections embittered, their friendships torn and lacerated, their union has been rather one of brothers than of friends."

For this he was called upon to resign his tutorship, but a living was given him, and he went away with the applause of the University and the love of the "Apostles," and afterwards became Bishop of St. David's.

It was an age of early development and of early perfection, and some of the "Apostles"—all of them workers—accomplished their best work in those Cambridge days. When *The Athenæum* fell into the hands of Sterling and Maurice it was produced almost entirely by the "Society," but the material with which they then filled its pages, and which reads so well today—failed in its own time to interest. Trench said of the paper:

"Should it obtain an extensive circulation, it is calculated to do much good. It is a paper not merely of principle, but what is almost equally important, of principles—certain fixed rules to which compositions are referred, and by which they are judged. In this it

is superior, not merely to contemporary papers, but to the Reviews of the highest pretension."

There were always those who gently scoffed at what was deemed the " pretensions " of the " Apostles," and the scoffers were sometimes of themselves. Merivale, one of the breeziest of their critics, says humorously :

" Monteith and Garden are indignant and wild at being forbidden by their governors, who appear to be as identical as they are themselves, to go abroad. I leave them each writing a letter in his respective style. How inconsistent with themselves are Human faculties ! The genius that can presage the fulfilment of the Apocalypse overlooks the specks and motes in futurity, and is taken by surprise by a paternal admonition."

These letters, however, had the effect of procuring for the two " identicals " the desired tour ; a tour which took the usual " Apostolic " form of a pilgrimage to Venice, and a romantic lingering beneath the windows of a palace in the hope of seeing some philosophical metaphysical maniac such as he of whom the poet Shelley wrote in *Julian and Maddalo*.

Sometimes " Apostles " were scorned by men of genius as great as their own, men who afterwards came to the front and stayed there ; and there were even those who attacked them, and one of themselves—who shall be nameless—who sought to " betray them," and by his conduct caused commotion and emotion. " A Judas," he was termed, " who could not or would not understand the principles on which the Society was based."

But trivial assaults the "Apostles" could afford to ignore, for if they had detractors, they had also admirers and imitators. W. E. Gladstone founded an Essay Club at Oxford on the model of the "Apostles" and boasted of it—though he owned it never quite satisfied him. "The Apostles," he said, "are a much more general society." Blakesley leaves it recorded that it was Arthur Hallam who founded this Club, and he probably thought this because Hallam had given Gladstone help in the drawing up of its rules. "The Sterling" was certainly inspired by the "Apostles," as were numerous other societies; and, indirectly, the London Library, an institution of an entirely different kind, grew out of it.

It was, however, close brotherhood, and not society-making which the "Apostles" strove to attain, and that which they successfully achieved—the affectionate bond between them being strengthened, not only by the frequency and fervency with which they encouraged each other in their work, but by the perseverance with which they advertised that work when done. They were in all cases the first and strongest champions of each other's claims to public attention, and their mutual assistance and admiration were reckoned to have been "stimulating to them in youth and advantageous to them in manhood."

Almost without exception their joyous anticipations for each other's future were fulfilled, and the friendship which commenced in the bud and flourished in the flower withered only with death.

"Those Cambridge 'Apostles' of whom Brookfield was one," said Kinglake (but here he was mistaken. Brookfield was in the habit of saying, "I was an *acting* Apostle, though never rated as one on the ship's books") "and with whom he lived a great deal, were all of them men highly gifted, and Brookfield was still closely associated with several of their number when at length, after a few years of conflict, they forced their opinions, their tastes and their crotchets upon a puzzled and reluctant world. Thenceforth it happened, from time to time, that some modest 'Apostle' woke up and found himself famous, and great was then Brookfield's delight; but he always repudiated the notion that any of 'the initiated' should allow the least feeling of surprise to mingle with their joy, saying proudly and exultingly: 'As if we did not know that this would come!'"

With close friendship and tried brotherhood came a laudable wish to right all wrong. As an example of spontaneous charity and a picture of unbounded enthusiasm, the conduct of the "Apostles" who took part in the Spanish business of 1823–30,[1] stands unique; for neither personal ambition nor profit were concerned. The young men were sure that their heroes were oppressed, and wrongfully, and that was enough. They offered their goods—in some cases their lives—to the cause, and lost the former, and were prepared to lose the latter, without a murmur. Nothing came of this their great romantic effort, but it was a brilliant failure—as much to the credit of those young men as

[1] *See* Chap. XIII.

many of their dazzling achievements. It also sheds light upon the whole "Apostolate"—it shows they had hearts as well as heads, and that "free discussion" in their case had in no way narrowed their wide sympathies.

Monckton Milnes, (Lord Houghton), who was as proud of being an "Apostle" as he was of being an English gentleman, at an inaugural address at the opening of the new Union at Trinity in '66, spoke enthusiastically and admiringly of the friends, contemporaries of his own, who had tested their powers in the old debating club; these old friends being, strangely enough, all of them with the exception of Kinglake, "Apostles." His Lordship said with feeling:

"Charles Buller, whose young statesmanship you will find recorded in Westminster Abbey, but whose charm of character and talent belong to the domain of personal regard, and John Sterling, whose tumultuous spirit and lofty character still live—and will long live in the biographies of Hare and Carlyle. My lot was cast with a somewhat later generation. . . . I believe that the members of that generation were for the wealth of their promise—a promise in most cases perfectly fulfilled—a rare body of men, such as this University has seldom contained. . . .

"There was Tennyson, the Laureate, whose goodly bay tree decorates our language and our land. Arthur Hallam, the subject of *In Memoriam*, the poet and his friend passing linked hand in hand together down the slopes of fame. There was Trench, the present Archbishop of Dublin, and Alford, Dean of Canterbury,

both profound Scriptural philologists, who have not disdained the secular muse.

"There was Spedding, who has, by a philosophical affinity, devoted the whole of his valuable life to the rehabilitation of the character of Lord Bacon—and there was Merivale, who, I hope, by some attraction of repulsion, has devoted so much learning to the vindication of the Caesars. There were Kemble and Kinglake, the historian of our earliest civilization and our latest war—Kemble, as interesting an individual as ever was portrayed by the dramatic genius of his own race; Kinglake, as bold a man at arms in literature as ever confronted public opinion. There was Venables, whose admirable writings, unfortunately anonymous, we are reading every day without knowing to whom to attribute them; and there was Blakesley, Honorary Canon of Canterbury, the 'Hertfordshire Incumbent' of the *Times*. There were sons of families which seemed to have a hereditary right to, a sort of habit of, academic distinction, like the Heaths and the Lushingtons. But I must check this throng of advancing memories, and I will pass from this point with the mention of two names which you will not let me omit —one of them, that of your Professor of Greek, whom it is to the honour of Her Majesty's late Government to have made Master of Trinity—Thompson; and the other, that of your latest Professor, F. D. Maurice, in whom you will all soon recognize the true enthusiasm of humanity."

CHAPTER II

WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

> Brooks, for they called you so that knew you best,
> Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
> How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes!
> How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
> Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!
>
> (TENNYSON)

AN essentially original man, William Henry Brookfield, "the friend of the Apostles," did nothing commonplace. When he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in the autumn of 1829, it was as a sizar in the days when the sizar was as Bulwer Lytton describes him in the play of *Money*. Having sacrificed his "articles," which had cost his parents some hundreds of pounds, and having turned his back upon the profession chosen for him, he, in extenuation, thought thus to save their purse; and they, Spartan parents of the period, who expected implicit obedience, sternly allowed him for a term to remain in that position; afterwards they placed him in the College on a proper footing.

He was just twenty when he went up, and though he began his Cambridge career later than most of

the wonderful men whose happy companion he so soon became, he was about the same age as they, he and Tennyson having been born in the same month of the same year and almost on the same day—the others only differing by a month or so.

Shortly after his arrival he was introduced by a friend of his family to Monckton Milnes and Robert Monteith, and these discovering immediately his peculiar merits, handed him on to their friends, who accepted him with an enthusiasm as warm as their own. True, it was the age of enthusiasm, but few were greeted in so flattering a fashion. Men of the highest ability and most striking intellect in the University sought him out and at once became his intimates; it soon was considered a privilege to be seen walking and talking with him; and the young man never ceased to remember with gratitude his hearty reception into the best society that Cambridge contained. His charming manners and handsome appearance never failed to make an excellent first impression, which was always subsequently strengthened by his wit, good sense, and higher qualities.

Although he cut, perhaps, no deep flutes on the pillars of time, he inspired, cheered and stimulated more ambitious friends, who afterwards achieved both name and fame; friends happy to know they had him to go to in joy and in sorrow; happy that he was to be found awaiting them—with unclouded brillancy and unaltered affection.

His capacity for friendships of "the intellectual

sort" was immense; and with Arthur Hallam—whose close companion he was during that youth's last year of college life, and Alfred Tennyson, whose northern nature consorted so genially with his own—he almost lived. In fact, those who were first attracted by his indescribable humour and poetical sensibility, were those whose own brilliancy had secured them the intellectual distinction to which allusion has been made in the preceding chapter—they were the "Apostles." From the earliest days Brookfield and the "Society" coalesced amiably and admirably. Others not "Apostles," though equally distinguished, also showered attention upon him, amongst these Thackeray and Kinglake, whose friendships with him continued throughout their lives close and cordial.

Said one of them: "To a wonderful extent he knew the hearts and souls and minds of his associates and could tell beforehand what each of them under given conditions would be likely to do and to say."

Brookfield, besides his ingenious wit, had the perception of beauty as well as the poetic instinct which ran through all that group, and which seems to have been a particular possession of the time; he had also an inborn spontaneous humour which was rare even in a period when the sense of it was more than usually acute, and when there were never so many exponents.

In his rooms the *fines fleurs* met and talked, argued and criticised with the enthusiasm of their youth, and an extra enthusiasm brought about by the intel-

lectual movement of the moment; there they assembled and sought in their favourite poet for profound philosophies he did not always possess; and in their philosopher for poetry they did not always find. While Brookfield with his "purling nonsense" would cap and crown in his own way their scholarly decisions, criticising too, but, in his turn, seeking for individual quaintnesses—where the staider minds sought deep and occult meaning. By day and by night they were always together, on the freest and most unceremonious of terms—forming their futures in those golden hours. It was the time of inspiration, the influence of which was never lost—and which, when the time came for disbanding they sighed in speech and verse to have to leave behind them. Brookfield was the confidant and intimate of all the set. To him they went, to him most things were referred; his personal influence was great over every one of them, and so great that Arthur Hallam once told him "he felt when seeing him daily and hourly, he could not pursue steadily the resolutions he had formed about work." On the other hand, to this genial, if somewhat distracting influence, the Hallams attributed Arthur's increased cheerfulness during his last year at Cambridge.

Brookfield occasionally helped Hallam in his business affairs, and even interviewed his "duns" for him; he read all his work as he did it, listened to all the emotions he went through, and late at night would sit down to copy out for himself in order to hand on to others

whatever of poetry had issued forth from any of "his young poets" during the day.

The closeness of Brookfield's intimacy with Tennyson and Arthur Hallam led to visits at each other's homes during holidays, and letters to each other when apart.

Arthur Hallam once wrote to him—

"My dear Brookfield,—

"The very wretched state of mind, and frequent touches of illness I have had since I saw you, must be my excuse, if you need one, that I have not written to you. And now I am in no writing mood: as soon as I am you shall hear from me. What is the use then, you will very naturally ask, of making you pay postage for this scrap? It is as follows. I have received this morning a dunning letter from ——, for nine pounds odd, which I have owed him the greater part of the past eternity. I suppose I forgot to mention his name to you among the others. At any rate, I forgot whether you told me anything about him. I don't feel as if I have had a receipt from the snob, so I fear it must be a true bill. In case, however, you should have already paid it, I would fain know. In the probable event that you can give no such favourable answer, I wish you would put on your very blandest look and declare to Mr. —— on my part, that my sorrow to hear of his maltreatment by me is only equalled by my surprise; and that I fully thought he had been paid in a general commission to pay entrusted to a friend (you needn't say it was yourself unless you chuse); that I should be much obliged to him to wait rather more than a month longer, at which time I shall certainly be passing through Cam-

bridge, and will have great pleasure in paying him. Should this not serve, put on another bland look, and entreat Garden and Monteith to take between them this debt on their hands, and they shall be paid, without fail, this summer. Write to me speedily and tell me how you are, and whether there is any chance of seeing you.

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"A. H. HALLAM."

Tennyson, in thanking Brookfield for his kindness to a member of the Tennyson family, who was under medical treatment away from home, said he was "grateful too, for the most definite account I have received, and given too, in such a tone of sympathy as to render it doubly valuable. You have my thanks not only from the lips but from the heart." In the same letter the poet complained "my pen is stabled, and my ink is as thick as gruel."

In an early letter to Tennyson, written soon after the book of *Poems by Two Brothers* was sent the round, Brookfield shows the terms he was on with the poet, and shows too that he knew what "Alfred" most wished to hear—

"You and Rob Montgomery are our only brewers now! À propos to the latter, Jingling James, his namesake, dined with us last week. And now for a smack of Boswell.

"*Brookfield:* Glass of wine after your fish? *Montgomery:* I thank you, sir! *B.:* Which vegetable, sir? *M.:* A potato, if you please. *B.:* Another,

sir? *M.:* That will do, I thank you. *B.:* Talking of potatoes, sir, have you read Alfred Tennyson? *M.:* Only in the reviews yet, but there are two brothers, aren't there? *B.:* Both 'rather pretty,' but Alfred alone has been extracted at any length in the reviews. *M.:* He has very wealthy and luxurious thought and great beauty of expression, and is *a poet.* But there is plenty of room for improvement, and I would have it so. Your trim correct *young* writers seldom turn out well. A young poet should have a great deal which he can afford to throw away as he gets older. Tennyson *can* afford this.

"I sent him copies of both you and Charles yesterday, and met him in the street this morning. He said he was going out of town, but we would talk about you when he came back and read you. 'I read,' said he, 'twelve of the sonnets last night, which if I had not liked them better than other sonnets I could not have done. There are great outbreaks of poetry in them.' Omitting my own interjectional queries, etc., which leave to Jemmy's remarks an overpompous connectedness which they had not *viva voce*, I give you his words as nearly as I remember. They are not important, but we generally wish to know what is said of us, whether trivial or not. At autopsychography I am not good, if I had any idiopsychology to autopsychographize. I am just about as happy as a fish, neither excited by mirth, nor depressed by sadness. The Clerk's letter awoke me rather this morning; if he be yet with you tell him it had been good service to have done so two months earlier. Writing from Somersby where there is so much to prevent one from thinking of any place else was certainly a meritorious exertion, and it has brought my

pardon. My love to the wretch, and let him know he shall expiate his neglect by silence on my part, until I know whether his address be your house. Which information do thou give me in a day or two; and tell me all about Frederick, and Charles. From the former I could never worm a letter yet, but unless you can coax so much of him without, I shall perhaps make one more effort shortly. My kindest regards to all your family.

"Ever, dearest Alfred, yours,

"W. H. BROOKFIELD.

"P.S.—I wish very much you would make a sonnet for me as Hallam once did. I could not value it more, and should not less, than his. It may be that I could not make a more boring request. But I will incur nine chances of vexing you and thereby myself for the sake of the tenth of getting what I want."

Later on Tennyson says to him—

"Hollo! Brooks, Brooks! for shame! What are you about musing and brooding yourself out of this life into the next? Shake yourself, you owl o' the turret, you; come forth you cat-a-mountain; you shall chew no more cud. I swear by Spedding's speech, and Hallam's essay, by the right hand of Tennant, and the eyes of Thompson, by the impetuous pomp of the taller—and the voluptuous quiverings of the eyeglass of the smaller—Scotchman, I swear by the mildness of Heath and the memory of Trench that thou shalt chew no more cud!

I have been and still continue to be very unwell, Brooks, and my eyes grow daily worse, otherwise you should hear oftener from me, but you must not be sullen and fall out with me, and abuse me in public

and private, because I am sometimes selfish enough to prefer a state of purblindness to one of utter amaurosis which would speedily succeed any continuous exertion of that sight which I am only anxious to preserve in order that I may look upon you once again—there now, the sentiment is pretty, tho' it be clumsily worded. I have told you the truth and I will have no more growling.

"The Spring is burgeoning fast about us, and the crocus pierces thro' the dark moist moulds like a tongue of flame. You came to see us when there was an utter dearth of all beauty in holt and hill—perhaps we may see you sometime in the summer when the shining landskip is

"crisp with woods
And tufted knolls on wavy wolds,

"Thine, dear Brooks, to the end of time,
"A. T.

"Remembrances which range thro' every shade of affectionate feeling according to the original constitution, and superinduced habits of the individuals, from every member of the family."

Brookfield did go again, in summer weather, to Somersby, and at a time when Hallam was there too—and it was then that he said, as Tennyson who was justifiably proud of his muscles was performing some feat of strength, "It is not fair, Alfred, that you should be Hercules as well as Apollo."

When these Cambridge companions at last set forth

on their several roads in life, Brookfield noted that his most frequent and fervent correspondents were "Apostles," and of them he says, "No man ever had such friends as I." Not only did he remain in touch with those of his own day, but he allured to him the eminent ones who followed; Lyttelton, Harcourt, Stephen Springvice, Harry Hallam, etc., in turn became his friends.

In 1836, Brookfield, then a curate at Southampton, returned to Cambridge in order to take his M.A. degree. For one reason or another many of the companions of earlier times had also gathered there; some of them engaged upon the same business as himself, some, glad to be there upon any pretext, while others were there in residence—"reverend, reserved, sober dons." Brookfield no sooner returned to the scene of his duties than Francis Garden wrote—

"A clack speek has been gathering in the Cambridge horizon till it has become a large cloud threatening soon to discharge itself upon my devoted head unless you can help me to a conductor—in other words, Heath is clamorous for the Tennysonian MSS. I left in your possession at M.A. time. For any sake send them to him or to me if you have got them, if you have not tell me what you did with them. Tennyson is ready to swear they were not left in his room. The Heath in question is not the realization of the idealization, but the brother of the same, the Rev. J. L. Heath, Trinity College, Cambridge. Are you often at Botley Hill? I hold myself absolved from the duty of writing you a long letter because I

have reasonable prospects of seeing you soon, namely, if Trench can receive me. Pray write soon to me anent the book or else send it direct to Heath and we can talk over its contents when we meet, which we cannot very well do before. I propose commencing my pleasuring in about a week or ten days, or if Trench pleases will begin with him. He may be on the look-out for a letter written from me that time, if he cares to have one. Tell him."

Trouble was a word unknown to this set of friends, a detour of sixty or one hundred miles was to them a pleasant pastime; no journey was too long or too fatiguing which brought any of them together; to be forced to travel outside a coach in winter, inside in summer, but made meeting merrier and gave opportunity for the indulgence of the graphic detail in which they all delighted and indulged. It was in those days that they strove to be postman one to the other. Tennyson or Trench would arrive at Brookfield's lodgings in Southampton (a *pied à terre* through which most of the "Apostles" at one time or the other passed) or at his home near Sheffield, bearing on him a letter from Blakesley or Kemble or others "a month old," but "preferring that delivery," and would themselves carry away his reply when they went, in order to give it up with "own hands."

What caused and what kept up the attraction between this especial and wonderful few? It did not come only from the recognition of and belief in each other's talents—for their gifts were so sure and obvious

that they were lightly esteemed; it was, most likely, because together with the mental brilliance and physical charm which they all of them possessed they had in due proportion some essence peculiarly human and affectionate. Then again there was, in those days, a class *camaraderie* which it is difficult to describe or even to realize in these times when class distinctions have ceased to exist. However, it is obvious that a similarity of experience and an identity of aim brought about a mutual understanding and sympathy in the gentle circles of the early Victorian era which could not exist nowadays when "Society" is a junction at which all have arrived by different routes and with different destinations.

When he went to Cambridge in 1840 to assist in Lord Lyttelton's candidature for the High Stewardship, Brookfield fell again upon a full apostolic band. Of this period Dean Merivale says :—

"Well—this evening a small barrel of concentrated essence of gunpowder will be introduced under the Vice-Chancellor's chair; at the fatal moment Blakesley, Brogden, and Kemble will form a train, Brookfield will set fire to Christie and apply him to the latter, and up we shall go majority and minority—to a place where Trinity is better appreciated. . . .

"We consoled ourselves on Thursday night with a joyous supper at my rooms embracing Trench and Brookfield, Alfred, Milnes, H. Lushington ἐχ' ἀ δειὸ and the Cambridge residents. Kemble, who possesses the rare merit of being equally good, absent or present, furnished forth a large portion of the repast.

Brookfield's experiences of Calvinists, and Trench's self-rebuked amusement were equally edifying."

Brookfield had, that night, rolled off, knowing it would amuse his companions, a description of his former rector at Southampton and some of his flock, impersonating each of them with such truth and spirit that even Trench, who maintained that mimicry was a weapon to be feared, and not a toy to be played with, was forced into merriment.

A shining light at Cambridge, a beacon at Southampton, Brookfield's fame as a preacher preceded him to London, where popularity and success were his immediate reward; where his fellow curates told him of the sensation he caused; where friends, old and new, vied in proclaiming his eloquence. Even that element of fame, the anonymous letter, was not denied him; and a well-known curiosity of the forties, who called himself "Shemaiah the Jew," addressed him as "Wise and eloquent in your instructions the Prophet marvelled at thee. Minister of Promise, Fear not!"

Lord Lyttelton told him "he had never heard any one so easy, almost colloquial, insomuch that there was a sort of temptation to forget that it was preaching and get up and answer him. He also told me that I might consider my fame as spread over the four quarters—for Lady Jersey was there, the most worldly woman, and greatest religious gossip in London, and she could hardly keep her seat for agitation. . . . Nevertheless, it was a very ineloquent sermon, very

hard, and chiefly doctrinal. Strange how worldly people do like such things." In those days he would often say, "Preached on so and so—but it was very Pill," but Greville in his diaries records: "A magnificent sermon from Brookfield. He is one of the few preachers whose sermons never weary me, however long . . . and the elocution perfect."

Buller and Milnes and other friends resident in London, with pleasant memories of his Cambridge sparkle and humour, now collected about him, took him out, introduced him, and, in their still youthful ardour, endeavoured with him to reconstruct old times.

"Breakfasted with Lyttelton," he notes; "thence to Milnes, where were many of us—I stopped till one. Oxford and Cambridge Club with Chapman, Milnes and Spedding. The latter and I dined at an eating house near St. James', thence to Spedding's rooms to smoke. The two Heaths came in, and some Tennysons. All night diverting toothache with Carlyle's *French Revolution*."

With no delay he became a favoured guest at all the great "Breakfasts" of which the literary ones were Rogers', Hallam's, and Milnes'.

Of his second visit to Rogers he wrote in his diary—

"To Rogers with Milnes to breakfast. Rogers said, 'The Queen said, when somebody condoled that she should have such a lot of business, "If I were not Queen, I should like to be minister."' She is a very clever girl (though I never heard but that one *mot*),

and at starting was far ahead of other girls; but thus she will stand and will afterwards be surpassed. Of Melbourne, Rogers said that he was an upright, honourable, well-meaning man, but could not teach the Queen the *savoir faire*, for he had it not himself—would sit down on the wrong chair, turn his back when he ought not to do so, and so on; that the Queen was a great theologian, could pose a bishop, and had the Fathers in her bedroom. Of George IV. he said he was a dreadfully coarse-tongued man; and somebody (W.H.B.) said he had heard he could not 'sustain the character of a gentleman so long as Macready.'

"Milnes spoke of one with an exaggerated reputation of wit—it was said he was very modest. 'What has he to be modest of?' was said in reply.

Of his first meeting with Carlyle he wrote in his letters to his family and with all the enthusiasm of his nature, but in his diary he only records—

"Called on Milnes. Carlyle came in. We all then called on Rogers. Carlyle's 'English with the meat blown out of it,' was good applied to Puseyism, and tremendously good was his account of having been on a jury lately. I liked his 'The Queen is like a canary bird looking out on a tempest.' Afterwards to Spedding's, where were Thompson and others."

Occasionally he and his friends would live over again with renewed fervour their "golden Cambridge days and nights"—

"I hied me to Lushington's, where were Edmund Lushington, Frank Lushington, Henry Lushington,

Tennyson, Milnes, Monteith, Spedding, Venables. I breakfasted next morn with Rogers, Smith, Milnes, Thirlwall, Spedding and Gladstone." A brilliant company indeed to be collected at one table! It was at this meal that Sydney Smith said of the Bishop of ——, "He is so like Judas Iscariot that I now firmly believe in the Apostolical Succession."

He used to dine in the city with a great giver of dinners and a very pleasant person, a Mr. Pawles.

"I dined, as you ingeniously surmised last night, at Mr. Pawles'. There was present Warren, the author of *Diary of a late Physician*. I never was more bored than by his eternal volubility, unsignalized by one syllable of wit, mere volubility—chiefly about himself, perpetual allusions to his literary habits—good-natured withal, but so terribly conscious of being a bit of a lion, and at the same time in all his eternal talk not saying a thing that could justify his claim to being called one. May I never again meet a small self-conscious literary lion."

If Brookfield at that time called on one "Apostle" he would be sure to find another present, while others would always "happen" to join them; then together, in a troop, they would go to his rooms to "tea and anchovies," Cambridge fashion. Marriage made little difference in these customs; when "Apostles" were in London or when they passed through, they would assemble at his house, and "vastly pleasant" were the meetings. Thackeray would come in "after everybody else had gone," and stay far into the

night. Milnes, Tennyson, Venables, Garden, Merivale and Spedding would collect each other and descend upon him. "To-night they rose and made a row when I entered, which vexed the soul of Garden. Exceedingly pleasant."

Brookfield was, early in his career, elected a member of the Sterling Club, which being composed principally of Cambridge "Apostles" made another pleasant rendezvous for himself and friends. After a "Sterling" one night, he "proposed to Thackeray and Kinglake to invade Spedding's," and after some time spent there, went "thence to Venables," with whom I sate *tête-à-tête* the rest of the night discussing many things. Today called on the Bullers, walked with Charles Buller. called on Ludlows."

People then made parties in order that the men of this particular group might meet together—certain that if they collected only two or three of them their assembly must be interesting, gay and cheerful. Monckton Milnes would get, whenever he could, Brookfield and Thirlwall for his greatest occasions; for no one better than he appreciated the value of those most brilliant talkers.

First in the ranks of conversationalists, people who met Brookfield never forgot him, yet they confessed they could never adequately describe the genius "which got humorous delight out of every incident, even the commonest." He had a cultivated and melancholy voice, and often when the whole room was laughing at his sallies, his would be the only grave face in it.

From his letter writing it is not easy to see why he gave up his earliest love, "a literary life;" his matter is generally good, his descriptions vivid, his style strong and original; but clerical duties over, his time was invariably occupied with society. Of a sociable nature, he would leave whatever he was employed upon with little reluctance if his interrupters were to his liking, and he said to his bride during one of their short separations: "I have been broken in upon by Milnes and Tennyson and Monteith (my Emma's, Ada's and Cecilia's) who have staid two hours and now take me out with them." People said sometimes it was of no use "asking Brookfield into the dull country, for there he would sigh for genius, wits, souls, and all that sort of thing," and once his wife wrote: "L. would send her love, if you would accept it from one who is not clever; she alludes to the new accusation that you only patronize clever people." It was not that he sought out the great and famous but that they sought out him and encouraged him to be thoroughly at home and on easy terms with them. And he in turn appreciated the high honour and favour which his talents attracted.

Brookfield went once with Venables, Tennyson, and Lushington to some public meeting "governmental, and gratuitous." There was a great crowd, and as only a limited number could be let in at one time, the iron grating was shut in their faces. Brookfield on this whispered through the railings to the official in

charge: "You had better let us in; we are friends of the celebrated Mr. Brookfield," upon which came, "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," and at once, to the amusement of his companions, the gate opened, and they were admitted. About this story he would say when telling it, "The only joke was that nobody at the time was more entirely unknown than I." They had the pretty habit of returning each other's visits on the same day, or at latest, the following—a fact which displays their sure and rock-like friendship as clearly as it reveals their own belief in their own powers to please.

People continued to praise his preaching, as indeed they did his whole life through, and we hear: "This morning Andrewes (clerk in orders, Chaplain to House of Commons, son of the late Rector, who was also Dean of Canterbury) told me also that he had heard a great deal of the 'sensation' I made yesterday morning at York Street, that I had got great 'Kudos' (Greek for praise), and a person had observed to him that 'you may depend upon it he is a very superior young man, and does not seem chuck (Andrewes' word for conceited) of it either,' to which the latter assented. It is not the first time I have received a compliment—but the first time that it has been enhanced by the addition of unchuckiness. I fear that after the last page and half you will not be able to assent to the remark of Andrewes' friend. Did I tell you that Milnes told me that somebody (who had heard me at York Street) had remarked to him that he should like

very much to see me in *Hamlet*—not knowing that I was rather Shakesperianly addicted. I am sorry I have no amusing anecdote for you, or letters—Alfred's is very amusing. I will take care of it. The only recordable thing said after Mrs. O.'s departure was 'Well, I have run away with many a plainer woman than that.' I need not tell you who said it."

So much work was being produced by apostolic friends that there was the constant excitement of passing it around for approbation and criticism; and Brookfield would unflinchingly give his opinion of the structure of Spedding's "Bacon," and the music of "Alfred's" verse. As one of them said to the other: "We all send out samples of our minds as grocers do sugars." But there was nothing narrow about them; whatever their own sentiments and convictions they could all bear to hear their efforts discussed and could listen with patience to the opinions of others. When they did not meet they wrote: "A letter from Venables, very droll." "A delightful letter from dear old Spedding," and, as above, "Alfred's is very amusing."

Brookfield could not get on with unhumorous people; knowing his own gift he made a study of the subject. Once he embarked on an endeavour to get material together for a book which should illustrate the difference between wit and humour, a subject which however he found so varying and so vast that he wisely gave it up. With his usual frankness he records—

"I had lots of funny things to say and that I kept

laughing at (why a man should not laugh at his own jokes I cannot tell), but they are all gone out of my head. 'I am sorry for you,' as the Preacher said who had forgotten his sermon—'You have lost an excellent discourse'"; and again—"The *mots* were not worth recording, though explosively laughable. It is difficult to record things that depend chiefly on their absurdity for their humour, and it is perhaps not an unfair test of wit whether it will bear writing or not." "In irresistible humour none of the 'Apostles' rivalled Brookfield," said Venables. "He had infinite humour —but humour resulting—like Shakespeare's—from mastering of human characters, and not from any love of mere shallow, mindless drollery," said Kinglake. . . . "I never heard him say a bitter thing." No one knew better than he the value of this virtue in smoothing over the carks of every-day existence. Once when he had forgotten to be in the vestry at St. James', Piccadilly, at a time appointed, he says, "I covered my shame with the fig-leaf of a humorous note and am now once more a punctual man."

Of Lord ——, Brookfield said: "He is so addicted to magnification of anything he is connected with that he could not tell you he had eaten a 'Captain's' biscuit, but it would become an 'Admiral's.'"

A pleasant feature connected with the wit of that period is that the most of it was amiable; most of the popular wits being accomplished enough and good-hearted enough to be able to link bright words with kind sentiments. There may have been some striv-

ing after effect—but they could be grave as well as gay. Mr. Brookfield could, between two brilliant stories, tell a pathetic one ; once he gave a touching description of a poor widow woman, with five children, and failing sight which prevented her from performing her daily task. " What work ! " he said, " making two pairs of soldiers' trousers every day. Twelve hours' work for fivepence ! " This outburst at a grand party was very telling ; but it had nothing like the effect which his " I believe in God, gentlemen," had upon a party of Freethinkers who in the midst of a fire-work of jokes, began to give the reasons for their non-belief.

CHAPTER III

THE FRIEND OF THE "APOSTLES"

> How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
> Him the lost light of those dawn golden times
> Who loved you well!
> "You man of humorous-melancholy mark."
> (TENNYSON.)

BROOKFIELD'S letters—and he was a great letter writer—abound in observant humour, in pictures of people, and most particularly in pictures of himself. It was not that he went through any very extraordinary adventures, nor that he invented thrilling or amusing incidents which had not really occurred (except when he did so avowedly). But there seemed to dwell in his brain a myriad of ingenious and active gnomes who could, in a few seconds, so fashion and display whatever his eyes and ears brought to them, that what, related by another, would have been a dull and commonplace occurrence became, when told by him, a dramatic incident or a side-splitting situation.

His letters to his friends are good specimens of a good style; and that he had the best gift of the best correspondents, namely, the instinct to tell that which the receiver most wishes to know, is evident.

To his betrothed he in early days wrote—

"I called this morning at 67, Wimpole Street. Had a very pleasant half-hour with Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hallam. They seem most likely to go and see you at Southampton. Thence to call on Lyttelton, whose engagement was yesterday announced—Miss Glyn, Sir Stephen's daughter, is the lady; Mr. Gladstone is to marry another sister. Lyttelton was out, doubtless at Miss Glyn's feet. Next I went to Monteith's, delighted to find him in, but packing to go off to Glasgow to-night. He has been, I believe, a sort of semi-lion this season and very much liked. I am writing in his company now, and have abandoned dinners elsewhere in order to have a secluded repast with him at Dick's in Chancery Lane. I could quote lots of stuff adjunct to dear Hallam if I had time, but I have not. I shall go to Dick's in my Beaver hat and Irish linen shirt—poplin vest, merino trousers (which are cooler than other trousers), spun silk socks and Abyssinian boots. Write me at once a line of your scrambling nonsense."

A little later he says—

"At 10 I proceeded to Spedding's. You need not be rampageous about it, for I took neither smoke nor likker (except a cup of tea), and at 11 walked home with Lord L. Yesterday I dined at Pawles' (*shorts*, which displayed my shapely extremities and which passed off as quietly as so remarkable an outrage could; they were not produced at Mrs. Romilly's nor will be at Lady L.'s to-night, but were excusable in the city, as I am there a west-end type and may typify as I like). I sate at dinner between a sillyish evangelical Manness and an infinitely silly puseyite

Mannikinetto. My goodness, gracious, mercy, stars, wigs! I talked in a low whisper to the evan: and cold orthodoxy to the puz:—the latter boundlessly the most intolerable. I rather ingratiated myself with Mrs. P. There was not a single pretty person there, nor at the E. Romillys, and at W. Gladstone's, where beauty was by no means lacking, I could not help thinking of old Pepys writing down in cypher he thought the world would never penetrate: 'Altho' her Grace and my Lady Castlemaine were there, I think in my conscience that my wife was fairer than any in the presence.' Certainly Bruce is prettier than any in the world, and Leth than Bruce, and my wife than Leth—as Jonathan says, 'The British bang the world, and America the British.' This morning I have breakfasted heartily with Venables and Lushington. They had been at Madame Bunsen's last night, and Venables in his serious way was speculating whether when the Duchess of Sutherland got home from the same party she too was employed like them in getting up a faggot and blowing up a fire and making a little tea for her solace at three in the morning. The men at Spedding's all made (as they generally do) assiduous inquiries after you. I see no reason when you get back against your joining Spedding and the rest of us on our *Cloudy Ida*."

Travelling on the Continent in July, '44—people in those days seem to have generally chosen the heat of the summer for visiting the Riviera—he sent from Cannes a description of Lord Brougham's villa there—

"It is a very small box, it is nothing more inside or out than what any person of £1,000 a year might have in England, but you must add to the supposed villa in

England rows of orange trees, olives, looking like jolly willows that never weep, indeed exactly like them to a superficial eye, both in form and in leaf—the leaf white behind in the same way. Oleanders, vines, mulberries and the blue Mediterranean stretched out within three minutes' walk. I think this Cannes country house, tho' void of all magnificence, in size and quality not unworthy of a peer tired to death of kicking up rows in the House of Lords. In the house it was not a little affecting to find on the landing place of the stairs a small foot-square tablet recording the birth and death of 'Louisa Eleanor Brougham.' Some indifferent verses follow, and there are two other tablets over the two principal bedroom doors respectively with lines by Mr. Wellesley and Lord Carlisle on the same subject. I conjecture the young lady was brought here for her health and perhaps the house built for her; but she died in '39. The house is called after her 'Louise-Eleanore,' and it is affecting to think of the restless, perturbed and perturbing ex-chancellor—too ambitious and toofond of praise not to feel many mortifications—coming down here alone in yellow fading autumn to stay a few weeks at what one may call his daughter's monument—the yellow vine-leaves falling about him, the boundless sea unfolded like eternity before him—the petty clamour he has made, distant and rather silent here. One cannot tell what regrets, what common sympathies with other men, what humbling contemplation, what self-upbraidings, what better hopes and aspirations may be suggested in the sweet seclusion of 'Louise-Eleanore.'"

One day he told his wife:

"G—— has just called. Hopes we will go and stay

with him in six weeks' time. House full meanwhile. He reminds me of a country gentleman who had a strong fancy for pig-killing, and never allowed one to be slain within ten miles without partaking either as actor or spectator in the scene. Also of a duke who had a passion for funerals and vaults, and knew when and where everybody was buried, and at dinner would come out with 'I saw your ladyship's great-grandfather's coffin this morning—the velvet in excellent preservation—and really very little decay!' Our friend differs from these only in that visitations seem to be his mania. Well, you will be anxious to know that I arrived safe at Hungerford market. I proceeded to call on a widower (who had sent a deep black-edged note requesting consolation), but nothing afforded him such consolation as he received from himself detailing every circumstance of his wife's death. She was a florid woman with rather profuse black ringlets half way down Mrs. Pring's aisle. She ate 'very 'arty of rabbits smothered in onions, and drank very 'arty too'; at supper they had cucumber which she sliced, eating every alternate slice, 'partaking of them afterwards at supper besides' . . . and she died as one might expect! It is impossible to convey the slightest impression of the ecstasy with which the widowed narrator diverged into a parenthetic glow of animated graphic to describe the quality of the cucumbers, which were fresh gathered—'warm with the sun upon the rind and within cold as the central caves of the earth.'"

When Mrs. Brookfield was travelling with the Hallams in Austria and bewailing that her husband could not be of the party, he wrote, from Southbourne, Sheffield—

"SOUTH BORNEO,
"SCHEWILD.

"Is it not 400 times better that you should have had this journey than that neither should? The only drawback is that into my cup of hatred for you the worm envy has now insinuated itself and will evermore be lifting its dull crest over the brink; and for the rest of my days, while I scowl in helpless and untravelled rage, you will laugh upon me with cheeks that have blushed beneath the admiration of an Austrian Count and with 'eyes that have looked upon the Adriatic.'

"And yet I scorn to be outdone. On Monday, the 31st of August, at 10.30, we left the metropolis of England and of the world. A vehicle that has within the last fifteen years become popular in this part of the universe conveyed us from the joyous piazza quadranta di Regento to the Stazione Euston-square. Our party consisted of a Contadina with the loveliest type of Saxon infancy taking its meek siesta like a lamb upon the pasture where it had been feeding. Beside her sate a hard-visaged discontented cordwainer, evidently her husband, and possibly the father of her babe. He was dressed in the picturesque costume which distinguishes the inferior classes in this country, who are prevented (whether by poverty or by legislative enactment, I have not been able to learn) from assuming the scarlet coats and plumed casques and glittering cuirasses, which may be seen lounging about the Guardi Cavallieri in Hallo Bianco and which (as my assiduous Varlet de Place informed me) indicate the hereditary nobility of this aristocratic country. The cordwainer wore sort of trowser made of fustian, reaching to the instep, but turned up in a picturesque manner at the ancle—I presume to display the blue worsted sock or stocking which is not

infrequently worn even by the poor. A waistcoat of somewhat exhausted features, but still retaining traces of the looms of Somersetshire, descended to his waist, and a body coat of homely brown, from the fleeces of Southdown and dyed in the vats of Huddersfield, with tails and pockets behind, together with a kind of hat made from a preparation from the cocoon and called here a 'gossamer,' completed his attire, which you may be sure I scrutinized with greedy interest. I do not think they detected me to be a foreigner, for the man asked me 'at what time the train started,' and betrayed no surprise or amusement when I replied 'at half-past ten.' It might be my own speculating and romantic fancy, but as I looked upon that group, I could almost have believed that they had come up from some neighbouring place not far distant to spend their Sunday with a relation in London, and were now returning.

"But I am allowing myself to be betrayed into detail which would exhaust my paper to the exclusion of more important facts. We reached Derbé at two, and Lystra a few hours after—at least I presume the latter to be the name of the town at which we next alighted. I dined in the evening at a villa near the romantic town whose name is at the head of this sheet. The cheerful faces that gleamed upon me in the corridor made me feel almost at home. As the huge clock of San Pietro, echoed by those of San Paolo and Santa Maria, sent its announcement of seven o'clock along the romantic valley called Abbey Dale (which is close in the neighbourhood of South Borneo) we sate down to a repast consisting of cold cow flesh, roasted at the fire of the country and served upon a sort of earthenware which carries a high polish and is adorned with blue figures of a bridge with three people passing over it, a chinese villa, and two amorous birds upon the

wing, billing in the air. This was accompanied by boiled tubers, very palatable bread, small cucumbers steeped in vinegar, and for beverage a decoction of barley, not disagreeable to the taste, but which when drunk in considerable quantities has an effect upon the party, not fatal but inconvenient, being accompanied by a sort of delirium in which before coming entirely round the victim will sometimes fancy himself locked up in a station-house, carried before a magistrate, fined 5*s*. and taken home in a fly. Well, but you are getting tired of this!

"Thus the uneventful flight of time has brought me to Tuesday the 8th, when I have the pleasure of your letter. I have forgotten all this time to acknowledge the one from Bolzen, though, as I think that was the one that related your profligacy with the Austrian Whiskerandos, you may have inferred that I got it. I liked the Bolzen détour. It seemed wild and queer and I daresay will supply as much dreamy and romantic retrospect as more comfortable meanderings.

"One thing by the bye gives me exceeding pain, which is this, you tell me of no flirtations in your letters. Now as to your travelling to Venice and back *without* a flirtation, you may tell that to the marines; and your shrouding it in secrecy leaves my imagination to work itself into horrors."

In another letter of the same period he said—

"I have not heard from you independently nor by others. I mention this not by way of row, but merely as fact, for when the transit of a letter is a little doubtful mention should be made (like Archbishop Thorpe's question in examination, 'What does Aristotle say upon this, and what does he *not* say?'). At 10.30 to Miss Coutts (as old Pepys would say). It seemed

rather more select than before. The Gros Herzog von Waterloo (the Duke of Wellington) Grafs and Grafines, the Bischoffin von London and Fräulein Bloomfeldt, Milman and wife, also Rogers. What a fool Lady G—— is! As I was going at 11.30, she retained me to help her to her carriage at 12.30, which, of course, I was bound to do. Gaye just now is as jealous as if he had not to his comfort that highest form of religion known by the name of Puseyism."

Later he records—

"Returning from the post I found Thackeray and Crowe waiting with a cab to take me to Greenwich to make a beast of myself. I declined, having sermon on mind. I staid in every minute of a monstrous hot day trying with very ill success to write on 'I reckon that the sufferings, etc.' I am not sure that the Devil had not been despatched from his place to urge me to be rather striking after Manning (who had used same text) and Wilberforce, whose popular (but not unapproachable) declamation was ringing in people's ears. In consequence of this wickedness I could not get on at all. Then came Tottie's, far more agreeable than I had expected. Old Tottie's criticism of Sly Sam was that it was a most able and effective discourse and contained nothing that a person of any set of opinions could possibly take any exception to. At twelve next day recommenced the hopeless and halting sermon. I had an old and abandoned one upon the subject from which I preserved only one sentence. At about five the butter began to come, and at eight I finished. Grubbed, then went to Venables by a sort of appointment. Preached early next day, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' Goodish, but ill put together. It is a very bad plan to take others' sermons

as the basis of one's own and place portions in whether they harmonize or not. Mem.: never to do so no more. This was one of them—from Trench, but neither like him nor me. P.M. *The* sermon came off well. Young Prendergast in amazement made such wonderful report upon it that I *got invited to the Breakfast next Thursday!* Good-bye. Come back brown, stout and sparkling."

A few days after writing the above he went to hear Manning preach and records with satisfaction, "Manning was Manning-ish—had cribbed a whole third of his sermon from Newman." This was in 1846, and Newman was now a Catholic. The moment Brookfield realized that if he himself followed the "Movement" closely, he was "like to go too far, which he felt sure he was apt to do," he put all deeper study of Church History and theology away from him, and merely noted with a light touch all that struck him as eccentric in connexion with it. At the time he was wavering he had a rector, the Rev. J. G. Ward, of St. James', Piccadilly, who was one who crushed down high flights and tolerated no thoughts in his curates save orthodox and standard ones. "We have had due laughter," Brookfield once said, "at a compliment of curate Rowland to rector Ward last Sunday morning: 'I liked your sermon, Sir, very much. There was no nonsense in it.'"

At the end of a letter to Miss Elton he mentioned—

"I am scandalized at the sudden recollection that while I was drinking spiritual Hyson in company with

the unspeakable (Lord John Manners) and Lord Clive, and talking about poetry and Newman and human destiny and things which Angels would have been glad to hear and partake in, you were drinking Negus at the Baird's, and that Ash Wednesday was the day you chose for such a disposal of yourself. It is no marvel that with red eyes and trembling hands you expected an unkind letter from me. However, I leave you to your own conscience! It strikes me I am writing a very stupid sort of letter——however, 'I am but human tho' I write M.A.' 'Take care of yourself. Be obedient. Live by Rule,' by which you must suppose me to be saying 'Goodden,' Newmanically."

Some days after this, he—

"Dined at Harriet's, and overheard a person in an adjoining box discuss Church matters and conclude with this admirable observation: 'I think the Bishops are beginning to learn what it would be well if they had learned a little sooner, namely (very pompously) that religion was made for man and not man for religion.' Went forth to seek Venables. We talked chiefly about the desecularization of Clergy, with which he disagreed. We are all alike, the piousest and the profligatist. I believe there is very little difference between you and Lady Duff-Gordon, and very little between me and Dr. Pusey—all vanity and vexation of spirit—walking in a vain shadow and disquieting ourselves in vain."

At a meeting a few nights after he complains that there was "Great bitterness—Oxford Tracts, and I had to be somewhat on my guard. Heard that at Oxford on a young man being drowned his friends all

gathered round him and had a 'prayer-meeting' for his soul." He mentions that he saw engraved upon the gate of a "Puseyite" Church: "This is none other than the gate of Heaven," and pasted below it an inscription written by the Beadle: "In consequence of the inclemency of the weather this gate is closed until further notice." "I met ——," he goes on to say, "A——, opinionated, obstinate, impracticable. He began talking very liberal—no partizanship, etc., but very quickly the cloven hoof of Puseyism appeared. This fellow was not long ago an ultra-evangelical—he is now distinctly Oxford Tract. To-day I went to listen to old ——'s preaching; he had the face to tell us 'fasting did not consist in maceration but was merely an external mortification.'"

"How enraged I should have been at 'their Bibles,' 'Mr. Newman and his party,' etc., as if their Bibles had anything to do with it, excepting as each party may choose to interpret them. I have no doubt I shall hate the Edinburgh article almost as much as I do the High Church and the Low Church and the Church between the two. I do not think any events have darkened our horizon, domestic, political, or social, to which I need make further reference—as to the Ecclesiastical it is all dark as pitch. Give my best and most reverential love to his honour" (Sir Charles Elton), "and tell him I wish I were disputing with him (like a Calvinist or Armenian) whether the wine we were drinking was a Batch or a Vintage. It was just like a controversy whether substantiation should be spelt with a 'tran' or a 'con.' I never knew any bit of Shakespeare's nonsense more pro-

foundly sagacious than 'Slender' declaring that he would never get drunk again but in honest godly company."

When he preached a mission on behalf of the S.P.G. throughout Somerset in 1846, he kept his wife informed as to which amongst his hosts had read Carlyle and which Tennyson, and also which of them were Evangelical and which "Pusey" and Oxford. At the same time he said, "In moving thanks yesterday for the Bishop of Barbadoes' sermon, the Dean of Wells gave out that he considered the principal object of Cathedral establishment was to reward literary merit! I shall tell Thackeray!"

Brookfield found time to read most things. One day he went through *The Broad Stone of Honour*, Trench's *The Tares*, a sermon of Newman's, *Individuality of the Soul*, and in bed *Cymbeline*. While recording this day's occupation he observes that Douglas Jerrold, after reading Harriet Martineau's book, exclaimed, "There is no God—and Harriet is his prophet." He was always charmed, no doubt by the irrelevancy and lack of humour in the "Verses by a Poor Man," and never gave a line from that quaint production without prefacing the quotation with "*Really* by a Canon of Durham!"

"Read Mansfield Park (which ends with Edward Bertram taking possession of the living of Mansfield). After finishing I reached down the Clergy List to see what was the value of the Living. Surely this is a compliment to the realizing powers of Miss Austen."

"As to Newman's conversion," he said at the time, "I have not heard a word save from Thackeray, who came with the news. He told me all you report and more, and with what we could put together of the subject we sate all night."

Thackeray and Brookfield together were what was called "great company." Each had the power of drawing out what was best in the other. For theirs was an attachment brought about by similarity of humour and honesty of disposition.

Thackeray admired Brookfield with the ardour of a generous nature; he loved to hear him talk, and would unweariedly listen to him a whole night through. He went to hear his sermons and his readings whenever he could; he loved his wit and took it up and used it and illustrated it; as also, by the way, did Leech. Brookfield returned Thackeray's affection and loved the man and liked his work. He always saw the great author whenever he was in his church, and pleased and flattered would note the fact and endeavour to preach his best to him. After a spell of Thackeray's society he would fly to his works and re-read them with renewed interest. "Read a volume of *Yellow Plush*; it is immeasurably amusing. He is quite first-rate in talent, kindness and humility," he wrote with fervent truth of him to a common friend. The two men were such companions that they were in the habit of invoking each other's advice upon most subjects; and so intimate that in times of stress and difficulty they talked over together their confidential affairs and innermost

thoughts. If one of them did not at the moment care for the company assembled at the other's house, he would patiently wait (sometimes in an unused room) until they had departed, when he would emerge and a brilliant and cheerful evening or night for themselves alone would ensue. Thackeray often "walked in the Park with Jane and self. Went away to dress. Came back with Doyle of the *Morning Chronicle*," or with anybody he may have found awaiting him at his own house. "Returning from Church found Thackeray. He staid three hours. Went when Springrice came." "I have only seen Tidmarsh once . . . and that in the middle of the day," Brookfield once bemoaned. This was at a time when he and Thackeray were smoking too much and sitting up too late, and in an endeavour to break themselves of these habits had, for a period, forsworn each other's society —in the evening. "Thack," "Thackwhack," "Tidmarsh," "Titmarch," "Tidmouse," "Makepeace," "Peacemake," were some of the names Brookfield used to designate the great author. To his wife he once wrote—

"A supernaturally dull dinner, with Sir Erasmus talking unmitigated radicalism opposite and a sucking dove from oxford talking you know what, at my side. Preached next day twice at St. Luke's. Bishop at Jimses, p.m. as he will be next Sunday. His sermon was about Baptism. Dreadfully straggling and wearisome (if indeed it be reverent, so to speak, to speak so of one's Bishop—if so be—withal,—anyhow,) but in the midst I observed a woman

by the communion rails twitching her face in scorn till at length she took up a hat and came to my pew door and held it out, apparently to me, and exclaimed, 'There, take your hat, don't stay to hear such vice as that—he wants us to believe it's only children that's converted!' Of course, she was hustled off by the awestruck warden and all was calm again. This morning after Post I called on the Historian. The talk was mere chatter. I am to dine there to-morrow to see the Milnes Gaskells. The Peer's note was to put off our walk on Saturday. It concludes—'Stalest pill dissolved in stagnantest ditch water is a faint image of the manner in which the Rev. —— pleaded the cause of the charity (Burlington) last Sunday.' I have not the least fancy for Mrs. Procter's Ball. Certainly not inasmuch as it may be literary, for it will be so far vulgar. The aristocratic literates are the tiresomest; the publishing, the vulgarest people one meets. Even Thackeray is spoilt by being an author and with authors. I see no reason why any body shouldnot read *Clarissa Harlowe—if they can*, but reading all the Fathers through is nothing to it for a task!"

This grumble was written in 1844, and in it Brookfield perhaps only expressed the feelings of the time with regard to the literary world.

Once when he was complaining that he did not see enough of Thackeray, his wife said: "Mr. Thackeray seems to eschew you in your present abode" (the vaults beneath St. Luke's Church where he then was living), "but I had a letter from him to-day which is filled with praises of your mode of treating people's consciences and Mrs. Crowe's

in particular." On which he replied to her: "Thank ye for Tidmarsh's letter and praise. Tell him I still think him a much over-rated person." By and by, when Thackeray was hourly seeking him and they together enjoying a time of happy companionship, he says: "Thackwhack said he never saw you looking better than at starting. Payne (Mrs. Brookfield's maid) he did not see! How blind love is! The amusement at Spedding's was not so much (as Thackeray is pleased to impute) the observations that fell from parties, as the explosive appreciation of the same by W. M. T. who the moment that one let fall an innocent remark went off into such violent laughter that the sympathy was irresistible. We afterwards looked in at Mr. Hallam's, whom we accompanied to Mr. Venables', where we found cheerful and cheery Mr. Garden."

To this Mrs. Brookfield replied :—

"Mr. Thackeray seems in his friendliest mood with you—he does take fits and starts of coming to see us, I think, though the friendliness is always there ready for use when the fit to show it also comes."

It always gave Thackeray extraordinary pleasure to have Brookfield with him at Brighton—and once when they were walking, as was their custom, at night upon the beach, a man with a telescope accosted them, who would only say, when asked his price, "What you please, gents, what you please." Thackeray, with a twinkle, thought for awhile, then offered him sixpence for both of them to see "Jupiter and Saturn." "I

can't do it, Sir. I can't do it *at the price.*" On this occasion they dined at a strange inn, and were greatly amused when urged by the waiter to join the "Nickleby's," a club which was then holding a meeting there, "*but we did not go.*"

"Finished *Old Curiosity Shop*. Unredeemed trash," occurs now in the diary; but whether the "Nickleby Club" had put Brookfield out of touch with Dickens or whether this dislike to Dickens' novel arose out of faithful affection for Thackeray, unfortunately does not appear. Brookfield scarcely wrote a letter when *Vanity Fair* was coming out without some allusions to it; to his wife he says—

"The Nugent Wades invite me to the intolerable and unsustainable Clerical dinner for Monday the 15th. They will adhere to the woman part of the plan, which spoils what is bad enough to begin with. It is very odd that people will not see the absurdity and incongruity of clergymen having wives. A capital *Vanity* this month—though quiet and void of action. Tell me if I must bring it."

The "Clerical Club" was one which came into being one evening at the Brookfields' house after an S.P.G. meeting there. A conversation happened to arise concerning parochial clergy and their families, when someone said the only opportunity that the London clergy had of familiar acquaintanceship was at dinner-parties—and dinner-parties were very expensive things. On this, Ernest Hawkins (father of Mr. Anthony Hope), who was present, said:

"Why shouldn't we have a piece of plain beef like this which you are now giving us, Brookfield, and dine together, clergy and wives, without any fuss—just ordinary family dinner?" This plan took with them all, and a club was then and there formed consisting solely of clergy and wives (young), and meetings were afterwards held in succession at members' houses, *all the dinners being under sumptuary laws!* At first their numbers were seven, but when this was presently increased to twelve, they confined their hospitality to clergymen only; ladies were invited to go in the evening, but this privilege they eventually declined.

Thackeray and Brookfield were on various occasions after their college days up at Cambridge together. Once, when they were both engaged to go up to some election there, Brookfield received the following—

TRINITY COLLEGE, *March* 7, 1849.

"MY DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"We are big enough to hold both you and Thackeray. I wish you would come on Saturday to dine with me—as late as you please. There is a train leaves London at 2.30. Let me know by return, and whether Thackeray will condescend to sleep in College. The invitation to dinner you will convey to him, or any other select spirit you may fall in with—our founder, of portly memory, expressly enjoins upon us the practice of hospitality.

"You will hear of your rooms at the Porter's lodge.

"Yours ever,

"W. H. THOMPSON."

Mr. Arcedeckne, the prototype of Foker, piqued at being portrayed as in *Pendennis*, took every occasion of annoying its author by familiarity of manner. One day when Thackeray was sitting in the smoking room of the Garrick, in his favourite attitude, his legs crossed, one foot pointed in the air, and surrounded by admirers, Foker advanced, and while hailing him with, "Well, Thack, how are you?" struck his match at the same time on the sole of the upturned foot and proceeded to light his cigar—a liberty which Thackeray very much resented. It was he, of course, who on hearing Thackeray say he was feeling somewhat nervous as to the success of his lectures in America, called out, "I'll tell you what you'll want Thack. You'll want a piano."

Of the small news with which Brookfield kept his wife *au courant* the following are specimens—

"Kensington, with Thackeray. Dined on the widow whose husband I took to the Gods (Goddards). She was tender and fat as widows are. They were both destroyed by the merciless gun of Elisha himself (his brother-in-law). Who would think it to look at him —though I expect to be eaten by a bear for the allusion —which incident will doubtless be followed by Thackeray's conversion to the plenary inspiration theory. I ended the night with Spedding. To-day Lushington, Venables, Tennyson, all called. Thackeray was already here. All staid to a hugger mugger, but rather cheery dinner."

Brookfield noted with interest everything that pertained to the theatrical life, and anything connected

with its members; he said: "I never met Tommy Moore but once. It was at a Breakfast at Rogers' —where were about a dozen notables, including Lord John Russell, the American minister, Milnes and others. I asked Moore if he ever went to the play. He said: 'No—I don't want to see the stage covered with Macreadys. Every actor imitates him so closely that you can't tell who is speaking.'"

"I am always a good deal moved—not to tears—but I think a good deal about it, when an actress dies. Poor Clara Webster was very pretty and was a good deal talked about. Only three days before I had been reading bits of scandal about her; as how can a pretty actress escape; to-day she is dead—and so stupidly."

"Where I then went I would not give you the slightest hint in the world, but certainly Charles Matthews was excessively good in *Used Up* and *Patter versus Clatter*. I did not believe he had so much talent as 'a mime.' His wife is merely astonishing that she can at her age present anything tolerable; but leaving out the word 'considering' I don't think her a wonder. I sate next a person whom I have often seen begging in the streets—a fineish looking old man with flowing white hair and beard—who stands with lucifer boxes making very polite bows, but not actually begging. He conversed quite affably with his neighbours —tho' I did not happen to speak—and he had all the air of an amateur.

"To-day I am not going to do anything striking. But at 10 I daresay Tidmarsh will look in for a little of the associated produce of Trinidad and Geneva."

CHAPTER IV

THE FRIEND OF THE "APOSTLES" (*continued*)

> But thee, sweet hour so pensive, soft and lone,
> Thee, Holy Memory still shall call her own,
> Still by thy moonlights' fair congenial ray
> Of bygone years with kindred joys shall stray,
> Hail the past day's more chastened splendour, yet
> In thee reflected tho' its sun is set!
>
> (W. H. BROOKFIELD.)

As an Inspector of Schools, Brookfield struck out a line of his own—to the bewilderment of the Privy Council Office. He saw the errors of the educational methods of those times, but he knew that, were he merely to draw attention to them in the conventional way, no active steps would be taken to correct them. He accordingly embodied in his official reports any humorous replies or incidents which came under his notice during his examination of pupils and teachers, which illustrated, or drew attention to the defects of the prevailing system. These novel blue-books attracted a vast amount of notice, and brought about considerable reforms.

"One boy," he says, "wrote: 'Dr. Johnson after trying many other experiments married a widow with £800 a year.' Another gave me valuable historical

information. 'Julius Cæsar,' he said, 'was an eminent Roman Catholic descended from a high plebeian family.' 'George the Third,' records another, 'was the longest sovereign that ever reigned.' 'Great advances in civilization,' wrote a teacher in her first year, 'were made in Elizabeth's time, but still poor Mr. Lee, a clergyman of Nottingham, broke his heart because not one in a hundred wore stockings.'" But the human touch of a smart young schoolmistress pleased him the most. She wrote with pious conviction :—"Eve lived a life of innocence until she fell under the influence of Satin."

A fellow Inspector (Moseley) once told him in the presence of a school council that an unusually efficient assistant had been sent him from the P. C. O. to watch against copying at examinations. "I," said Brookfield, "saw by his eye that there was more behind. When we were alone he told me that the man sent down was *stone blind*, but had a tremendous pair of eyes which he rolled about to the dismay of the students!"

His reports were sent to all his friends. John Forster wrote in regard to one of them—

"My dear Brookfield,—

"Many thanks to you for your Report. The delightfully humorous anecdote, so genially and pleasantly told (Dickens was here when it came, and had a hearty laugh at *that*), is but a small part of the pleasure it has given me. Everything in it is so good—the argument thoroughly sound, the suggestions were so valuable, and of wide applicability, the tone so kind and

good-humoured, the illustrations so entertaining and agreeable. There never were such capital reports as yours. For once officiality becoming a thing to be respected and attended to. Unaffectedly I cannot help boring you with this—and I am sorely tempted to ask whether, if I applied to Mr. Lingen (whom I know, and who would be civil to any request within reason, I fancy), he could put me in the way of getting your former reports.

"I ought not to close my note without saying (in fact I am asked to say it) with what unusual interest and pleasure my wife also has read this production of Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

"With kind remembrances to Mrs. Brookfield,

"Ever most truly yours,

"JOHN FORSTER."

Caroline Lyttelton told him that at her village school where she once asked a child "What is your duty towards your betters?" she got in reply, "To keep their hands from picking and stealing."

"A gentleman," Brookfield says, "informed me that, 'in anticipation of my visit to Morden the schoolmaster there had hanged himself,' and added, as a polite afterthought, 'This shows the value of inspection.'"

He was remarkable for his happy choice of words; he had indeed "a perfect command of apt words and apt tones," and frequently dilated upon their importance. He and Trench, in early days at Botley, often talked over their varying values together. Nobody had a greater craving than he for the *mot juste*. To his wife he once said—

"If you will go driving yourself about the country (when there are plenty of coachmen out of place) lugging away at the reins, pitching into horses off and near with the whip, whipping behind, getting off the box now and then to bear up your near leader—you must expect the inconveniences of a few aches and pains. Now if you would be more feminine and get into the carriage instead of on the box, and take a quiet lady-like 'ride' (as your friends say, but never let me hear you say it)—you would be able to hold a pen and write a longer and better letter to your widowed rib than he is at this hurried moment able to write to you."

On his first visit to Paris in 1834, he observed—

"I went to the Grand Opera. It was *Don Juan*. This opera was much talked of, but I was disappointed. The orchestra was the greatest I ever heard—the theatre pretty enough, but no larger than Covent Garden. There was no crowding, only tickets issued according to the number of seats. *Snobs* go early, buy pit tickets at the usual price, come out and beset comers at a quarter past seven to give them 5½ francs for their tickets. So did we."

"Cad," in those days signified merely an omnibus conductor. "Snob" was a poor low fellow; but both have changed their significance. Thackeray startled everybody when he said, "the real snob was the man who pretended to be what he wasn't, and not he who wore trousers with no straps to them."

Brookfield noted that "the word 'important' has a peculiar meaning with Popular Preachers. The Rev.

J. M. C. Bellew once wrote to request me to officiate in his absence at St. Philip's, Regent Street. He said, 'the congregation is *important*' (i.e. contained many people of rank and consideration), "but I shall be perfectly satisfied if you will, etc.'"

"I knew," he said, "a curate whose notions of meanness were peculiar—he spoke of another clergyman as a mean man; he had called upon the Curate and his wife . . . and had never asked to see the Baby!"

That he sometimes bewildered people is shown by one of his brightest correspondents, Mary Campbell, who said to him in the course of a brilliant effusion—

"I am suffering from bombardment on the brain, brought on by some lines on the battle of Balaklava by one A. T. and the criticisms thereon (by one you wot of) which are amusing :—

> Cannon to right of them,
> Cannon to left of them.

"'Mere jingle of words!' '*Take* the guns' is what Nolan said.' 'I couldn't have written anything more prosy myself,' etc. Some one timidly suggests that the way in which they are read makes some difference—but is put down by the assurance that 'no mortal with a grain of common sense,' etc., etc.

"Like all imaginative people you are pleased to fancy that every body else knows as much as you do. Poor Hartley Coleridge when talking metaphysics to our good old Aunt as she knitted her stockings, used to illustrate them thus: 'Plato, you know, ma'am, says'—ending with a Greek quotation, and so you

speak of Charles Reade, and to throw further light on him add, 'a coadjutor of Tom Taylor's.' It is as bad as our old nurse, who would repeat, 'This is the house that Jack built,' all in a breath, and to our eager inquiries as to who Jack was, would only tell us, 'That is not a proper question!' Who *is* Charles Reade, really? And who is 'Tom' Taylor?"

The cultured Lyttelton family were also purists concerning words and probably encouraged Mr. Brookfield in his classic taste. When the word "elegant" was once obviously misused in his presence he reminded himself that long years before, Sarah, Lady Lyttelton, had said to him of somebody they both knew, "She is, if the expression were justifiable, *which it is not*, an elegant woman."

To his wife, whose selection of words he sometimes envied, he said—

"I have no such forcible one-worded-ness as you; nor would terse Tacitus himself if he lived in these days in the same house as the old gentleman who is prating overhead and who feels towards words as Andrew Brigstock does towards horses, and will never be content to drive one if he can get four. I could not keep pace with you had I a team of six—or even a span of oxen—but I see I am rather sticking in the mud of my own pleasantry."

His stories of the clergy were good and varied. Of W., an old College acquaintance, he told that he was in Orders against his will, and very fond of the Army. A recruiting party on some occasion passed through his

parish, and the next morning W—— was discovered rather tipsy with a bunch of recruit ribbons in his hat. The Sergeant behaved very well about it—but it happened a second time and W. was suspended.

"Carus," he used to say, "after a wine-party at his room (Sir I. Newton's) at Trinity, turned with a smirk to the undergraduates there assembled, and said, "And now shall we have a word or two of prayer?" Then went to the door and turned the key and, with another smirk over his shoulder, simpered, "For fear of the Jews."

"A clergyman preaching a funeral sermon on a Bishop closed a highly eulogistic discourse by saying: 'The many virtues of this prelate could not be summed up in more concise words than these, namely, 'He lived the life of a Taylor and died the death of a Bull.'"

The Bishop of Worcester once told him that when he was incumbent at Brighton a certain man wagered to run so many miles and to eat his breeches within the hour. But the knowing fellow had a pair of the said garments made of tripe and won his wager! The same Bishop related that the Bishop of London told him he was one day alighting from his horse in Town when he was accosted by a man in lank hair, who said, "Aren't you my Lord Bishop Ryder?" "Why," said the Bishop, "I was five minutes ago, and shall be as soon as I mount my horse again, but meantime I am Bishop of London."

About a certain Mrs. S. (who told him "she could

not remember the time when she was not a true servant of God!") he said—

"In my opinion she is neither drunk nor mad. That is to say, she is not madder than the greater number of the self-complacent religious world, but had rather lost control over her vanity, which vanity itself was only on a par with many other people's; not far different, for instance, from that of Knight, the Quaker wine merchant, below Bar (Southampton), who wrote a letter in the newspaper, which I saw, explaining that he could not conscientiously engage in worship with the Church of England and the 'miserable sinners,' as he did not consider himself either one or the other."

When one of the St. James' curates was complaining he never was allowed to preach in the season as often as he wished, Mr. Brookfield sighed, "Ah! A word in the season, how good it is!"

From a letter we get:

"This day I have been to keep Gunpowder Day at St. James'. Think of this! You know, of course, that it is not a popular celebration with the Puseyites; and when I got into Ward's this morning, Ward told me, not without sniggers, that Thompson (curate) had begged Turner (curate) to take his place as himself and Mrs. Thompson were going to *sit for their portraits this morning!* Ward laughed, but called Thompson 'a sneak.' Haslewood preached for me last night, and in the application of his sermon asked in the most impressive manner 'Is there here a mother—*or* a wife—*or* a mistress?'"

Robert Montgomery (he who told Brookfield he thought he could "adapt the gospel to the West End," if given a living there), travelled once through Vevey just before the Rev. J. M. Campbell, a friend of his own who succeeded him in his living and who told the tale, and who found in Montgomery's handwriting, "on the wall, I think," says Brookfield, the following valuable testimonial: "*The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof Robert Montgomery.*"

A lady, a friend of the Brookfields, in the course of exploring the house of a very evangelical nobleman, after admiring room after room, exclaimed: "And to think that he has the Kingdom of Heaven besides."

When some Whig Bishop was elected in or about the year 1845, Brookfield heard Robert Wilberforce say of the newly-elected, "he is a man absolutely ignorant of Christianity, but not hostile to it."

Once he wrote to his wife: "I quite agree in your High Church theory that the Clergyman's place is, etc. etc., but admire no less the truly Protestant doctrine prevalent in the days of Oliver that he is at liberty to place the Altar wherever he likes, and I further think that you were quite right in fixing it at the Miss Berry's on Wednesday. Lord Glenelg (in fancy dress) must have been a great sight; but on the whole, I incline to think that Hallam chewing up Alfred's pine-apple jam, after grandly refusing it, might have been greater." This was concerning a visit which Mrs. Brookfield, with Henry Hallam (the historian and her uncle) and

his daughter paid to the poet, who was then living at Twickenham. Hallam had refused to eat the confiture in the Poet's presence (it had been sent to him by an admirer), but during the drive back to London "chewed up" almost the whole of it.

Brookfield was a favourite guest of the Ashburtons, who were never so happy as when they had him and his companions with them. He remarks once: "Dined at home. Afterwards to Lady Ashburton's, where Lord A., Venables, Poodle Byng, Spedding, Milnes, Lushington, G. Bunsen, Carlyle and wife and ourselves. We talked of epitaphs. At Birmingham there is to be found:

> "This sod hath drunk the widow's tear,
> Three of my husbands lie buried here."

Again he says: "We dined at the Carrick Moors. Maurice, Rajah Brooke, Spedding, etc. The Rajah was in good spirits, exceedingly pleasant, and seemed to have sufficient of the humorous element. Afternoon I preached at the Temple, 'I know whom I have believed.' Very full. Lord Brougham made a sensation by shuffling into the Treasurer's place just after service had begun. It was quite touching to see him. Lady Elizabeth Dalrymple was there. She told me after, that as Lord Eldon used to be the friend of the Church, but never went inside one, so Lord Brougham who hates the Church never missed. He had been at Whitehall this morning!"

Greville in his diary says—

"A magnificent sermon from Brookfield. He lately said to a friend of mine, 'Believe me, that in our Church there is a great demand for dulness!' I think he is quite right."

"Dined with Venables at Oxford and Cambridge Club. We were Monteith, Garden, F. Lushington, Sir James Simeon, H. A. Mereweather. Exceedingly pleasant. Some one told that Sydney Smith when dying said, 'Ah, Macaulay will be sorry when I am gone that he never heard my voice. He will wish sometimes he had let me edge in a word.'"

"*Windsor, May* 13, 1866. Read afternoon prayers in the private chapel, which I did not attend—nor Queen either. At 4.30 I attended St. George's Chapel with Mrs. Wellesley. At 8 we dined. Dean and wife, Lord Cadogan and son (at Eton) and self. Mrs. Wellesley poured out a spoonful of water and added salt to it in place of melted butter with her asparagus. I said, 'That is to me quite a new dodge.' She said the Queen had been in great perplexity to hear of anybody that did it—adding that she had never *known* anybody that did it. 'Oh, ma'am, I have known people that did it.' 'Indeed! It is very surprising,' said the Queen.'"

At a dinner at Lord Granville's he once took Lady Dufferin in and sat between her and Lady Canning. "I made a funny mistake as to Lady D. being Lord D.'s wife instead of mother, but she only said (colouring very prettily) 'I will look over it,' and shook hands very cordially at parting."

"Stirling of Keir," he says (afterwards Sir William

Maxwell, married later to Mrs. Norton), "had all manner of humour—that of punning amongst the rest. One day he took Alfred and Miss Seymour (Lady Rawlinson), John Fortescue, and myself in a drag to Dunmore Castle, punning all the way. Arrived there, the head gardener was very assiduous in showing us everything. We arrived at an indifferent lily with a fine name. 'Pray, Mr. Mackenzie,' said Stirling, 'Is this lily of any particular valley?' 'Oh, no, sir, some eighteenpence or so.'"

"I sate at dinner (30. 5. 1868) next an exceedingly pretty, good-tempered, but not very well instructed young lady, who spoke in a sort of rapid way, rather indicative of self-consciousness. She got upon Tennyson and condemned him because 'all his ideas are alike,' and she should like to know what he meant by the 'Eggs of the Moon.' She must have heard somebody refer to two lines in *Aylmer's Field*, for it is not likely that she had read it. So to humour her mistake I said, 'Oh, you mean the lines—

> All addled, like the stale eggs of the Moon
> Smelt in the music of the nightingale.

The nightingale only lays one egg a month, and hers are therefore called Moon's eggs.' 'Ah, I understand it *now*, but I never did before you repeated it!'"

The real lines being :

> But where a passion yet unborn perhaps
> Lay hidden as the music of the moon
> Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.

"To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell, where Archbishop Manning, Lord Wensleydale, etc. Amusing to see the eagerness of young ladies to be made acquainted with the R. C. prelate. Afterwards to Lady Russell's. A great crowd, but it did not appear to contain much cream of the cream, only abundance of one's own personal acquaintance. Probably 600 persons there." Here he comments soberly. "Amongst the great, real blood and breeding even without its accidents of wealth and power are reverenced; not so the real aristocracy of intellect, which without its accidents of reputation goes for nothing."

"Lord Cowper at dinner to-night. Very pleasant and amusing, but oudacious flattering. The most flattering thing told was that it used to be said of the late Lady Ashburton that she had had a tiff with every friend she had except Carlyle and myself. 'She told me,' said Lord Cowper, 'that once she was at outs with Brougham, and meeting him at dinner happened to be placed in the chair next him, when she called out loud, 'Will any lady change places with me, for Lord Brougham and I don't speak." I inquired if this was the commencement of a reconciliation. 'Not a bit of it; not a bit of it.' Venables walked back with me as far as Cambridge House, where we fell in with Carlyle."

"There's nothing equal to Carlyle," was Brookfield's favourite saying—a saying admittedly stolen from Lady Ashburton. After the death of Thackeray the two met by arrangement more often than they had

done before, and were together whenever they could manage it; for they entirely satisfied each other, and were at perfect ease in each other's society. Brookfield liked everything connected with Carlyle, his works, his appearance, his habits,—even his roughnesses. Many were the hours of close intimacy passed together, when almost in silence they smoked, only speaking as the fit seized them. Carlyle sitting upon the floor, his back against the column of the mantelpiece—smoking energetically—one fist beating his knee, the other the ground; or looking into Brookfield's face with sharp and introspective eyes, describing past or present events in vigorous terms, illustrating them with gestures of the pipe; humour and Homeric laughter flowing from them both when talk was gay; profound philosophy or scathing diatribe when it was grave.

The attraction between the two was the more extraordinary in that Brookfield admitted openly to a love for natures and manners of greater polish than his "rough sage" possessed, but he had gauged the man and loved him long before he was a "lion." Another remarkable element concerning this attachment was that Brookfield had a friendship equally strong and equally sincere for Mrs. Carlyle, one of the happiest of his rare characteristics being that in any household where he had good footing he had the affection of every member of it.

"I detect a slight affectation for the Carlyle dialect in part of this letter for which, 'I prithee, fellow mimic,

mock me not,'" he said once to his betrothed. Here he was using the word coined by Milnes for Carlyle's style. He, himself, though he thought Carlyle "the salt of the earth," observed in early days, "He did not think Carlyle's style of language so well adapted to philosophical disquisition, as it was to graphic delineation."

In the same letter he continues—

"Ah, this Easter sunshine that is gilding our high festival over Christendom—that is shining on the budding spring—on peaceful villages, on happy holiday groups, on sweetest family reunions! how it is also at this hour quietly sloping upon quiet graves that were not digged last Easter. How many hearts are this day gladdened by its beams that 'ere another Easter will have ceased to beat,' which I only quote to refer you to the original words which you will find p. 242, vol. 1, of *French Revolution*. They are not, however, an imitation of Carlyle, only suggested by him."

While in reply she said—

"How you do gloat and glower over Carlyle's *French Revolution!* You must have it by heart."

"Yesterday before dinner the veteran" (Sir Charles Elton) "fell into huge raptures with *Heroism*, and oddly enough suddenly asked me to read a page or two which he fixed on in imitation of Carlyle: he asked it seriously too, said it was for the purpose of giving him a new impression of it. Well, I had never heard Carlyle read and could only conjecture how he would give out his own writing. I was overwhelmed with difficulty,

but nevertheless took heart—tried—and all said it was very like. I rejoice that you appreciate Carlyle as you do."

Having learned that Carlyle had said that he had received a bushel and a half of letters on the news of his election as Rector of Edinburgh—and that "the one which had given him the most pleasure was Brookfield's," he says, "I recalled it the day but one after written." It ran thus—

"DEAR CARLYLE,—

"I have hesitated a day or two to write lest like distant relatives remembering 'birthday of our *dear* cousin-thrice-removed, the Marquis of Fitz Carrabas,' I should seem to claim some portion of that spiritual affinity which is implied in the word *con*-gratulation. On reflexion, however, the scruple seems to me more timid than generous, and I think that the sentiments which—now for many years—I have uniformly cherished towards the most serviceable writer of his day, as I esteem him, and much more towards the person, may entitle me to say that nothing—nothing I mean of such a nature as to be compared with it—ever gave me so much pleasure as the announcement of your election to the academic throne of Edinburgh. You have taught people not to overvalue demonstrative distinctions; but it is a real pleasure to see mankind touching its hat to its heroes when it *does* find them out; tenfold greater when the hero has never accelerated the process by enlisting drum and trumpet in his service.

"It will save you writing a line at a moment when there are many that you *must* write if you will let me interpret silence as consent that some evening in the

coming weeks I may approach the shrine in Cheyne Row and burn there—as an act of homage—a few grains of that incense which, no longer tainted with the perspiration of a 'peculiar institution,' grows upon the highly flavoured banks of York River.

"With best regards to the Frau Rector,

"W. H. B."

In his diary, Jan., 1866.—"Read at Bretton (Lady M. Beaumont's) an act of *Macbeth* and some *Elia*—found that the latter did not answer. Too stiff and pedantic in style, though the sentiments are exquisite." Some evenings later he was at the Carlyles' telling all that had happened to him, all that he had observed since last they met, acting each scene with different voices as he gave it out. He told them at last that Bretton had not responded to Lamb, when, "Carlyle remembered having known him a little about the year 1825, but spoke rather slightingly of him as a fatuity not worth consideration. Mrs. Carlyle repeated some very poor things of his saying."

13 *February*, 1866.—"At Tyndall's lecture on heat, I sat by Spedding. As we returned on foot Spedding told me that Carlyle is now 70, being four years older than somebody whom Spedding knows to have been born in 1800. We dined with Alfred and Mrs. Tennyson, Spedding and Venables. After dinner an evening party! Duke and Duchess of Argyle, Lady Boyne, Mrs. Gladstone, the Lockyers, etc. etc. Spedding and Venables and myself staid behind to smoke with Alfred.

17th February. "To Lady Stanley of Alderley, where was a great crowd. Standing close together were to be seen Alfred Tennyson, Browning, Houghton, and Carlyle, and by way of a not less remarkable group, Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Alexander Cockburn."

A night or two after this, Brookfield told one of his hostesses, Mrs. Yorke, that in a quarter of a century he had rarely been at a dull dinner, to which she replied in such a manner that he "wondered at his own dullness in not foreseeing what she was bound to say."

The Brookfields were amongst the last people who met and spoke with Mrs. Carlyle, and on her sudden death were in great distress to know how best to approach the bereaved old man.

April 27, 1866. Brookfield writes: "Walking with Charlie" (his little son) "this morning, I met poor old Carlyle just opposite the Portrait Exhibition. He began immediately to talk about his loss. 'The last thing in the world that he was prepared for—no more expectation than if a bolt should be shot from the blue heaven and fall upon his head. Returned yesterday having done what was to be done. He and brother, and Twistelton, and John Forster, who had been, dear fellow, a great protection to me . . . Was not able to talk yet; but after a while, etc.,' and so he squeezed my hand and went his way bursting with sobs and tears. Speaking of Carlyle to Greg, I asserted him to be a profoundly religious man. 'Oh, yes,' says Greg, 'that is always very noticeable when you find a man with a religion without a creed.'

"After dinner at the Speaker's. Carlyle told me that Q. had nourished his wife on George Sand. That they were once both together at C.'s, and talked very loosely about the conjugal relations—that C. had delivered some severe decision upon the subject and given them to understand that persons cherishing such notions had no place in decent society. . . ."

Though of sociable habits Brookfield was an indefatigable worker. "The busy bee is a drone to me," he once said. His Preacherships were posts that suited his talents, and according to Greville and those who still remember him, "Nothing could be more eloquent than his language or more ingenious than his arguments." Venables, who could not go to one of his celebrated discourses on some celebrated occasion, wrote: "Slight as is the abstract of your yesterday's discourse in *The Times* to-day it bears out what I heard last night of its beauty."

Of his reading aloud there was also an unanimous opinion, which can be as well expressed in the words of Sir Frederick Pollock (an eminent "Apostle") as in any others:—

"My dear Brookfield,—

"When last night I deviated from the path of virtue, I knew that I was incurring a great loss in not hearing you at the Royal Institution. The consciousness of my error interfered with the guilty pleasures of the festive board, to which I had been summoned to animate a coat and waistcoat. But I did not know *how* much I had lost until I came home and found my wife waiting and eager to tell me of your very beautiful

lecture and reading of that finest piece of pathos in any language, on hearing which it may be asked of every one—si non piangi, di che pianger suoti ?

"She is in a state of delight, and from her I have had the advantage (wholly unmerited by my conduct) of hearing whole pieces and sentences of what fell from you.

"With my regards and congratulations to Mrs. Brookfield,

"I am,

"Yours ever truly,

"POLLOCK."

Brookfield's quaintnesses were as often as not turned against himself. When Cowie said to him that it was the warming of St. Paul's for the "Special Preachers" which had produced certain injuries to the roof of the Cathedral, he asked interestedly (himself a "Special Preacher"), "Was it not the dry rot ?"

"When I was inducted into my honorary canonry of St. Paul's," he says, "the close of the ceremony brought me into the Vestry, where the officiating Canon solemnly presented me with a Bible, saying, "This is provided for your spiritual sustenance . . . and this (placing in my hands a stale common penny roll) is furnished for your bodily nourishment." This roll represented the Prebend of Ealdland. It was difficult to keep grave."

Brookfield attained no academic eminence. This was mainly due to temperament, but partly to the fact that he took up Classics, whereas we are assured by his contemporaries that his natural aptitude was

for Mathematics. However, if he failed to shine forth as a scholar himself he contributed to the brightness of other lights—for both his pupils, Lord Lyttelton and Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, testified by their words as well as by their achievements to his capacity as a tutor.

It was not alone his brilliancy—and Venables, Spedding, and most of the "Apostles" maintain he was "the most brilliant of their lives' acquaintances"—which kept him the affection of that band. It was, as they all confessed, "his strong and noble character."

For Brookfield's humour was not the mere ability to raise a laugh, but a more spiritual and far-reaching power—an admixture of tenderness and irony, the outcome of a strongly sympathetic and comprehensive nature. This gift, as well as others, won him the affection and confidence of each of the remarkable men dealt with in this book. All of them, as the following sketches will show, loved and admired their "kindlier trustier Jacques."

CHAPTER V

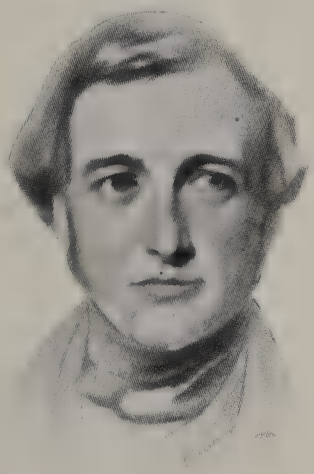
JOSEPH WILLIAM BLAKESLEY

Clear-headed friend, whose joyful scorn,
  Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain
The knots that tangle human creeds,
  The wounding cords that bind and strain
  The heart until it bleeds,
Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn
  Roof not a glance so keen as thine:
  If aught of prophecy be mine,
Thou wilt not live in vain.

(TENNYSON.)

"'CLEAR-HEADED friend' is the most ludicrously flat beginning of a serious poem that we have ever seen proceed from a real poet. . . . In the same verses 'kingly intellect' is at least in that connexion a phrase of vague rhetoric."

When John Sterling wrote thus in an article on Tennyson, which he supplied to the *Quarterly*, he was stating an opinion in much the same manner he would have stated it before the "Conversazione Society;" and as he probably did state it at the time the lines were written: Tennyson, erect, giving forth his verses *ore rotundo*, appreciative "Apostles" all around him—Sterling alone critical. It was the prosiness of the expression which offended, not the



Joseph William Blakesley

From a crayon drawing by Samuel Laurence, 1842

epithet, which he, and all of them, knew to be pre-eminently descriptive of the intellectual, amiable, joyous Blakesley, to whom the poem was dedicated; whose lucid insights and swift judgments were the envy as well as the admiration of some of his less acute brethren. The verses too were amongst the earliest of the Poet's college-day efforts—and if they have not the gracious finish of those that immediately follow, they show he had mature knowledge of character, and better still—the instinct of friendship.

Joseph William Blakesley went to Corpus Christi at the end of 1827, having already attained high distinction at St. Paul's schools. His first year (1827–8) was a red letter year for him and for the University, for he found himself there "freshman" with Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson; and Cambridge saw as his companions Buller, Kemble, Milnes, Spedding, Sterling, and Trench; Lushington, Venables and Brookfield were a year or so later.

Blakesley, a fine classical scholar, immediately achieved distinction; he commanded the benign interest of the University authorities and assumed, by right of his "acute practical mind" and "master intellect," a leading position amongst his fellows.

He joined the "Apostles" at Kemble's introduction, and at the Saturday discussions spoke with lucidity and decision. He was ever generous in debate; he would allow his opponents as much latitude as they sought. But he was never to be caught by false logic; with "joyful scorn" he broke up specious theories, with

crystal clearness he would show the fallacy of following prophets who were hardly sure of themselves. He was not one of those who imagined that the human intellect was capable of reducing all the mysteries of philosophy and science into so many packets of component parts. He was—if such a thing could be, where all were mutually beloved, a favourite amongst the "Apostles." Kemble delighted in his "equably minded Blakesley," and Tennyson said "he ought to be Lord Chancellor, for he is a subtle and powerful reasoner, and an honest man"; with the others he was a friend whom they all loved as they admired him. When after a time he discovered that most of his friends and all of his interests were in Trinity, he decided to follow them thither; thus bringing the whole of the set dealt with here—with the exception of Venables—within the precincts of one College. Even in so small a number of "Apostles" as this one particular band, it is possible to note the difference in the natures of them and the way they, with all their common causes, formed into natural cliques. Blakesley belonged to what may be called the poetic as distinct from the philosophic set.

No matter how late they stayed over their collocutions the "Apostles," most of them, would rise early on Sunday; and, in batches of threes and fours, they would breakfast together, and afterwards take long walks. Blakesley loved these walks and talks perhaps better than any other of their meetings—for Nature spoke her story to him. Once he reminded Trench of one of these wanderings :—

"Write to me soon. I have survived almost all my old friends in the University, and feel but little inclination to make new. Hardly a Sunday passes without my calling to mind how Kemble, you and myself used to breakfast together and afterwards to walk into the country, telling strange stories of the deaths of Kings. . . . The faithful" (namely, the "Apostles") "desire to be affectionately remembered to you."

Another time he said: "I shall expect a letter from Kemble and yourself very speedily. Tell me all that you do and *think* in your delectable privacy. I shall not require news." This anxiety to know his friends' *thoughts* shows the mental attitude of all these young philosophers. They were constantly analyzing one another's ideas as well as their own, which doubtless developed their intellectual sympathies, though sometimes, perhaps, at the expense of spontaneity.

He was fond of Tennyson, and one of the first of his admirers, but he much disliked his smoking habits, and often grumbled concerning them:—

"Kemble is in town; he is reading law five hours a day (or at least was doing so before Alfred Tennyson came up to town), for now these five hours are consumed (together with much shag tobacco) in sweet discourse on Poesy, and besides this he finds time to write articles in the *Foreign Quarterly* and a book on Anglo-Saxon, without which he says no one can understand English, and which he says no one can understand without understanding the other Teutonic dialects."

When Tennyson asked him, as he asked all his

friends, what he thought of his publishing his "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," Blakesley replied :—

"The present race of monstrous opinions and feelings which pervade the age require the arm of a strong Iconoclast. A volume of poetry written in a proper spirit, a spirit like that which a vigorous mind indues by the study of Wordsworth and Shelley, would be, at the present juncture, the greatest benefit the world could receive. And more benefit would accrue from it than from all the exertions of the Jeremy Benthamites and Millians, if they were to continue for ever and a day."

Thus pithily conveying his personal estimate of those philosophies and their adherents.

When Trench went "down," Blakesley commenced and carried on an intimate correspondence with him, and when he was in Spain, sent him "Apostolic" news.

"You ought to come home. The salt of the earth is too scanty to allow of its being as yet scattered over the face of the earth. We have a handful of men in Cambridge who will continue the race of the Maurices and Sterlings, and cherish an untiring faith in the undefeated energies of man. The majority of the Apostles are decidedly of the proper way of thinking, and the society is in a flourishing state. We are now twelve in number, and those whom we shall lose this Christmas are by no means the best. I think that we are now in a better state, and that the tone of our debates is higher than it has ever been since the giants were on the earth. . . .

"I told you that the Apostles were in a flourishing

state. A society of the same kind has been established by Hallam at Oxford. . . . Milnes is now an Apostle. The society doth not, I think, gain much from him, but he will leave Cambridge in a few weeks. . . . The society had received a great addition in Hallam and A. T., the author of the last prize poem—Timbuctoo—truly one of the mighty of the earth. You will be delighted with him when you see him."

The "salt of the earth" was a phrase borrowed from Shelley and much used by the "Apostles" when under that poet's influence as well as afterwards.

> You will see Hunt, one of those happy souls
> Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
> The world would smell like what it is—a tomb.

When Trench and Kemble were in Spain on the Torrijos business, Blakesley still fed them with Cambridge news. He, with his calm judgment, and Venables, with his strong and equally balanced mind, were the two who were least in sympathy with that unhappy "cause," yet Blakesley followed the undertaking with interest, and wrote to Gibraltar in order to cheer the revolutionists when affairs there looked desperate; for which Trench said gratefully to Donne—

"Blakesley was a good boy and wrote me a letter. It was kind and subtle and mournful—a shrewd knave. Indeed, I look upon himself and you, Donne" (the Rev. W. Bodham Donne—also an Apostle) "as the only two amongst us who will not be brokendown traders before we are twenty-six."

Blakesley took his degree in 1831, and club-making being in the air, "fathered a new debating society called the 'Fifty.'" He continued to be much as ever with the 'Apostles,'" even after he had accepted a tutorship: and his sharp criticisms, delivered with unvarying amiability and utter absence of pomp, were ever welcome.

It was when Blakesley was a tutor that he was once asked by a perplexed undergraduate, reading for orders: "Pray, Sir, do you consider that eternal punishment will consist in moral or in physical suffering?" "Why," said Blakesley, a little puzzled between the conflicting claims of orthodoxy, common sense and prudence, "I should incline to think moral." "Oh, I am so relieved to hear you say so!"

To Trench, who had now taken orders, he wrote in 1834—

"The faithful here prosper. We have great hopes of being able in the course of the present term to add two or three very promising grafts on to the old stock. This is the more desirable, as, in my opinion, the Society is becoming rather too old—that is, the individuals composing it at present are so. . . . It is possible you may not have seen a list of the new Trinity fellows. Three are of the number of the good and wise—Thompson, Lushington, and Alford— . . . We, of course, exult much in the election of Thompson. He made a great sensation among the examiners, and although he did not come in first, is considered by them as certainly the first man of the whole."

It is curious to note the characteristic attitude of

all these men, in their first youthful presumption, towards Carlyle. In the beginning, they spurned him with high disdain; in the end, they one and all came round to him, and sat at his feet in awe and admiration. Blakesley— always good friends with Milnes— was found, after he had come to the knowledge of Carlyle's worth, writing and begging that gentleman to get names of people who were willing to purchase *Sartor Resartus*, saying—

"It seems the booksellers will not reprint the work unless they can be sure of selling three hundred copies. I should have thought the cormorants had picked enough from the bones of successful authors to allow them to take poor Carlyle's carcase for better for worse."

Brookfield when he first entered the Church had a craving to become a Navy chaplain. To Blakesley, who exerted himself to procure him a nomination, he wrote as follows—

"SOUTHAMPTON,
"*December* 2, 1839.

"MY DEAR BLAKESLEY,—

"I have this morning received a letter from Lyttelton acquainting me with your thoughtful kindness in offering to propose me for the Chaplaincy of the *Blonde*; but at the same time rightly conjecturing that the time is gone by for my accepting the situation. Three years ago such an opportunity might perhaps have seriously affected my destinies—but now I have undergone a change outward and inward— by which I only mean in stomach and in circumstances

—which render salt junk and grog and the parochial confines of a 46 less adapted than formerly to my tastes and aspirations. To be grave, I have lain long enough in the land of Lilliput to be bound down by many threads of habit and affection and ambition (I don't know that I mean anything defined by the last word—but it suits the rhythm of the sentence) which effectually hinder my being metamorphosed into a sea priest. Does a Chaplain wear fins? and so all things considered—with every homage to Capt. Bourchier and H.M.S. *Blonde*, I must elect to brave a little longer the perils of tiles and chimneypots and die a dryer death.

"I assure you that I feel sincerely grateful to you for remembering me in this matter and should be heartily glad of an opportunity of thanking you personally. If I were a little more contagious and had two cloaks—I think I should assay Xmas socialities of Trinity, but alas I am 'remote—unfriended—melancholy—slow—' and as poor as a Mendicant friar without his resources.

"Do your occasions never bring you to such places as Southampton? I am 'but a Lodger,' but I have some Madeira and a friend that has credit with a butcher. If any sprightly kick from the foot of Destiny should lift you here I beseech you draw me and I will quarter you. I have with me a sort of half pupil, whole boarder, Lord Orford's second son aged 22. He is quite blind—but keeps a dog. I spent a few days very pleasantly with Charles Buller a few weeks ago at Sir Charles Hulse's in this county. He was in high feather—but had not imported so much fun from Canada as I expected. I not infrequently see Trench, who is only six miles off—I am going there for a few days next week. He has written delightful poems since he last published. All religious and chiefly

legendary—from oriental sources made available through the sucking bottle of German translation. I have occasionally the pleasure of hearing of you but should be much happer if it were from you.

"Ever yours very sincerely,

"W. H. BROOKFIELD.

"Pray remember me heartily to deserving men of my knowledge that may be up—Thompson—Venables—the MASTER" (Wordsworth) "and the rest—but who may be up I cannot conjecture."

When young Lord Lyttelton went to Cambridge he was consigned by Brookfield, his late private tutor, to the charge of his old friend Blakesley; and it was under his auspices that his lordship became in due course inducted as an "Apostle." When he was chosen to contest the post of High Steward with Lord Lyndhurst (considerably his senior) our "Apostles" past and present mustered in full force to support him and worked for him with unlimited energy and enthusiasm. Again there were wondrous meetings, "celebrations," and "magnificent talks," and such was their exhilaration at the fact of being once more all together, that they were but little dashed by their opponent's victory.

Blakesley, as secretary at Cambridge to the Lyttelton Committee, wrote all the letters and notices connected with this election with his own hand. Lord John Manners (afterwards seventh Duke of Rutland, whose loss we have only recently had to deplore), chairman of the London Committee, organized the business of getting the members of the Senate to the

poll, and gave gallant names to the coaches which were to carry those gentlemen from London to Cambridge. Brookfield was secretary to the London Committee, and a vast correspondence ensued between Cambridge and London.

"TRIN : COL : CAM :
"*October* 15, '40.

"MY DEAR BBOOKFIELD,—

Hitherto we have been delayed *in re Lytteltoni* by the provoking silence of the M.C. who has neglected to answer a letter written to him up to the present moment. This morning however a notice has been sent forth by the Vice Master, calling upon the friends of Lord L. to meet to-morrow at one o'clock in the Combination Room of Trinity. He will be the College Candidate and have all, or nearly all, the residents, including the Vice Master, all the tutors and Professor Whewell. This may be *talked about to-day*; to-morrow do *you meet* the *Rocket* when it comes in at Fetter Lane, when you will receive an account of the meeting which *ought to appear in the papers of Saturday*. This I shall depend on your managing.

"Ever Yours,
"J. W. BLAKESLEY."

Brookfield's share in this has been unfortunately lost.

"TRIN : COL : CAM :
"*October* 19, '40.

"MY DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"Many thanks for your efficient service. To-day all the machinery has been got into such a state that we can start the instant we receive Lyttelton's consent

and address which we trust will be to-morrow morning. To-morrow John Heath, Neville Grenville, and Hughes —all accredited agents—will come up to London by the *Telegraph* and proceed to the British Coffee House : you are requested to meet them at the *Telegraph* as it comes in : and to conduct them to the Committee room which early in the morning you will have secured at the British Coffee. A small room if no other is to be had will do for a beginning. If possible, get the Duke of Northumberland's old one : there will be a stink of Conservatism in it which will be most precious to us : for our great danger is from the enemy getting up a Whig and Tory cry. Secure Venables and as many Conservatives as you can. Macaulay will be invaluable. All the Whigs we reckon upon without fail, but like the guards at Waterloo, although they are to win the battle at last, they must not show themselves at the beginning.

"Ever yours,

"J. W. BLAKESLEY."

Frederick Denison Maurice, then chaplain at Guy's, was not one of the least excited over this business : he wrote to John Kemble, who was working the election with his usual whole-heartedness—

"GUY'S HOSPITAL,

"*October* 24, '40.

"MY DEAR KEMBLE,—

"For the last five or six days I have been more interested in the Cambridge elections than in almost any other matter, though unfortunately I have been able to do almost nothing. I wrote very earnestly to Hare on Monday and found from his answer that he felt as strongly as I did, but he said there were

very few Masters of the Senate in his neighbourhood.

"I have been libelling Lord Lyndhurst in a Magazine of which I am editor and which circulates some few copies among clergy in the country; but I am afraid if my words did carry the least weight, they will come too late to be useful. I think it is the most important contest that has been carried on for years, and one that may do more than almost any movement I can think of to frighten knaves and encourage honest men. I have said more than once that as a clergyman I should much more care to keep Lord Lyndhurst out of Cambridge than Hanner out of London.

"Yours very truly,

"F. MAURICE."

"It was quite clear to me from the multitude of Hildyards in Lord Lyndhurst's first meeting that the whole was got up by a mission from the Carlton Club. Could not you find some way of making people feel the infinite disgrace of such a *congé d'élire?*"

But Maurice and all were doomed to disappointment—Lord Lyndhurst carried the day by a large majority. Charles Merivale, also an "Apostle," gives a vivid picture of the election itself.

"With respect to our late disaster, what is there to say, except that like Francis I, we have lost our honours, but nothing else. . . . The scene in the Senate House baffles all description! There were the young barbarians at play in the gallery, their spirits and their ferocity keeping pace with the rising

majority, so that it became hardly possible to endure the place. Lyttelton stood it through with great pluck. He and the Master got hissed in the Ante-Chapel the next evening." Immediately the polling was over the "practical" minded Blakesley wished to see the business part of it transacted and finished with.

"TRIN : COL :
"*November* 19, '40.

"MY DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"You are right in your supposition as to the *Globe* bill. It hung back in the crowd of papers which encumber my table and got shut out of the envelope. I send it, however, herewith, and at the same time another document which came to-day by the post; though how I should ever have acquired such an European reputation as to induce Messrs Roake and Varty, sensible people, no doubt, to send bills contracted in London to me, I cannot understand. If they take me for a man who loves paying money for its own sake, they are, as the laymen say, devilish wrong. By the way, it is very far from impossible that Heywood (who I dare say is the author of the letter from 'A Dissenter' which appeared in the *Chronicle* and did its poor part to injure the cause) would take it very kind if the Committee would consider him responsible for the debts of the contest. Pray ascertain this point before more subscriptions are collected: and in the meantime countersign and send down as much as you can persuade Kemble to relinquish. His final conclusion is *perfect*.

"Ever Yours
"J. W. BLAKESLEY."

"I rejoice at even the prospect of seeing land in the matter of the Bills. They are not, as far as I can judge, so large as I feared they would be, although the item for the British Coffee House is fearful. I was singularly delighted to observe Kemble's countersignature. I suppose he got into the habit of approval as Deputy Chamberlain, and permits everything that comes in his way."

Kemble's father was licenser of plays, and therefore in the Lord Chamberlain's office, hence this allusion.

"TRIN : COL :
"*November* 24, '40.

"MY DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"Be kind enough to send not less than 700 copies of Lord Lyttelton's circular of thanks to us here; after the first sheet the additional expense is only that of paper and press work. Be careful to have them struck off on paper as thin as will be decent. We intend to send them together with a printed list of the Poll and Pairs to all Lord Lyt.'s supporters. The verbal alterations proceed from his lordship, who, *pro more suo*, never thought for an instant of the absurdity produced by the divarication of his letter from the advertised 'copy of it.' I only thank God he did not re-write it, and trust the age of collation went out with Porson, and that the fact of the new edition will not be remarked by the verbal criticism of the Scholefieldian era.

"Very many thanks to you for the trouble you have taken in the matter of Flaxman's outlines. Pray do not imagine that the matter is a very urgent one—that you should fast for me on week-days, as

well as pray for the Bishop of London on Sunday. "Has not Lord John Manners advanced various sums? These kind of accounts ought to be settled immediately."

Lord Lyttelton in speaking of Blakesley's assistance to him at this moment said: "He managed all for me at Cambridge, for which I hope he will be made Archbishop of York."

Brookfield, fond of walking about London and peeping into book shops, had told Blakesley of some books he wanted to purchase. These were the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, *Æschylus* and *Dante*; but although unboundedly pleased to become possessed of this classic literature, election bills still distressed him.

"CARO MIO,—

"I have awaited for some days, with a patience worthy of a better cause, the Bill of Mr Fownes, which appears between Lord John and you likely to fall to the ground. Pray temper your evangelical detestation of Scribes and Pharisees enough to enable you to fulfil the works of the Law to the unhappy individual of the former class who has submitted his fate to your decision.

"I send back the Drummond list, wishing to know the items of the £49 which were contributed by the Rev. Mr. Brookfield. Also did the five pound note which reached me come from Mr. Meyer Rothschild, who is commonly believed to employ such gear in curling his locks? Finding a name without money, and money without a name, I felt inclined to put them together: but I should prefer some better

authority for such a step than sound principles of conjectural criticism.

"If the British Coffee House bill cannot be reduced, it had better be paid. Nevertheless I hold the Landlord for a rogue—one of those "beggarly elements" which St. Paul holds so cheap!"

In this year, early in the days of railways, when Brookfield had asked him once to preach for him, Blakesley replied:

"My Dear Brookfield,—

"I intend, if sound in wind and limb, to be in London both on the 20th and the 27th of this month, on either one of which days I will, if you want me, do my best for you and the National Schools. It is but fair however to tell you that I contemplate performing three railroad journeys before the former, and five antecedently to the latter of them: so that the proverbial uncertainty of human life is perhaps more than usually applicable in this case. I confess, too, with all due respect for myself, that I think you might find many persons who would succeed better than myself in extracting silver from the breeches-pockets of the Regent Street population. I feel quite sure that I should not be humbugged by myself, and I suppose one is at least as much influenced by one's own arguments as anybody else is likely to be. However, I will never be so base as to retract in leisure a promise made in haste: so believe me,

"Yours to command,

"J. W. Blakesley."

A fortnight later Brookfield writes to Miss Elton—

"In the chapel, which was considerably full, I discerned your friends. Oddly enough, Blakesley, who helped Ward at Sacrament (wearing therein my shoes) dined with Fanny and her friends same evening and came in at eleven at night to consume a cigar or so with me and told me how he had been hearing me bepraised by these ladies. Blakesley is a fine fellow in the finest sense of fine."

During this visit of Blakesley to London he was in the habit with other "Apostles" of "concluding the evening in Brookfield's rooms."

Brookfield writes: "I returned early to finish a sermon—found your letter—why do you use such execrable little shabby tea-party envelopes? Ordered a pewter pint of porter on the strength of it and a pipe, had my paper spread before me—wrote now and then—sipped, wrote, whiffed, wrote, whiffed, sipped, whiffed, sipped, wrote—when in came that same Blakesley whom you inquire about and sate till nearly twelve, throwing me into the short hours to finish my sermon. He laughed violently at my pewter pint, etc., and the spiritualities blended up therewith. He must be your man; he is dark-haired, dark-eyed. Visited Trench last year—called with him one day while I was at your house. Trench knows no other Blakesley, nor do I. But he is Cambridge, not oxford. As a tutor of Trinity, Blakesley—a capital point for rising—is all in a fidget to be married, and will take the first favourable opportunity of spurning tutorship with all its remote appendices of Deaneries and Bishoprics and take him to a domestic life."

In writing back Miss Elton said she had told the Willises the news of Blakesley which they had required, and that he was a "friend of Brookfield," when they all exclaimed "he was just the person who would be a friend of Brookfield's, so very clever and agreeable and delightful," and that when they first saw you they all said you were "just a Blakesley sort of man, but fancying him oxford, they never inquired whether you knew him."

When Brookfield married, Blakesley sent him the following—

"31 *January.*

"DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"I never read newspapers and therefore often fail to learn the great changes which take place from time to time in human relations. I, however, learnt from the aspiring heir of Hagley (as the newspapers, with an alliteration hardly appreciable out of Worcestershire or London, called him) that you had incurred that responsibility which College fellows sometimes hear of, with a sigh or smile, as the case may be. I was in hopes of meeting you at the Sterling Club on Tuesday last, but I suppose you are as yet confined to a honey diet. God help you, I mean bless you! You have my warmest congratulations, which I would deliver in person, and crave the honour of an introduction to Mrs. B. were it not that business will take me city-wards at an hour earlier than that at which decency permits a visit. I intend, however, to ask a boon of you, namely to leave a copy of a certain discourse which I will send to you at the Albany for Lord John Manners, together with another for Smyth—his fidus Achates.

Garden, too, I will desire to call upon you for one that I will also enclose."

This was probably his pamphlet upon "Where does the evil lie?"

Blakesley gave up his tutorship in 1845, married and settled down in the living of Ware. In 1846, he wrote—

"My Dear Brookfield,

"At dinner time yesterday here a discussion arose which terminated in two bets, my mother-in-law taking one side, and my brother-in-law and myself the other. We are all very anxious to get our money, and as I think you may probably be in London I write to you to ask you to ascertain the facts of the case; the phenomenon which caused our dispute existing, I believe, in your parish. A beadle has occasionally been seen to exercise his authority in the Regent's Quadrant, and what we want to know is whether this functionary is maintained at the expense of the inhabitants for purposes of their own, or whether he is a policeman clad in the garb of beadledom for the sake of appearances, or whether he is the Porter at Swan and Edgar's (which I rather suspect), or whether he does not exist except in imagination. If he is *ens reale*, we wish to know whether he is in constant pay, or merely retained for field days. Pray investigate the subject and let us know: for none of us know anybody likely to give information except yourself and the Editor of *Bell's Life in London*.

"I am rusticating for the present month with wife and child in this land of turnips and pheasants—very well, except that I am sickening with the cow-pox.

My son having been infected with this disease, my wife declared she should feel much more comfortable if I also were vaccinated, and I was weak enough to comply. I daresay when he begins to cut his teeth I shall be obliged to submit to the lancing of my gums, and take a few doses of Godfrey's Real Comfort to mothers.

"I hope you have good accounts of Mrs. Brookfield, I was compelled to remain a widower for a fortnight, and disapprove of the condition. College is the only place for celibacy.

"Ever yours truly,
"J. W. BLAKESLEY."

The above Beadle may have been he, who, when asked with regard to some fire that had just taken place "Was the watchman sober?" replied, "For anything I know he was; but all Public characters get drunk sometimes."

It was an extraordinary thing that a man of such brilliant attainments as J. W. Blakesley, should have been left the best part of his life in retirement; but it was with him as it was with many others at that time—the political powers had no sympathy with the spiritual; in fact, there are periods when Governments seem afraid to give posts to intellectual men, and the middle of the nineteenth century was one of these. However, Blakesley was happy in his calm way; he was amongst other things Master of the Mercers' Company; he saw much of his Cambridge friends; and he wrote his charming essays for *The Times*; he was that "Hertfordshire Incumbent" whose shrewd observations

and pleasant criticisms gave so much pleasure in their day; but his chief work was an edition of *Herodotus* for the *Bibliotheca Classica*. In 1863 he received a canonry of St. Paul's, and in 1872, at the age of sixty-four, when his life was almost done, he was given by Gladstone the deanery of Lincoln. To Brookfield, who wrote to congratulate him on this event, he replied :—

"DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"Many thanks for your kind congratulations on the subject of my appointment. It was entirely unsolicited by me, but is not the less welcome. Declining years and the increasing difficulty of obtaining decent curates (in such a place as this) remove all doubts which I might otherwise have had about exchanging my present for my future preferment.

I never saw Lincoln till I got the offer of the Deanery, and pictured it to myself as a kind of 'Veila' surrounded by marshes and vainly endeavouring by the cathedral services to drown the roaring of the bulls and croaking of the frogs that inhabited them. Since my hurried visit, the week before last, I have come to a better mind, and even look with some dread on the loftiness of the hill on which I shall have to live. About the bulls, indeed, I am not sure that I was so very far wrong. The quantity of cattle trucks, mostly filled, which met my eye at the different stations, filled me with amazement, and I find that the manufactures at Lincoln are almost exclusively engaged in the production of agricultural instruments. It is rather hard to be exposed to the dangers of being choked by smoke and gored by oxen in the same place : and Mrs. Blakesley has a particular

dread of horned cattle, which makes me keep Suffolk cows in consequence of it. And as to your kind thought of an admonition to 'go up higher'—a more-than-sexagenarian, who has just mounted from the rail way station to the deanery, might be tempted to reply in extremely improper phraseology to any such suggestion. Pray make our best remembrances to Mrs Brookfield and believe me,

"Very truly yours,
"J. W. Blakesley."

"I observe you date from the 'Rolls House,' and as I learn from Jerome that this is what is commonly called Bethlehem, I entrust this letter to a friend who is going to Palestine to post at Joppa."

A man of crystal clearness of intellect, high principles—amiable and straightforward—well might Tennyson say that before him—

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit;
Falsehood shall bare her plaited brow;
Fair-fronted Truth shall droop not now
With shrilling shafts of subtle wit.
Nor martyr-flames, nor trenchant swords
Can do away that ancient lie;
A gentler death shall Falsehood die,
Shot thro' with cunning words.

CHAPTER VI

CHARLES BULLER

> Farewell! fine humourist, finer reasoner still,
> Lively as Luttrell, logical as Mill,
> Lamented Buller—just as each new hour
> Knit thy stray forces into steadfast power,
> Death shut thy progress from admiring eyes,
> And gave thy soul's completion to the skies.
>
> (BULWER LYTTON.)

THE "Apostles" of the first five years of the "Society's" existence, possessed minds of a totally different calibre to those of the following lustre. They were deeper, heavier and possibly a little narrower. Charles Buller, although by date of membership belonging to the serious earlier period, by temperament appertained to the later and lighter era.

It was not the wont of the early Apostles to choose their associates on account of any mirthfulness of disposition; and Charles Buller, a worthy aspirant for "Apostolic" honours, was approved of by them solely on account of his logical mind and in spite of his lively qualities. That lightness of spirit was discouraged by the "Society" is shown on several occasions, notably when some of the sterner souls

marked their disapprobation of Monckton Milnes' gaiety. If Buller, once an "Apostle," shocked some of the more grave, he attracted, delighted, and endeared himself to those gifted with a sense of humour. Gay, amiable, endowed with the sense of proportion which characterizes bright natures such as his, and equipped with the gift of raillery, he, with such kindred spirits as Milnes, Merivale, Blakesley, and Kemble, were an invaluable element in the "Society." For they contrived to "smile away" a tendency which was growing among their abnormally gifted fellows to attach too much weight to their own opinions, which threatened to develop into that most un-Cantabrigian of qualities which is nowadays called "priggishness."

His liveliness was inherited from his mother, a beautiful person, sparkling, and partly Irish, "an ingenuously intelligent woman of the gossamer type"—a lady who, when her son was returned to Parliament, asked "What could be recommended for a young man who wished to acquire parliamentary confidence? Was artificial excitement advisable for a very nervous man? . . . So-and-so, she understood, took opium." At Harrow, where liveliness was not considered a "first principle," the son of this brilliant lady was scarcely appreciated. Full of "airy ingenuity" and having the keenest sense for everything "from the sublime to the ridiculous" his spirits soared higher perhaps than youthful spirits had ever soared before, and the height of their flight may be the reason that he was never found walking in beaten tracks. How-

Charles Buller

From a painting by B. E. Duppa, Esq.

ever, before he left that school he managed to show that he had valuable gifts. His aptitude for study was extraordinary—and though the sense of application in those early days was missing—he yet gave many proofs of a quick and intelligent mind. It was at Harrow that he first made friends with John Sterling.

A "handful" at home and too young for college the question of the disposal of this gay genius became a difficult one ; but just as his parents were in despair, a visit to Edinburgh brought about an introduction to Carlyle. Carlyle was told beforehand that the lad was "clever but too mercurial and unmanageable"; but this he waived and resolved to take him, and in a happy hour Charles Buller became the sage's happy pupil. By some strange attraction, the volatile youth and the staid philosopher took to each other, and became fast friends, But it is a fact that the gay, the frank-minded and genial-spirited seem always to have got on well with Carlyle, to have liked him and been liked by him and accepted at their true value. He had apparently a more gracious manner for these than for those with natures more like to his own—the rough and taciturn. "From the first," he says, "I found my Charles Buller a most manageable, intelligent, cheery, and altogether welcome and intelligible phenomenon ; quite a bit of sunshine in my dreary Edinburgh element ; I was in waiting for his brother and him when they landed. We instantly set out on a walk, round by the foot of Salisbury Crags, up from Holyrood, by the

Castle, and Law Courts, home again to George Square; and really I recollect few more pleasant walks in all my life! So all-intelligent, seizing everything said to him with such a recognition, so loyal-hearted, chivalrous, guileless, so delighted (evidently) with me, as I was with him. Charles, by his qualities, his ingenious curiosities, his brilliancy of faculty and character, was actually an entertainment to me rather than a labour." As time went on Carlyle waxed more and more enthusiastic over the promising youth, and vowed he far surpassed himself in Latin and Greek. "I tried to guide him into reading," he said, "into solid inquiry and reflection. He got some mathematics from me and might have had more. He got, in brief, what expansion into such wider fields of intellect and more manful modes of thinking and working as my poor possibilities could lead him; and was always generously grateful to me afterwards."

When Buller finally parted with Carlyle as a tutor, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. This was in 1826. It was Sterling who made him an "Apostle" and introduced him to intellectual society there. His essays were considered to be brilliant, his criticisms still more so, but it was as a conversationalist that he was most highly esteemed—even though "a mastery of banter sometimes led him to the verge of levity." Having, however, some gravity beneath his lightness, he went perforce with Trench, Kemble, Sterling and others through their Niebühric-Benthamic period; a period when they talked themselves

to " exhaustion "—some of them mentally as well as physically. In later days, Buller was able to smile back on this period and say cheerfully, " He had grown out of being a Utilitarian. Benthamites had very good hearts but wanted intellects."

He took his degree in 1828, and immediately put up for Parliament. The shortness of his residence at the University rather cut him off from the " Apostolic " set to which he belonged by right and placed him out of the Poetic Band of 1828–32 ; but considering his many and different interests he kept up his association with the Society fairly well. His career was followed with the sincerest interest by those he left behind him at Cambridge, and Blakesley soon wrote: " The two Bullers are canvassing Liskeard in Cornwall for Charles ; but the electors are so delighted with both that they do not know how to divide them and are quite disgusted with the Reform Bill for only leaving them one Member."

He was returned for Liskeard, a seat he kept ever after, and Kemble, who had always the fondest belief in the genius of his fellows, says: " Charles Buller is in Parliament. He made a maiden speech the other night, which was evidently very comic, though infamously reported in the papers. You will see him make a figure one of these days." Another " Apostle " thought Buller had in no way done himself justice in the House, and another, noting there was a " *morne silence* " after his first outburst, opined—" I suppose Buller dare not speak ; his Radicalism and his family

interests are so fearfully at war with each other."

The special questions with which his political career is most intimately connected are the housing of the Public Records; the Canadian Mission of 1837–38; and the question of Pauperism; all of which he dealt with with wonderful ability and clearness of vision.

When the Houses of Parliament were burnt in 1834 a quantity of the Records, formerly housed in Westminster Hall, narrowly escaped destruction. Sir Henry Cole (who practically founded the South Kensington Museum, and who was afterwards Assistant Keeper of the Records) presently agitated with great energy for a new and safer system for the safe keeping of these precious, documents but no attention was paid to his complaints. He appealed to Lord Brougham, who replied that "he should be heard in time if he would only keep quiet." Sir Henry would not keep quiet, but went to Charles Buller, who, being a man of culture and intelligence, sympathized with him and his cause, and at once took the question to the House. There he moved that an inquiry should be held to investigate the conduct of the Commissioners of the Public Records, and "so great was his wit and delicacy in enlivening this dry subject that the House was enchanted." Lord John Russell, then leader of the House, said it was greatly indebted to Mr. Buller for bringing the matter before them, and a portion of Buller's speech on this subject runs—

"The public records, it was quite unnecessary

for him to remind the House, were, whether they respected private property, or the means of authentic history, of extreme value. The Commission had sat now many years, and was established in consequence of an address from the House of Commons in the year 1800. The annual grants to the Commissioners had varied from £5,000 to £20,000. Small as the annual amount was, yet the House would certainly think it a matter worthy of being inquired into, when they found that since the formation of the Commission about £400,000 had been voted by Parliament towards its expenditure.

"Besides this enormous expenditure, it now appeared that this Commission was actually in debt to the amount of £20,000. A portion of the public money entrusted to the Commissioners, had been devoted to publishing in the various languages of Europe, an account of the Commission, and a full detail of the names and titles of the Commissioners. He held in his hand a Portuguese pamphlet on the subject, in which the names of the Commissioners were given, no doubt in the purest Portuguese. The honourable member for Montgomery (Mr. C.Wynn) was designated 'O muito nobre Carlos Watkins Williams Wynn.' The honourable baronet, the member for Oxford, had a most romantic title, 'Sir Roberto Harry Inglis.' That was one of the ways in which the public money was spent—making the style and title of the Commissioners known all over Europe, from Lisbon to Hamburgh. Even the Secretary to the Commission is immortalized in the printed proceedings of the Board as 'Viro illustrio, excellentissimo, clarissimo, doctissimo C.P. Coopero equiti Anglo' . . .

"The principal objects of the Commission were the care of the records, their preservation, and perpetua-

tion, by means of transcription of such as had become nearly defaced by time or accident. It appeared by the last parliamentary returns of the Commissioners' expenditure that only £1,500 had been spent on what he would call the most important object for which they were appointed, namely, on the arrangement of the records. What was the present state of those important documents? Considering that the object of the Commission was the preservation of the records and the affording easy accessibility to them, the method in which the records were kept was perfectly scandalous. They were scattered about in eight or ten different offices, in different parts of the town. Those at Somerset House were in underground vaults, where the light of the sun never penetrated. Fires were lighted in these vaults for the purpose of dispelling the damp, and the result was that the records were alternately damp and dry, the destructive effects of which changes he need hardly point out; he feared they might have operated extensively already. A very picturesque description had been given in a report of some stalactite found in one of these vaults by the honourable baronet (Sir R. Inglis); stalactites were interesting objects to the geologist, but he (Mr. C. Buller) thought a Record office an inappropriate place for their growth. Mr. Illingworth, who was very familiar with these records and their situation, stated in a letter that he was afraid to touch them on account of their dampness, lest he should catch the rheumatism in his hand. In these same vaults the records were placed so high on shelves, some sticking out like bottles, that a ladder must be obtained to reach them; and then there was the chance of falling from the top with the roll upon the adventurous individual who made the experiment: no

very pleasant predicament. Surely nothing could be more evident than that the public records of a nation ought not to be left in such circumstances ; but should be placed in commodious and suitable apartments, in accessible situations, and under a perfect system of arrangement. As to the miscellaneous records lately at the Mews, and now at Carlton-ride, the method of keeping them was most ridiculous. They did not talk there of books, and manuscripts, and rolls, like other people, but they described the records by sacks and bushels. They would tell you that they had six hundred and fifty sacks of records, containing eight bushels apiece. The Commission had begun some little good here ; which being good, was mysteriously suspended. The papers were sorted by years in sacks, so that if you wanted a document for such a year you went to such a sack, etc."

This was his first important speech and in it he "hit the house between wind and water," and he became from that moment a favourite debater, " none so well as he could range from grave to gay," and all sides delighted to hear him. He had gained the ear of the House and he never afterwards lost it. Whatever the subject he took up, he gave to it all his time and all his powers. When he seconded Monckton Milnes against Lord Strong in New Zealand, somebody said: " The case was so good in itself that it hardly required the great ability that Buller showed." The Bill for the better housing of the Public Records was passed in 1838, and all England, and students everywhere, have reason to thank Charles Buller for his signal services and to be grateful for the triumph he then achieved.

His patience, ability, and capacity for hard work led to his being chosen by Lord Durham to go with him as private secretary on his mission to Canada. Buller's Report upon that business—for that it was he who wrote it was a *secret de Polichinelle*—though written when he himself was saddened by the result, (Brookfield, who was staying in the same house with him soon after his return to England says "Buller is much chastened by Canada") is considered to be for exactness, delicacy, and diplomacy combined "one of the ablest and most effective papers of the age." This document seemed to have removed some of the grave difficulties which then existed between England and Canada, and to have led to colonial administration and self-government, privileges which were afterwards extended to other colonies. It was also the foundation, as well as a goodly part of the structure, of Harriet Martineau's *Thirty Years' Peace.*

Buller was a clever barrister—a Q.C. who conducted cases before the Privy Council—as well as a Parliamentarian; and his legal knowledge combined with his tender heart led him to take up with enthusiasm the question of the improvement of the condition of the poor. He saw how terrible and immense was the subject and he did not shrink from grappling with it. He brought his own peculiar talents to bear upon his task, and treated the situation with such firmness and perspicuity that his knowledge of the subject becoming by application as well as by interest a special one, he was made chief administrator of the

Poor Law. He was one of the first to advocate emigration as a means of lightening the weight of pauperism and by this boldness brought a storm upon himself. But he had on his side those who knew the poor face to face and who were heart and soul interested in their welfare. F. D. Maurice was one of these and one of the first to encourage and aid him in his wide spreading schemes of practical philanthropy. In the House, Buller was remarkable for his reserved and courtly demeanour, even in those days when it was usual for members to display good manners. A refined sense of humour such as his carried with it a sense of fitness ; Monckton Milnes, a kindred gay spirit, was also used to assume a special parliamentary manner, in the deference then deemed due to the dignity of the Speaker's chair.

The sweet ease of the friendship between these two extraordinary men may be gathered from the intimacy of a remark which Buller once made when Milnes had accomplished something still more fantastic than his usual fantasies—" I often think, Milnes, how puzzled your Maker must be to account for your conduct."

It was Buller who first introduced Milnes to Carlyle, thereby providing the gloomy philosopher with a substitute for himself when he should be gone. Many a " gorgeous " hour the two spent together with the cynic, who would say of his former pupil : " Charles Buller, you are the most genial rascal I ever met." But Buller was one of Carlyle's enthusiasms : he delighted

in him and trusted him ; he never had quite the same easy confidence in Milnes.

Side by side, Buller and Milnes together for many years dazzled and surprised society with their glittering qualities ; but when Buller, at Lord Melbourne's, said that he was jealous of Milnes and feared he would only be known to posterity as his contemporary, it was an arranged speech and he probably winked at Milnes as he said the words. Their great play was to cap each other's jests ; by prearrangement they would roughly expose each other's supposed foibles, and leave their companions to wonder how one could put up with the other ; a form of joke which to-day would not be tolerated. It suited them too to be considered rival wits—for this enabled them to play off any plot they had conceived—for their own amusement—against any of the company they were in ; it also gave plausibility to any amazing additions they might choose to invent—for the amusement of their friends—to any startling current scandal.

Their great, and now historic jest, was, of course, that played upon the occasion of the Queen's Fancy Ball in 1842. Meant for a political squib it turned out to be the most successful hoax of modern times. The originator was Buller, Milnes was his cheerful assistant. One morning it was gravely reported that in the French Chamber one of the Ministers had asked "If the French Ambassador in London had been invited to the Bal Masqué given for the purpose of awakening the long buried griefs of France in the disasters of

Crecy, Poictiers and the loss of Calais ?" The Press was the most deceived by this, but the world in general was taken in ; the subject was discussed gravely in the Clubs, and all over the country crept the idea that war might ensue. Sir Robert Peel was told, "There's the devil to pay in France about this foolish Ball." But the genius who invented the joke had reckoned upon this, had been first in the field, and earlier —had taken Sir Robert into his confidence ! It was not easy to clear up a hoax of this nature—the deceived public became so suspicious that they would not believe the truth when it was revealed to them, so that the jest had a long life. Buller even added to it a letter written in Latin which was so humorous as to be compared with the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*—though in the end this in some degree helped to quiet things down. This joyous gentleman could be anything but ill-natured or dull ; he was classed by Milnes as a popular intelligence. Greville was about the only person who did not entirely appreciate him , and he said—"he knew Buller was amusing, but he was too much of a banterer for him ! "

For many reasons Buller did not keep up so much with the "Apostles" as others did ; but he often attended the yearly dinner. Like most of his "brethren" he had a large share of anecdote ; these indeed, they all seemed to collect ; not only for their own amusement, but in order to pass them on to others and out into the world. His friendship was extended to all whom he knew with any degree of intimacy. Between

himself and Harriet, Lady Ashburton, there existed, from the time he met her at the sick couch of his brother in Madeira, a charming attachment ; the brightness of each other's intellectual gifts drew them together, and a similar sympathy with all philanthropic schemes kept them friends. The times at the Grange when he was "Master of the Revels" were indeed pleasant ones, though not perhaps on the same intellectual scale as during the period that immediately followed.

Thackeray was another of Buller's friends; from the time they met at Cambridge they kept up a warm though desultory friendship, but when the great author came to live in London, there was opportunity for closer and more frequent intercourse, which both eagerly seized upon and appreciated.

There was a physical resemblance between the two which was often a subject of banter. Buller, like Thackeray, had had his nose broken in a school encounter, and both were exceptionally tall—Buller stood six feet three and was commonly said to be a yard in width.

When Buller died, Thackeray, who never afterwards spoke of him but with a sigh, introduced Brookfield to Lady Ashburton—to, in some sort, help to fill up the great gap made in the Grange circle. Buller was still fighting the pauper question when his almost sudden death in 1848, came as a shock to London and to all who knew him. When he had been made Judge Advocate some time before, he had refused the Privy Councillorship, which

that post carried with it ; and though he subsequently relented and accepted it, he had not been sworn in when he died. Only a fortnight before the end he was the gayest of a gay party at the Grange. Thackeray, much affected by the news, sent a special messenger on the night of his death with his fine letter of grief to the Brookfields ; and he wrote as well his well-known lines in " Dr. Birch."

> Who knows the inscrutable design ?
> Blessed be He who took and gave.
> Why should your mother, Charles, not mine
> Be weeping at her darling's grave ?
> We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
> That darkly rules the fate of all,
> That sends the respite or the blow,
> That's free to give or to recall.

While Milnes, the companion of his lighter hours, wrote to a friend : " You will hear by this mail of Buller's death. It is an irreparable loss to me, for he was the single public man with whom I always sympathized, and who seemed to understand me—at least as well as I did myself." He also wrote his noble Epitaph in which occurs : " His character was distinguished by sincerity and resolution, his mind by vivacity and clearness of comprehension ; while the vigour of expression and the singular wit that made him eminent in debate, and delightful in society were tempered by a most gentle and generous disposition, earnest in friendship and benevolent to all."

Macaulay, too, paid him his tribute. When he was re-elected for Edinburgh, he, in a speech, referred to

some of the eminent men who had vanished during his absence from the House of Commons. "In Parliament I shall look in vain for virtues which I loved, for abilities which I admired. . . . I shall remember with regret how much eloquence and art, how much acuteness and knowledge, how many engaging qualities, how many fair hopes are buried in the grave of Charles Buller."

Carlyle's grief was touching. Buller had been part of his life for a quarter of a century. He said of him: "There shone mildly in his conduct a beautiful veracity, as it were unconscious of itself; a perfect spontaneous absence of all cant, hypocrisy, and hollow pretence. . . . Very gentle too, though full of fire; simple, brave and graceful. What he did and what he said came from him as light from a luminous body, and had thus always in it a high and rare merit, which any of the more discerning could appreciate fully."

It was not his early death, in the midst of fame and power, which created romantic interest around this brilliant man; his sterling worth throughout his life excited genuine admiration; and it was genuine affection which brought about that extraordinary burst of praise and sorrow at his demise.

His bust, a very good one, is in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey; not far from him is the fine head of Connop Thirlwall, and there is Trench quite close and Tennyson's body also near; and, as in their lives, so in their deaths are these "Apostles" associated.

CHAPTER VII

ARTHUR H. HALLAM

My Arthur! whom I shall not see
  Till all my widow'd race be run;
  Dear as the Mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

. . . .

I leave thy praises unexpressed
  In verse that brings myself relief;
  And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guessed.

(TENNYSON)

THE life of this brilliant young genius "the life and grace of the set "was one of remarkable completeness. Favoured in his birth, in his gifts, in his death and in the great memorial written thereon—he remains, and will ever remain, a singularly delicate and attractive personality.

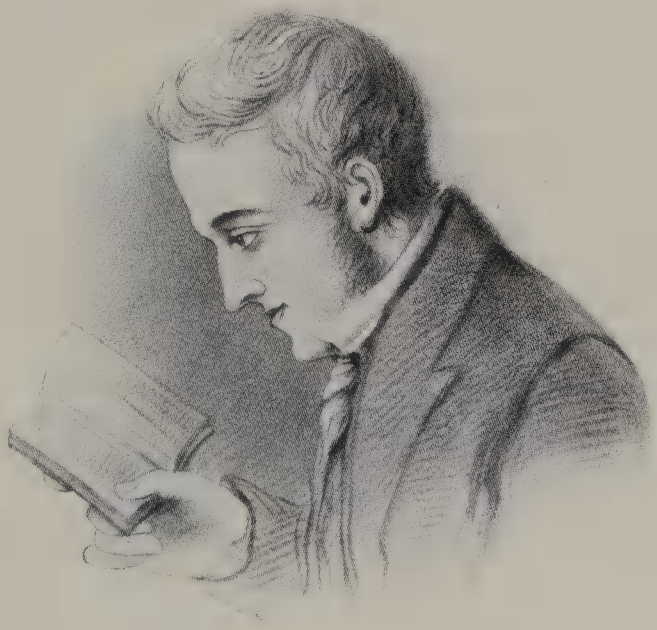
His childhood was not like that of others. The scope and capacity of his mind was so prodigious and so early evident that his parents—themselves of the highest culture—were startled by it and when they realized how prodigally he was endowed became almost afraid to contemplate or speak of his gifts.

At nine years of age he was writing dramatic poetry,

at fourteen translating Dante's *Ugolino* into Greek Iambics—and such was the hold of this great poet upon him that his latest work was the rendering of his *Vita Nuova* into English—while all his youthful hours were employed in learning foreign tongues. At Eton he "stood supreme amongst his fellows." It is not surprising, perhaps, that two such mighty though widely different natures as his and Gladstone's should there have made a deep mutual impression. Hallam took this schoolmate to his heart and under his protection; and the strong personality of the future statesman submitted meekly to the domination of his friend's overpowering charm.

It is curious, after all that has passed, to picture these young giants on an occasion when the youthful Gladstone was engaged at the study fire preparing a savoury meal for their common delectation, and Hallam was engaged in composing a sonnet to the schoolboy cook, addressed to "My Bosom Friend." (These lines he subsequently polished and published).

When he joined the Eton Debating Society he for once and for ever asserted his strength. The youth of his day approved of Catholic Emancipation, and most Etonians spoke well upon that subject; but Hallam delivered his convictions in favour of the Bill with logical reason as well as with poetic fervour. His companions perceived his ability and rejoiced in it and—unlike schoolboys as a rule—recognized they had a genius in their midst; while he himself "had no high, ungenial or exclusive ways, but heartily



Arthur H. Hallam

acknowledged and habitually conformed to the republican equality long and happily established in the life of our English public schools."

When at the age of sixteen he left Eton, he, for the months that had to elapse between school and Cambridge, travelled in Italy with his parents. Of this step Gladstone was of opinion that, while doubtless good for the youth, it was undoubtedly bad for the student. During his eight months residence in that country, however, Hallam returned to his allegiance to Dante—whose place in his fancy Byron had for a month or two usurped—and entranced by the scholastic theology and mystic visions of the *Paradiso*, he, through loving study of that great epic, gained such an intimate knowledge of the Italian language that he was able to write sonnets in it; which sonnets were afterwards pronounced by Italian scholars to be perfect both in form and expression. Having an "ardent and adventurous mind" he was not entirely absorbed by poetry during this period; painting and sculpture as well took strong hold of him, while "his progress in all he undertook, as well as in his nature, was then, as always, great and rapid."

Afterwards, he came round himself to the Gladstonian opinion—for he wrote: "These travels and new experiences should rather have come after my three years of College than before, but nothing can cancel it now, and I must go on in the path that has been chalked out for me."

He was seventeen when he went to Trinity College,

Cambridge. There Blakesley, Thompson, Thirlwall, Tennyson and Spedding were all at once captivated by him. They saw his charm and felt his strength, and "bowed before him in conscious inferiority in everything." There was a personal as well as a mental attraction about this extraordinary youth which contributed to his singular power of fascination Going "up" as he did, with a reputation such as that already attained, much was expected of him, but he seems to have had no decided ambitions and, his interests being somewhat widely spread, he could not give himself calmly to classics and by-and-by resolved to abstain from all competition.

But the renunciation of an academical career caused him some depression, and for a time "hipped" him somewhat against Cambridge. When this fit was upon him he wrote to Gladstone: "Academical honours would be less than nothing to me were it not for my father's wishes, and even these are moderate on the subject. If it please God that I make the name I bear honoured in a second generation, it will be by inward power which is its own reward."

Gladstone implies that Henry Hallam ought by right to have sent his son to Oxford—he says such a determination on the father's part would have been "propitious to the mind of Arthur Hallam," and he regards it as certain that if he had been at Oxford he would "by taking the highest classical honours, and by a thoroughly congenial development of philosophical power, have illustrated the annals of the University."

There is no doubt that Hallam's wonderful faculties did not find their proper scope at Cambridge. Though there was no intellectual work of which he was not capable, he devoted most of his time to the culture of poetry and to the study of metaphysics. He never, it seems, avoided a metaphysical discussion, his subtlety in this branch of philosophy being considered greater than that of any of his contemporaries. Cousin, who knew him, said of him: "It is a fit thing that the son of a great historian should be a great metaphysician." That his knowledge had wide scope is shown by Milnes, who said: "I have a very deep respect for Hallam. He really seems to know everything from metaphysics to cookery. I dine with him, Thirlwall and Hare (think what a *parti carré* we shall be) on Wednesday."

Hallam was in nature gay and sociable, and he was generally to be found in a friend's room, reading or conversing. When the mood was on him he would go from one to the other of them, and for choice to where he was most likely to find those with comprehensions as quick as his own. He was helpful and tactful in conversation, and invariably assumed that his hearers were as intelligent and as brilliant as himself. Occasionally he would get fits of dissatisfaction with these irregulated meanderings, and in such frames of mind he would make new plans for the better management of his day and fresh schemes for his work. But even in his most desultory moods he worked at something, every moment being

given to the absorption or to the giving forth of knowledge.

His taste lay principally in philosophic poetry; he showed early that this for him was the "natural and necessary language of general emotion." Fletcher and Shakespeare he knew almost by heart, Wordsworth and Shelley became his passion, while he had the highest opinion of Coleridge. During one vacation he and Merivale went together to call upon that poet at his house at Hampstead. When they got there they "found him deep in metaphysics, but on Hallam pressing him very hard he shut up and said, 'You will find it all there in my work on logic,' pointing to a big folio in vellum which occupied a conspicuous place on his shelves. 'When Coleridge died,' adds Merivale (who tells the tale), 'this book was opened and its interior found to be blank.'" Hallam, in his *Timbuctoo*, said of the impressions Coleridge left on him by the few conversations "which it was his delight" to have had with him—

> Methought I saw a face whose every line
> Wore the pale cast of thought: a good old man,
> Most eloquent, who spake of things divine.

Hallam was prime mover of the Embassy which the Cambridge Union sent to its Oxford sister club in the year 1829; when he, Sunderland and Milnes went forth to discuss with Oxford the relative merits of Shelley and Byron. Milnes' account of this historic event at the time, is graphic—

"Sunderland spoke for it, then Hallam, then some Oxonians—and I succeeded. The contrast from our long, noisy, shuffling, scraping, talking, vulgar, ridiculous-looking kind of assembly, to a neat little square room with eighty or ninety young gentlemen sprucely dressed, was enough to unnerve a more confident person than myself. Sunderland was somewhat awed, and became tautological, and spoke what we should call an inferior speech, but which dazzled his hearers. Hallam, as being among old friends, was bold and spoke well. I was certainly nervous, but, I think, pleased my audience better than I pleased myself. The Oxonian speaking is wretched."

And his remembrance of it in 1866 is still more interesting—

"It was in company with Mr. Sunderland and Arthur Hallam that I formed part of a deputation sent from the Union of Cambridge to the Union of Oxford; and what do you think we went about? Why, we went to assert the right of Mr. Shelley to be considered a greater poet than Lord Byron. At that time we at Cambridge were all very full of Mr. Shelley, and a friend of ours suggested that as Shelley had been expelled from Oxford, and greatly ill-treated, it would be a very grand thing for us to go to Oxford and raise a debate upon his character and powers. So, with full permission of the authorities, we went to Oxford—in those days a long chaise journey of ten hours—and we were hospitably entertained by a young student by the name of Gladstone—who, by the way, has himself since been expelled. We had an interesting debate, one of the principal speakers in which, who reminded me of the circumstance, is now an Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church; but we were very much

shocked, and our vanity was not a little wounded, to find that nobody at Oxford knew anything about Mr. Shelley."

Blakesley also said of this event—

"There was proposed at their Union the question as to the respective moral tendency of the writings of Shelley and Byron. Sunderland, Milnes and Hallam made an expedition to Oxford and spoke there in favour of the former, thereby of course procuring to themselves the reputation of atheists. Howbeit, they gained some converts and spread the knowledge of the poet."

The result of this great meeting was noted and placed in the records of the Cambridge Union Society as follows—

"Mr. Wilberforce (Oriel), President of the Oxford Union, and Mr. Doyle (Christ Church) moved that 'Shelley was a greater poet than Lord Byron.' He was supported by Mr. T. Sunderland, Mr. Arthur Hallam and Mr. Monckton Milnes, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mr. Oldham (Oriel); and opposed by Mr. Manning, of Balliol. The Division was—Ayes, 33; Noes, 90; Majority in favour of Lord Byron, 57."

Cambridge men ever afterwards maintained that it was not until this episode that Oxford men had even heard the name of Shelley.

In the year 1830 Hallam, together with Tennyson and Milnes, were all made "Apostles," when these three bright spirits together began to use, at the meetings of the Society, "all licence of raillery and criticism." Hallam's Eton debates and his "Union" ex-

periences stood him in good stead. " Hallam spoke very well." " Hallam has been enlightening the 'wise and few'." " Hallam's marvellous mind has been gleaning in wisdom from every tract of knowledge."

He read his *Theodicæa Novissima* before the " Wise Society," and " would read or discuss metaphysics as he lay on a sofa, surrounded by a noisy party, with as much care and acuteness as if he had been alone. He was fond of society; that is to say, the society he was in. " A set of literary men, remarkable for free and friendly intercourse, whose characters, talents and opinions of every complexion were brought into continual collision, all licence of discussion permitted and no offence taken," said Spedding, this set being, of course, the " Apostles."

It was considered that whatever the " Apostolic " topic might be, Hallam was the one who could throw the newest light upon it and even show to its closest student points he had never yet suspected.

> And last, the master-bowman, he
> Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
> We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
> The rapt oration flowing free.
>
> From point to point, with power and grace
> And music in the bounds of law,
> To these conclusions which we saw
> The God within him light his face.
>
> And seem to lift the form, and glow
> In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
> And over those ethereal eyes
> The bar of Michael Angelo.

The year which saw these illustrious additions to the

band of the "Apostles" was the year after *Timbuctoo*, and the year of the expedition to Spain. In this latter business, in which Hallam, as well as many of the "brethren," was interested, he, "ardent in the cause of those he deemed to be oppressed," according to his father, "was led to give a proof of his generosity with more of energy and enthusiasm than discretion."

When he set out to take assistance to the Spaniards, he went as all these young conspirators did, secretly. He met Tennyson by appointment, and with him got as far as the Pyrenees. They had a meeting with some of the heads of the conspiracy, and gave over the money and messages they had brought for Torrijos' allies, and to the alarm of their people, were not heard of for several weeks. Hallam himself, far from sanguine at this time, was apprehensive as to the result; but he says in a letter, "Alfred was only troubled to think he could not keep in his mind the vivid impressions he got of people, scenery and atmosphere." All at home being anxious about them, the affair in which they were involved hanging fire, and every circumstance connected with it opposed to a satisfactory issue, they rather ruefully came back. But they took Cauteretz on their homeward way, concerning which journey Tennyson wrote so feelingly so many years afterwards.

In writing a comforting letter to Trench at Gibraltar, about the failure of the conspirators' greatest coup, Hallam said: "I had hoped and believed till the very last for the success of the noble cause for which you are struggling, but in spite of Kemble's

sanguine letters, I can hope and believe no longer. The game is lost in Spain." He, however, did not find his romantic adventure favourably regarded by his father. The young man complained, "he does not understand, that after helping to revolutionize a kingdom, one is little inclined to trouble about scholarships or 'such gear.'"

He had competed for the prize poem which Tennyson carried off with his "Timbuctoo." It would be interesting to know if the Examiners had the remotest idea of the responsibility imposed upon them as they compared the work of such poets as Hallam, Milnes and Tennyson. Nothing, however, exceeded the joy of his companions over Tennyson's success. They accepted it as right and just, and all rejoiced as though they themselves had won. One of the most charming traits of the "Apostles" of those days was the hearty enthusiasm—entirely free from envy—which the success achieved in any direction by any one of them invariably aroused in the breasts of all his fellows. And this generous impulse appears to have been indigenous—an essential part of the nature and spirit of the "Society"—a characteristic mark, notable from its inception and all through this period of its life.

The next year Hallam tried again for the prize, but Kinglake's "Byzantium" took it. The year after, nothing daunted, he tried, in *terza rima* this time, but Venables carried it off by a poem in blank verse, the subject being "The North-west Passage."

He, however, in 1830, gained the College prize for declamation, the subject being "The Conduct of the Independent Party during the Civil War," an oration which excited general enthusiasm; he delivered it, it seems, with tremendous effect, and Milnes, after hearing it, said, "Hallam in all likelihood is to have the declamation prize. It was really splendid to see the poet Wordsworth's face—for he was there—kindle as Hallam proceeded with it."

This visit of Wordsworth to the University was a joy to all the "Apostles." Hallam, who had loved him before, was inspired by being brought face to face with the old poet, who showed in a marked way his appreciation of the young one. Wordsworth stayed in Spedding's rooms and allowed himself to be worshipped by the "Society." On this memorable evening, they all assembled, we are told, and sat at the poet's feet—many of them in a literal sense, for the little sitting-room was crowded. They paid him the reverence due, not only to one who was already their laureate, but to one who appeared to their young eyes over-laden with years (though he was barely sixty). Some of the more earnest endeavoured to lure him into the arena of philosophical discussion, but Wordsworth wisely evaded their challenge and confined himself to a fervid oration on the picturesque subject of Revolutions.

Hallam had by this time got his book of poems together, ready for printing. He was never happy unless he had poetic and literary interest to occupy him;

he worked hard for the *Athenaeum* all the while Maurice had it, and also for the *Metropolitan Quarterly*, during part of its career. He had Shelley's "Adonais" printed for the first time in England, and was by many of them always afterwards called by that name; he made Keats known to the English public; he found a publisher for "Alfred's" poems, and accomplished the whole of the business part of the producing of that work for his friend.

Kemble about this time said to Donne:

"Hallam you know, and I hope like. He is an excellent man, full of high and noble qualities, and is young enough to become a greater and a better man than he is. You do not know Charles or Alfred Tennyson, both of whom are dying to know you; the first opportunity you have of making their acquaintance, neglect it not. They are poets of the highest class. Charles has just published a small volume of sonnets, and his brother and Hallam are about to edit their poems conjointly. *One day these men will be great indeed.*"

Hallam, in sending Tennyson's mother her son's "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," sent also by the same carrier a volume of his own which he had just printed, explaining that these were formerly intended to be printed with Alfred's, an end he had looked forward to with delight, but reasons had obliged him to change his intention, and he adds:

"I have little reason to apprehend your wasting much time over that book, when I send you along with

it such a treasure in your son's poetry. He is a true and thorough poet, if ever there was one; and though I fear his book is far too good to be popular, yet I have full faith that he has thrown out sparks that will kindle somewhere and will vivify young generous hearts in the days that are coming, to a clearer perception of what is beautiful and good."

Hallam's friends and companions thought his own compositions somewhat too stately and severe for one so young, but they all acknowledged their loftiness and beauty; and concerning his volume of poems he wrote, while sending a copy of it to Donne:

"I incline to hope that in respect of my being an 'Apostle' and a friend of some of your best friends, you will pardon the liberty I take in sending you a little book, which I have just committed the sin of printing, and was on the verge of committing the greater sin of publishing. You will find in it, I believe, little or no poetry, but here and there perhaps some half developed elements of poetic thought, which, if the sun shine and the dews fall, may come hereafter to maturity. I hope in a short time to have the much greater pleasure of sending you a volume of Lyrical poems by Alfred Tennyson, of whom you cannot but have heard from Blakesley and others, and whose genius, I do not doubt, you will admire as much as we do. Friendship certainly plays sad pranks with one's judgment in these matters; yet I think if I hated Alfred Tennyson as much as I love him, I could hardly help revering his imagination with much the same reverence. The book will be small, but did not Samson slay some thousand Philistines with a jawbone? and what hinders but a little 12 mo. of a hundred and fifty

pages may in the land of a right and true spirit do the Lord's work against the Philistines of this viperous generation ? His brother's sonnets you have seen, I am told, and I rejoice much that you like them ; but Charles, though he burns and shines, is a lesser light than Alfred. I do not understand from Spedding that you are likely to be in town any part of next month ; if you were, I know few things that would give me more pleasure than the opportunity which would thereby be afforded me of improving my acquaintance with you. I trust you will excuse my plaguing you with this note, and will believe me,

" Yours very sincerely,
A. H. HALLAM.

" TRINITY COLLEGE,
" *Monday.*"

In this tiny book there are two or three poems dedicated to Tennyson, one of which runs—

To A. T.

Oh last in time, but worthy to be first,
Of friends in rank, had not the father of good
On my early spring one perfect gem bestowed,
A friend, with whom to share the best, and worst,
Him will I shut close to my heart for aye.
There's not a fibre quivers there, but is
His own, his heritage for woe or bliss,
Thou would'st not have me such a charge betray,
Surely, if I be knit in brotherhood
So tender to that chief of all my love,
With thee I shall not loyalty eschew,
And well I ween not time, with ill or good,
Shall thine affections e'er from mine remove,
Thou yearner for all fair things and true.

The earlier friend to whom he here alludes was young Gladstone. The poems—the earliest written almost

in childhood—are naturally of unequal merit, but all show brilliant promise and extraordinary beauty of thought. However Hallam might have developed as a poet, had he lived, his youthful efforts certainly do not lose by comparison with Tennyson's first published work.

One little cry of his runs almost prophetically—

> I have lived little on this earth of sorrow,
> Few are the roses I have watched in blooming,
> Yet I would die.
>
> Intimate feelings, presences of grandeur,
> Thrills of sweet love for God and man await me,
> Yet I would die.

Tennyson's volume was given of course to Brookfield, who wrote soon after receiving it :

"My dear Hallam,—

"That I have had great inclination to write to you sooner, I profess, that I have not been without sufficient leisure, I am free to acknowledge, but that my brain has been 'dry as the remainder biscuit' I am not at liberty to deny. At length, however, I tax my energies for three sides entirely in the hope of provoking, rather than deserving to myself, the pleasure of a reply. You have long ago discovered that (to convert Addison's bumptious metaphor) I carry most of my money loose in my pocket, and that my draughts upon my bank stand a marvellous chance of being dishonoured. I premise this in order to disarm you if I be dull. You must not, in cataloguing me as a correspondent, look for many Birdisms ; my feathers, if

I have any, moult when I would pluck them for quills ; and when seated in the deliberate solemnity of a letter, your paraquito droops into a penguin. Our house, too, is no aviary, and in the stupid fog of a ' serious and well-regulated family,' the lint-white and the throstle-cock get as hoarse as ravens. This mewing, however, will soon have an end in a fresh plumage, and in a fortnight we will all up and crow once more in Trinity :

> Blow up the fire Gyp Haggis,
> Bring brandywine for three ;
> Bard Alfred, Bird William, and Clerk Arthur
> This night shall merry be.

" I just discover that I might have saved you and myself much trouble by inscribing on the last side nothing more than a very large I. I will now, however, try a few variations on U. I and U parted last at the Ball. I am particularly anxious to learn how many things you fancied yourself besides a Swan, a shower of gold, a Dragon, a Bull, and a flash of lightning, according to Jupiter ; a finger and thumb going to crush a rose leaf, according to Alfred ; a shepherd seeking a pet lamb, according to Shenstone ; a quart or so of dew dropping upon a Violet, according to Waller ; a melody falling upon an ear that loves to hear it, according to (very probably) Mrs. Hemans ; a mountaineer chasing a Gazelle, according to Mirza Djami ; and a dove hastening home, according to all the world. I am aware that you would, like Grumio, ' knock me here soundly ' if you were here ; but a tender-boned thing like myself feels that face to face and sheet to sheet are very different modes of intercourse. Standing, therefore, like Æsop's goat on the house top, I beseech you, most valorous lion, to make a merit of

necessity and tell me all that I know. Indite a few sighs; they will reach me in very good appetite, as I am myself once more sobbing and floundering in that Fount of Love I told you of, having again encountered the bright, romantic, harp-playing Sonnettee of last summer. By the way, it just occurs to me that a mind more apt than your own at malconstruction might think the allusions I have made to Jove more jovial than delicate, but I am sure you will credit me when I say that I meant the nonsense to be quite free from sense, i.e. to be altogether spiritual. I do not make this apology for the sake of the pun.

"I Constitutional Historo for the last few days, and find it would have been advisable to have Moddle Ogen first. I began the former by reason that I heard you pronounce it the moister book. I enjoy it very much, but will not commit myself by vague criticism.

"I was delighted to find that Tennyson had been reviewed in the *Westminster*. I was about preparing a sort of Newspaper notice of the poems, with extracts, for the *Sheffield Courant*; but in the meantime the Editor had extracted, rather injudiciously, a part from the *Westminster*, so that I cannot now well do what I purposed.

"I don't know whether this will find you in London or at Trinity; if the latter remember me to them all. I think of leaving this place on Monday week, and going by Town, where I shall be on Tuesday. You may, perhaps, know that a requisition was getting up for me to stand for the Presidency of the Union next term. But if chance will have me King, chance may crown me, for I will not move in the matter. I shall hope to hear from you in a day or two. Direct W.H.B., Sheffield.

"Lest you should think from the sublimities about

moulting feathers, in the first side, that you are corresponding with Warburton, I beg to add myself,

" My dear ♥ (hearts being trumps),
" Yours very affectionately,
" Wm. Henry Brookfield."

The books here mentioned were of course Hallam's *Constitutional History* and his *Middle Ages*.

Brookfield, in due course, was elected President of the Cambridge Union, having previously held the offices of Treasurer and Secretary in that Society, and it is possible that it was Hallam himself who wrote the review alluded to above, at all events he supplied the *Englishman* article—a part of which enthusiastic appreciation runs—

" Mr. Tennyson belongs decidedly to the class we have already described as Poets of sensation. He sees all the forms of nature with the ' *eruditus oculus*,' and his ear has a fairy fineness. There is a strange earnestness in his worship of beauty which throws a charm over his impassioned song, more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it. We think he has more definiteness, and roundness of general conception, than the late Mr. Keats, and is much more free from blemishes of diction and hasty capriccios of fancy. . . . We have remarked five distinctive excellencies of his manner. First his luxuriance of imagination, and at the same time his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment that

the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects, and the peculiar skill with which he holds them all *fused*, to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion. Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures, and exquisite modulations of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought, implied in these compositions, and imparting a mellow soberness of tone, more impressive to our minds, than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse, and sought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart."

Merivale, the "mildest of scoffers," says of this review in writing to W. H. Thompson:

"I think the only scene of general dissipation and prostration was at the Apostolic dinner, to which you were specially invited, and to which invitation you did not especially respond. It was said by the experienced to have succeeded particularly well. For myself, who had never seen such before, between admiration and wine, I felt like the traveller who says, 'I have found a new land, but I die,' the best part of it was the mutual recriminations of Spedding and Hallam for killing the *Englishman*, and their joint indignation at *Blackwood* for cutting him up after.

"We had only three essays, Heath's on Niebühr, for which I finished the debate by dropping something entirely foreign to the question; Alford's (out of turn) on Christianity, in which Monteith, Tennant and

Martin avowed themselves Idolators (I believe); and mine on Mrs. Trollope's America, which I undertook after attempting through the term to set the Latin particles to rights, and finding at last that I knew nothing about them."

In seeking to stir and encourage Tennyson, who after the publication of his book went through a time of depression, Hallam would write: "I have had another letter from Spedding, full of pleasant scoffs; and another, two months old, extolling your book over sun, moon and stars," or he would say, "The lines to 'J. S.' are perfect."

Then he would assure the poet, and Brookfield too, that copies of the book had been sent round to all the "Apostles," and received by them with as flattering a freshness as if every word and every line in it had just come straight from the poet. Then, the black mood lasting, he and Tennyson went a tour together into the North, where they called on Brookfield and talked over future literary schemes, and "particularly discussed the older dramatists!"

An example of the spirit in which he worked for "Alfred" is shown in a letter to Merivale, whom he (with others) pressed into the same service—

"The matter I entrust to you is to call upon Mr. Moxon, 64, New Bond Street, introducing yourself under shelter of my name and Alfred's, and to pop the question to him, 'What do you pay your regular contributors? What will you pay Alfred Tennyson for monthly contributions?' Also, while your hand

is in, to ask whether, if Alfred was to get a new volume ready to be published next season, Moxon would give him anything for the copyright, and if anything, what? You might dexterously throw in that I have a promise that any article I might write should be admitted either in the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, and that I could vouch for the books being reviewed in one or both."

This year Brookfield went in for the declamation prize—which he ultimately carried off. He had earlier asked Hallam's advice about his work, who had replied in the following words—

"DEAR BROOKS,—

"It was very kind of you to answer me so soon. I wish from my heart I could say or do anything of benefit to you in your sad disappointment. You will endeavour, I know, to endure with humility and to make it good for yourself to have been afflicted. I know it is hard to chain the Bay of Biscay; yet there is One whose Spirit moves on the face of the waters evermore, as on the first day, bringing light and peace out of chaotic darkness and confusion. I am not talking thus from any sort of parade or affectation, but from the desire which I cannot but have, that you should feel, if possible, as I feel.

"I have this moment heard that seven cases of Cholera have occurred in London, whither I was going on Friday. What if this note should be the last bit of chaff between us? My intention has been to come to Cambridge about Saturday week: perhaps, however, this news may make a difference; it may not be right for me to leave home, unless the rest do—and it is possible Mrs. Tennyson may take it into her

head that my visit is dangerous. Nobody that one meets seems to care at all about cholera now; but it remains to be seen what the effects of it coming to town may be.

"With regard to your Declamation. I am entirely without books at present and I do not carry much history in my head; nevertheless, although I can't well sketch an outline, at least till I get more materials, I can give a hint or two. What think you of this subject—the persecuting of the Catholics under Elizabeth? There is much to be said on both sides. If you defend it, Southey's *Book of the Church* and *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* are your books; if not, Butler's *Book of the Roman Catholic Church* and *Historical Memoirs of English, Irish and Scottish Catholics*; also Lingard's *History*, and my father's. I think it is a very good subject. On the one side you have the plots of the Jesuits, and partizans of Mary may be made the most of; on the other the loyalty of Catholics against the Armada, the hardship of the acts against recusants, the execution of Campion and others, the use of torture, etc. If you do not relish this, I must endeavour to send you another.

"Meantime, I send you two stanzas, kindly communicated by Dr. Bowring, intended to form part of his forthcoming volume, entitled "pastorals of the Bug and Dnieper":

Old tree, thou art not the same
I have loved of old,
Tho' thou bearest no other name,
'Tis another mould
That thy broad roots hold:
Other winds are round thee fighting.

Old tree, tho' thou art not the same,
Yet at morning tide,

When the dawn mist nigh thee came,
And the stirred branch sighed,
I forgot all beside,
And thought thee the tree I delight in.

"Good-bye. Monteith's letter is not come. Give my correspondents notice that after Friday I am in London. Distribute my love.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"A. H. HALLAM.

"P.S.—I have not heard a syllable from Somersby, which rather worries me. Let me know if you have."

Hallam, who kept up a correspondence with Tennyson at Somersby—for the Tennyson's now filled his thoughts in delightful fashion—in talking to him of his essay on Professor Rossetti's *Disquisizioni sullo spirito Antipapale*, one of the most erudite and admirably balanced pieces of work that ever issued from so young a brain, complained to him: "The last time I sent you a publication of mine you did not even deign to read it. When should I have done the like by one of thine?"

And he said to Trench at this time:

"Alfred's mind is what it always was; or, rather, brighter and more vigorous. I regret, with you, that you have never had the opportunity of knowing more of him. His nervous temperament and habits of solitude give an appearance of affectation to his manner which is no interpreter of the man, and wears off on further knowledge. Perhaps you would never become very intimate, for certainly your bents of mind are not the same, and at some points they inter-

sect ; yet I think you would hardly fail to see much for love, as well as for admiration."

When he went up the Rhine with Tennyson in 1832, he is commonly supposed to have read six books of Herodotus to please his father, and to have plunged into David Hartley and Buhle's *Philosophie Moderne* for his own gratification.

The following letter must have been sent soon after this expedition, and after he had taken his degree and left the College :

" Dearest Brooks,—

" Well may you have thought my conduct atrocious, and atrocious in sober fact it may be considered ; but I have not been without excuse. When your first letter reached me, months ago, I was very unwell, and very wretched—not merely hipped, as usual, but suffering the pressure of a severe anxiety, which, although past, has left me much worn in spirit. As I began to get better Alfred came up to town, and persuaded me to go abroad with him. So we went to the Rhine for a month, and, as we had little coin between us, talked much of economy ; but the only part of our principles we reduced to practice was the reduction of such expenses as letter-writing, etc. Really, I often vowed to Alfred I would write to you, and as often he got into a pet, and jingled the bag of Naps, whose ringing sound began to come daily fainter on the ear, and their fair golden forms daily to occupy less space in the well-stuffed portmanteau. We have now returned, and are at Somersby. I fear I cannot stay here long ; but I snatch the gift of the hour, and am thankful. I have been very miserable

since I saw you; my hopes grow fainter and fewer, yet I hope on, and will, until the last ray is gone, and then——. Emily, thank heaven, is better than she has been, and I think rather more cheerful. Somersby looks glorious in full pride of leafy summer. I would I could fully enjoy it; but ghosts of the Past and wraiths of the Future are perpetually troubling me. I am a very unfortunate being; yet, when I look into Emily's eyes, I sometimes think there is happiness reserved for me. Certainly I am by nature sanguine and hopeful: I was not framed for despondency. If circumstances were as I wish them, I hardly think I should moodily seek for new causes of disquiet.

"I heard the other day from Trench; he is at Stradbally, mild and happy, bless him! and thinking about the Church and the Morning Watch still. Tennant is at Cambridge; also Spedding—I saw them passing through. . . . Alfred is better in health and spirits than I have seen him this long while.

"Now good-bye, old cove, for the present; and prithee don't talk of alienation and all that, when thou writest next. If sometimes under the immediate touch of new pain or pleasure I do not look on all sides and remember how much existence there is out of my actual mood, why, bear with me a little; it is selfish, but it is human; a word, a tone, a look at any time, I believe, recalls me to a sense of what I owe to those whom I love, *inter alios*, to Master Brooks.

"Believe me, therefore, always,

"Your very affectionate,

"A. H. H."

The depressions and the apprehensive fears from which Tennyson, Hallam, and sometimes even Brook-

field, suffered, were not exactly of the nature which had distracted at times Sterling, Maurice and Trench : the despondencies of the former were mainly mystical, while those of the latter were invariably theological.

Hallam was at that time making an earnest endeavour to obtain a living for Trench, which however, to the disappointment of both, but especially of Hallam, came to nothing. This busying of himself on behalf of his friends was a favourite and characteristic pastime with Arthur Hallam. He did it for all ; his heart was full of a tender and thoughtful generosity. Trench, writing to Donne a little later, says : " Of Hallam I know nothing. If you can inform me on this point, pray do so. Some one told me he was reading History with his father, who, I suppose, supplies the facts, and Arthur the philosophy."

But Arthur was reading Blackstone. His father, not quite sure of the bent of that " adventurous mind," had entered him at Inner Temple, thinking the Law would be a useful discipline to a poetic disposition such as his ; but Arthur writes to Brookfield :

" My dear Brooks,—

" Although you hinted, when I was with you, that you had an objection to short letters, you can hardly expect me to reform my conduct in this respect at present. Indeed, I find no sort of time as yet for anything the interest of which is not strictly confined within the walls of Somersby. How I am to read Blackstone here is one of those mysteries which

I consider insoluble by human reason; even Dante, even Alfred's poetry, is at a discount.

"Dear Brooks, you encouraged me to write personal twaddle, and I have need of telling you how happy I have been, am, and seem likely to be. I would you were happy too; for, however I trust your friendship, and know besides that the mind takes a strange delight sometimes in the contemplation of moods more joyous than its own, I cannot but feel that there must mingle some pain with your knowledge of my joy. All things hitherto I have found as well, better than I could have expected. Emily is not apparently in a state of health that need much disquiet me, and her spirits are, as I hoped, more animated by confidence and hope. Every shadow of—not doubt, but uneasiness, or what else may be a truer name for the feeling that Alfred's language sometimes casts over my hopes—is destroyed in the full blaze of conscious delight with which I perceive that she loves me. And I—I love her madly; I feel as though I had never known love till now. The love of absence I had known, and searched its depths with patient care, but the love of presence methinks I knew not, for heretofore I was always timid and oppressed by the uncertain vision of futurity, and the warning narrowing form of the present. (I am writing arrant nonsense—never mind.) Now I feel above consequence, freed from destiny, at home with happiness. Never before have I known at one moment the luxury of actual delight, the reasonable assurance of its prolongation through a happy life, and the peace which arises out of a tranquil conscience to sanctify and establish all the rest. Not without the blessing of God has this matter been brought thus far: I humbly hope this is a sign of its continuance, but I believe I

speak my heart when I say that, eagerly as I love her, I truly desire to submit all my hopes and desires to the love of God, and that it would cost me little to lose the highest blessings of this life, would God but grant me—

'Soul to soul to grow deathless hers.'

"Do you want details of what I do? I know not where to begin; yet, to be a little more sober, I will try to bethink me of what has occurred. I found no great fear of cholera; thanks to shortsightedness or something, nobody found out the Marylebone case in the paper, though there it was, large as life—or death, I should say. Alfred is, as I expected, not apparently ill; nor can I persuade myself anything real is the matter. His spirits are better, his habits more regular, his condition altogether healthier. He is fully wound up to publication, and having got £100 from Mrs. Russell, talks of going abroad. C. and F. are well; the former has written two sonnets; all three have taken to digging—one more resemblance of Somersby to Paradise. Several things are changed here since my former visits; some for the worse, e.g., Emily and Mary have shamefully neglected their singing. I marvel at your indulgent mention, on the faith of a lover, they sang six times as well two years ago. Part of my mind is cut away by it. There are no horses rideable, which is a bore; on the other hand, there are curtains in the dining-room, which is a lounge. Charles sleeps much less, but never reads. I have been endeavouring to find time to teach Horatio his Latin, but since the strange revolution in the course of nature by which the number of hours in the day has become so much smaller, it is difficult, you know, to find time and leisure for anything. Much Italian lesson goes on after breakfast: 'amo

ami,' etc. Mary seems well, and learns Italian prettily; nevertheless, I think her somewhat diminished in beauty since my former sojourn. I am an impartial judge certainly, for I looked much less at her face then than now. The whole state of the music is sadly inferior to what it used to be: I must try to reform things . . .

"Write home, will you? Tell me about all things, especially yourself. I believe M. and G. must come here: Fred. seems to have changed his mind, and I am sure I have not. More of this. Love to Trench, and the few.

"Very affectionately yours,
"A. H. H."

Hallam's engagement to Emily Tennyson was in 1832 an accomplished fact. Did he not write, "I am now at Somersby—not only as the friend of Alfred Tennyson, but as the lover of his sister?" And the happiness which showed its first gleam in this letter shed an unwaning light over the remainder of his days.

Brookfield, Garden and Spedding were of those favoured ones who gathered at the Tennysons that summer, when—

> O Bliss, when all in circle drawn
> About him, heart and ear were fed
> To hear him, as he lay and read
> The Tuscan Poets on the lawn.

It was then that they stayed up so late talking that the morning came upon them unawares, when, instead of retiring to rest, they walked over the hills in order to meet the sunrise.

Arthur, during the time he was teaching his young betrothed Italian, once said to her—in prophetic vein—" Many ages after we all have been laid in dust, young lovers of the beautiful and the true may seek in faithful pilgrimage the spot where Alfred's mind was moulded." There is no evidence that his previous attachment " To one early loved, now in India," was more than a boyish enthusiasm. His affection for his friend's sister was the great and real emotion of his young life, and rounds off and completes a career of singular beauty. He was not well during the spring of 1833 ; he wrote to Brookfield complaining of the " frequent touches of illness " which attacked him, and Kemble said : " Hallam has gone back to Cambridge. He was not well while he was in London ; moreover, he was submitting himself to the influences of the outer world more than (I think) a man of his genius ought to do." This had regard to the extraordinary gaiety which came upon him during his last days, while Blakesley wrote : " Alfred Tennyson is in town with the professed purpose of studying the Elgin marble. *Hallam is fatter*," which looks as if they were even then concerned for his health. It was during this London visit that the young men endeavoured to get Henry Hallam's opinion upon the merits of Alfred's new work, " Œnone "—but, to their distress, " he was called away in the middle of Venus," and therefore never heard the poem through.

Hallam was now studying law in some earnest, though to his friends he would say, sometimes lightly

sometimes sadly, that he should do little as a barrister, and implied that it was only to please his father he went on with it at all, while he seemed to cherish the hope that something would one day lead him into another more congenial walk of life.

Of his poetic work, "To Two Sisters"—verses written to Emily and Mary Tennyson—is the most complete after his "Meditative Fragments"; but in "A Scene in Rome" we get this striking passage:

> a dark night waits us—
> Another moment, we must plunge within it—
> Let us not mar the glimpses of pure Beauty,
> Now streaming in like moonlight, with the fears.
> The joys, the hurried thoughts, that rise and fall
> To the hot pulses of a mortal heart.

His poems—all too few!—are scholarly in form, and full of fancy and picturesqueness. But it is to his essays we must turn if we would appreciate, even partially, the wide extent of his knowledge, the soundness of his judgment, the readiness of his resource, the brilliancy of his style, and, conspicuous above all, the unvarying loftiness of his aim.

Before Hallam went off on his last journey with his father, he assisted one night at a supper given in Tennyson's rooms—a festival which was kept up till 4 a.m. Next day he and Alfred and "a troup of them" called on Rogers in order to see his pictures, and being left for a little in that gentleman's library, looked through his books. To their chagrin, they found in a place of honour Charles Tennyson's sonnets,

but no trace of a poem by Alfred! Soon after this Hallam wrote to Tennyson, then in Scotland, "I feel a strong desire to write to you, a yearning for dear old Alfred comes upon me," and he sent him Hartley Coleridge's poems. And to Miss Tennyson he sent a present of the *Pensées de Pascal* and *Silvio Pellico*. Then Trench gives the information: ". . . Hallam is or has been in Germany with his father. He was most absurdly gay last season, a mood and habit so unsuited to his character that I cannot believe the tendency will last long."

On September 6, 1833, Arthur Hallam wrote a letter full of praise of a gallery of pictures, and sent it to Tennyson, with the end six lines of one of his "Fragments"—

> I do but mock me with these questionings.
> Dark, dark, yea—"irrecoverably dark"
> Is the soul's eye: yet how it strives and battles
> Through th' impenetrable gloom to fix
> That master light, the secret truth of things,
> Which is the body of the Infinite God.

Nine days later he lay dead in Vienna from a pressure of blood upon the brain.

As the news of his death arrived in England, it was received with profound despair; all felt "a light had been extinguished," and each of his friends dreaded to tell the other, and when they did, they said, "We must be more earnest workers since the labourers are fewer," and grieved openly over the blasting of the schemes and anticipations they had formed for him. The Tennysons were the last to hear the

news officially, but by-and-by Mr. Hallam sent word of it to them through his brother-in-law, Mr. Elton, and when he himself wrote, it was to urge them—poor father—" not to grieve."

Arthur Hallam was twenty-two years of age when he died. Though the amount of actual work he produced in his few years of life may not be great, yet it is sure that few people born into this world ever in so short an existence made such an impression upon his fellows of distinct individuality and uncommon power as did this gifted youth. Knowledge, success, friendship, love, all were his, and each in its most perfect form. It is useless to speculate as to what this attractive genius might or might not have performed had he but lived.

" There was nothing in the region of the mind which he might not have accomplished," said Gladstone, who thought that Hallam was probably the one meant to right this world and to deal with it comprehensively. " I mourn in him, for myself, my earliest near friend ; for my fellow creatures, one who would have adorned his age and country, a mind full of beauty and of power, attaining almost to that ideal standard of which it is presumption to expect an example. When shall I see his like ? "

When Kemble wrote to his sister Fanny to announce Hallam's death, he said—

" It is a bitter blow to all of us . . . most of all to the Tennysons, whose sister Emily he was to have

married. I have not yet had the courage to write to Alfred. This is a loss which will most assuredly be felt by this age, for if ever man was born for great things, he was. Never was a more powerful intellect joined to a purer and holier heart; and the whole illuminated with the richest imagination, with the most sparkling yet the kindest wit. One cannot lament for him that he is gone to a far better life, but we weep over his coffin and wonder that we cannot be consoled; the Roman epitaph on two young children, 'Sibimet ipsis dolorem abstulerunt, suis reliquere' (from themselves they took away pain, to their friends they left it), is always present in my mind, and somehow the miserable feeling of loneliness comes over one even though one knows that the dead are happier than the living."

Monckton Milnes, in dedicating a volume of poems to Henry Hallam, a month after Arthur's death, said—

"In offering this little book to your name, I am paying my feeble but ardent homage to him who is gone. We, the contemporaries of your dear son, are deprived not only of a beloved friend, of a delightful companion, but of a most wise and influential councillor in all the serious concerns of existence; of an incomparable critic in all our literary efforts, and of the example of one who was as much before us in everything else as he now is in the way of life."

And Spedding wrote—

"The compositions which he has left, marvellous as they are, are inadequate evidence of his actual powers. . . . I have met no man his equal as a philosophical critic on works of taste; no man whose

views on all subjects connected with the duties and dignities of humanity were more large, more generous, and enlightened."

And while remembrances and memorials of him accumulated and multiplied, there came at last, in 1850, from the poet Tennyson, his dear and cherished friend, the greatest elegiac in the English language—the grandest monument that ever perpetuated a memory.

CHAPTER VIII

JOHN MITCHELL KEMBLE

Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws
Distilled from some worm-canker'd homily;
But spurr'd at heart with fiercest energy
To embattail and to wall about thy cause.

Thou from a throne
Mounted in heaven will shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark.
(TENNYSON)

JOHN KEMBLE, "Jacky Kemble" "Anglo Saxon Kemble" the brightest and cheeriest of the "Apostles," possessed all the intuition, all the genial flow and spirit, all the alluring grace and genius of the talented family to which he belonged; and to these gifts were added profound erudition and wide mental capacity.

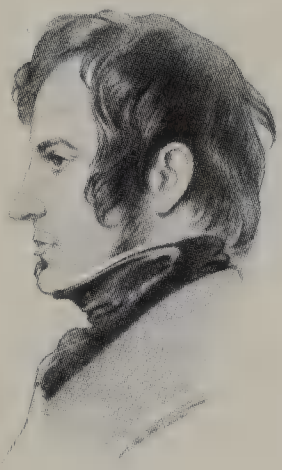
With Spedding, Donne, and Edward Fitzgerald, he was educated at the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmunds, where he was esteemed by his companions a studious lad with strong literary proclivities. He was much admired by these early friends, over whom as a boy he towered intellectually; his studies taking him even in early days into paths so unusual

for a youth, that he sometimes outstripped his teachers: his guides frequently losing sight of him, only to find him later on—far ahead, showing them the road.

For a period he printed for himself—with a toy hand-press, a newspaper, six inches square, in the style of a daily journal—a publication which was the delight of his circle and which he filled with compositions of his own. Prose or poetry—nothing came amiss: but it is evident he then excelled in verse. He had in him as great an amount of the poetic fervour as any of the group he afterwards joined; and they, without exception, whether they exercised their gifts or not in after life, seem all to have been poets in boyhood.

At Bury St. Edmunds he gained an exhibition which took him to Cambridge, where he arrived with the fairest of prospects before him, and the makings of a great man within him. This was loudly proclaimed by all his friends, and these in his first year included Maurice, Sterling, Buller and Trench—to which bright list he added other brilliant names, as they came to the fore.

At Sterling's suggestion he was made an "Apostle" and he became one of the "Society's" most popular speakers—not only on account of his oratorical powers, which were considerable, but also because "bitter with politics" (a bitterness "Apostolic" tradition in no way discouraged) he had strong likes and dislikes which flavoured the flow of his eloquence with either the sweetness of enthusiasm or the acridity



John Mitchell Kemble

of vituperation. His speeches never had the insipidity due to lack of prejudice. Much as the "Apostles" expected from one another, they seem to have expected most from John Mitchell Kemble. Of none of them have clearer, better defined pictures been left; pictures which, by whomsoever traced, give invariably a vivid impression of power and of pleasantness. Yet Kemble was the one of the "Apostles" on whom perhaps their divergent teachings left the deepest mark, and if these marks did not, thanks to his natural sense and independent spirit, leave him rebellious or discontented, yet they interfered with his outlook and prevented him from achieving the conventional satisfaction or extraordinary reward which the "Society" predicted and hoped for him. He gave his mind early to the science of politics, and kept up his interest in this subject so closely that his classics and mathematics suffered in consequence. Though, on the other hand, he gained through this study an amount of general information which rendered him of the greatest assistance to literary "Apostles" and an "oracle" in their eyes.

The matter and the style of his numerous letters—which wherever they occur gild and embellish the memoirs of Trench, Tennyson, Merivale and Donne—show the vigour of his mind and the acuteness of his critical faculties, and also the position he held in the confidence and affection of those great men. The "Apostles," who all of them loved him, decided that "Jacky" Kemble was to become a burning light. He was to go into the Church; put that

establishment in order and, so soon as he should have achieved therein a sufficiently authoritative position, re-arrange and control the religions and politics of the entire world. He had his "black" time—when seeing he was not fulfilling his own promise he cried out, "If I could read mathematics with Blakesley or sleep on the sofa with Hallam or Donne in the daytime, I might be a happier man."

He was extraordinarily handsome with the noble brow and fine-cut classical features which have ever distinguished his family. Gronow says of the Kembles: "There is not only the stamp of genius and talent of a high order in this gifted family, but also a certain nobility of mind and feeling. We might say of one of them, 'He or she comes of good stock,' and expect from them a kind word, a generous impulse, a self-denying action. No mean thought could take its birth in those grand broad foreheads, expressive of the majestic calmness of strength and power, and these full, firm, kind lips could not give vent to petty, spiteful, or malicious words. They were of the men and women one meets sometimes in good old England; not of the common clay, but cast in the Titanic mould. Would there were more such in our days of mediocrity."

When Hallam and Tennyson first came to College, Kemble welcomed them in enthusiastic whole-hearted style. It was he who got people together to hear the two engage with himself in "magnificent conversations." He bowed before Hallam, who was always greatly

attached to him, and he said of Tennyson, whom he admired exceedingly, " In Alfred's mind the materials of the very greatest works are heaped in an abundance which is almost confusion."

Frequent were the festivals in which " Apostles " and " philo-apostles " talked many suns down in Kemble's, Tennyson's, Hallam's, or Spedding's rooms. And sometimes Kemble would at these meetings betray a trace of inborn theatrical instinct ; as when, on one occasion, after a late convivial sitting, it transpired that one of the party had playfully hidden his " mortar-board." Kemble seriously resented the liberty, and with fire flashing from his eyes he exclaimed, in tragic tones, " Whosoever it were, had better have touched a sleeping tiger than that cap ! "

When he took up the study of Anglo-Saxon he began to spend his vacations in Germany in order to take courses at various Universties there ; and Trench said once to him—

" You tell me nothing of your plans and I have no right or wish, beyond the great interest I take in them. It is with no selfish desire of retaining the pleasure of your company that I express my earnest hope that you will not fulfil your intention of quitting this country. I am sure you could do much more good for yourself and others here."

Sterling was apprehensive of the result of German thought upon him ; but by the time Kemble went to Germany a second time, he had passed through his

undecided phase, and had made up his mind to enter the Church; and Tennyson had written the very fine sonnet upon him which begins—

> My hope and heart is with thee—thou wilt be
> A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest
> To scare Church-harpies from the master's feast;
> Our dusted velvets have much need of thee.

It was at Munich that he first heard his sister Fanny was about to make an appearance upon the stage. He took up a newspaper and saw—"Miss F. Kemble will appear in 'Juliet,'" which news, utterly unexpected by him, gave him, he says, "the sensation of a cold sword run through his heart."

Back again at Cambridge he was one of the actors in *Much Ado About Nothing*, on the occasion when Milnes, who made a somewhat portly Beatrice, as he delivered the words, "He is no less than a stuffed man, but for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal," fell through his couch to the floor of the stage, and before he was buried beneath his petticoats uttered an ejaculation entirely out of keeping with the character he was playing. To Donne, Kemble said of this performance—

"Conceive Hallam and myself setting our faces and taming ourselves into stupidity, that we might present some distant resemblance of 'Verges' and 'Dogberry.' I can assure you if laughing be a criterion, no company ever did better, for from first to last, especially during the tragic scenes, the audience were in a roar."

While Tennant at the same time sent to the same

gentleman a delightful specimen of an "Apostolical" letter—

"DEAR DONNE,—

"There are reasons infinite for your putting the accompanying volume of Coleridge on your shelf for me: first, because I stole your *Queen Mab*, which I do not intend to return, but this will relieve my conscience; fifthly, the book in respect that it is a book is a good book, though in respect it is Coleridge's it might have been better; thirdly and lastly, I want you to read it; and so conclude I want it to be bought and have no hopes of your buying it. Confound it! I have got into this 'Dogberry' arithmetic from hearing Kemble act in *Much Ado*, etc., this evening. Milnes was manager of the concern, and *in propria persona* (*credite posteri!*) played 'Beatrice'! Thirlwall, I verily expected, would have died with most wicked laughter, when 'Beatrice' lifted up her veil—had he not laughed again and cured himself homœopathetically—(if you cannot read you must spell—Grœmm est). Kemble was 'Dogberry,' and Hallam took 'Verges': all three acted extremely well, but Kemble excellently, except that he enjoyed it rather too much himself. An Epilogue by Milnes (extremely good) was tacked on. You will, I believe, receive with this a packet of letters from all your correspondent Cantabs from whom you will learn that Blakesley is going to trouble us with his presence at Trinity: I speak seriously when I say *trouble*, for I am afraid he stands a better chance of a Fellowship than is pleasant for a rival to think of: could you not contrive to get him to join *your hunts*, etc., and cause him to break his neck; or drown him in love, whereby he may grow poetical and indulge that 'wise passiveness' which the rude

vulgar call idleness; or convert him to Atheism, so that he may not be able to take the oaths? The last however, is, I am afraid, hopeless, for should we succeed in making him an Atheist, it by no means follows that he could not subscribe the thirty-nine articles which are acknowledged to be, in their true and secret mystical interpretation, most decidedly Atheistical—at least so S —— asserted last Saturday, to the astonishment of the wise and good, who begin to think him rather profane and attribute it to his associating and corresponding with you!

"In order to ascertain the truth of this, I am commissioned by certain religious members of the Wise Society to receive as many letters as I can get from you, by which you are to be tried, and if found guilty thou shalt die the death.

"To tell the truth, I have sent Coleridge by way of a trap, that I might tempt you to blaspheme!

"A preface, to be neat, should begin in the middle of one page, fill the next, and break off in the middle of the third: and so should an introductory letter of a series: if you will continue the series, by mine honour I will thank you, and so farewell."

Tennant was, of course, an "Apostle", and a great friend of Kemble and of Donne.

It is impossible to speak of Kemble without mentioning Donne, for their friendship was one of the especially close and beautiful attachments of those times. A scholar and a gentleman, William Bodham Donne was an "Apostle" of the earlier group and possessed of all the fineness of aim and all the graver habits of thought which characterized that set, and to such an extent

that he, after due consideration, left Cambridge without taking his degree, because he could not conscientiously subscribe to the formula of adherence to Established Church doctrines. It is owing to this step and his premature secession from the University that there are so many "Apostolic" letters directed to him—the Apostles making it a point of honour to keep him posted up with news. He occupied a high place in the minds and hearts of the "wise and good" and was himself of a most loveable and courtly disposition. He afterwards did subscribe, though he did not enter the Church. Hallam and he were especially happy together, and writing once to him Hallam said, "I expect you to be properly grateful to me for sending you by these presents another poem, of which to say that I love it would be only saying that it is his (i.e. Tennyson's)."

Kemble gives a good idea of Donne in one of his letters to Trench—

"I recommend you to make as short work as you can of reinstating yourself in my favour, by directing a long and philosophical and delightful epistle to me at Donne's. As I know you have seen the worthy individual whom I am about to visit at no very distant period, I think it possible you might know that that pleasure was in store for me. I wish most sincerely that you could be added to the circle: how delightfully we might spend a week or two together! For of all the unaffected worthy fellows that ever it was my lot to fall in with I know none more estimable than Donne, or one whose talents are more fitted to render

admirable a character which always would be amiable. My own intercourse with him has been long and intimate, and little as I have to boast of, to him I owe much of that little. I anticipate a most pleasurable time with him."

To which Trench replied—

"I perfectly agree with you in your estimate of our friend Donne's character. I should look back upon my Cambridge career with mingled regret for wasted time, etc., were it not for the friendships I have formed and opinions I have imbibed (but for these I owe the University nothing) and among these connexions I look on none with greater pleasure than my election to the Apostles, and trust that it will prove a connexion that will not be dissolved with many of its members during life."

While Donne shows his appreciation of Kemble in glowing words—

"Ten days (alas! how brief) did I pass delightfully and profitably with Kemble in Westminster. I felt that it was good for him to go to Germany, his spiritual cradle, for all home-cradles are fast becoming fitter for Iphiclus than for Hercules; but I cannot tell you of the feeling with which I regarded my own part in such a separation. For many years he had been to me even as a brother, for no brother could be more earnest in his affection or constantly zealous in well-doing. He had shared my inmost thoughts, the very firstlings of my spirit; he had become as one of my own home-circle, and he made me to know and to look up to you before we were personally acquainted. I

had seen him enslaved for a time by the specious delusion of falsehood and unphilosophy; yet, since his spirit and his affections retained their childhood freshness, I *knew* that it was his understanding only that betrayed him, and foresaw the day of his regeneration. It came, and I now reverence him as earnestly as before I fervently loved him. It was not a brand snatched from the burning; he was merely strewed over awhile by dead ashes and parching dust; and when he uprose from among them the dust and ashes flew away, and he walked forth strong and willing, and working the good. He has written once to me since he arrived in Germany—a letter full of hope and faith and ancient earnestness—and I expect another very soon from Munich."

Kemble took his degree in 1830, and had started off to Germany, as though never to return from that country. He found there, he imagined, all he wanted in the way of life; the Germans with their deeper tone of thought and more deliberate methods of study, suited him well—yet, for a possible curacy in England he gave up all and returned in summary fashion. Trench about this time came back from a period of foreign travel, his mind also turned towards the Church; but as they were gravely laying their plans they were both lured by Sterling into the Spanish business. And into this they entered heart and soul, with all the fearless enthusiasm which characterized them both. Trench convinced by his friends said and believed that "Spain had need of him and the 'soldier-priest,'" and away they crept from England, certain

that they were about to change the destinies of Spain and half expecting to be hanged for doing it.

Before they went, though, they decided, if they returned alive, they would go "back to Trinity" and attend Divinity Lectures there. Trench made a stay of many months in Spain, but when he saw the hopelessness of the "cause" did not think it wise to stay and struggle against the impossible, so returned to his anxious friends. But Kemble refused to accompany him. He insisted upon staying to "see the end." His sister Fanny says—"John's heart failed him at the thought of forsaking Torrijos, and there were rumours at one time in England that he had been caught and was to be tried for his life." Every one spoke admiringly of his extraordinary pluck; and calm-eyed, calm-minded Trench, who saw and knew the rough and smooth of all of them, said of him, "Kindliness is the pervading life of his character, and what renders genial his knowledge, his hospitality and his many admirable qualities." But the Spanish Conspiracy dragged its course along many weary months, during which nothing occurred to encourage, while innumerable impediments arranged themselves in an inflexible barrier about it—and finally even Kemble was persuaded reluctantly to return.

He began now to throw himself more earnestly into philology and rather to retreat somewhat from the idea of the Church, though he attended some theological lectures.

One of his irreverent friends used to tell a story at

Cambridge concerning Kemble and this expedition, which ran as follows—

"When Jacky Kemble returned from the Torrijos affair in Spain, to College, he had a story of adventure which had three versions. In the first, say in the stage of friendly confidence, he would say—'I once strayed beyond our lines alone and unarmed and suddenly came upon fifteen Spanish Grenadiers, who were closing round me, when I took to my heels, and though pursued by a few shots, escaped with my life and unharmed.' Somewhat later the version began in the same way as the first, but proceeded—'I disarmed them—most of 'em—wounded several—and the rest fled, with the Devil take the hindmost.' The third, or three o'clock in the morning version, commenced like the others, but continued—'they fell at my feet to a man and implored mercy.' 'Well, what did you do, Jacky? did you let them go?' 'No, by G——, I *slew them all*!'"

There was for a long time so much of the conspirator left in John Kemble that often in Fitzgerald's rooms —Thackeray present, with whom he was always close friends at College—he would with fervour sing the revolutionary song, which he had probably carolled often in Gibraltar, "*Si un Elio conspiro allero.*"

He published *Beowulf* in 1833, and was upon that made lecturer of Anglo-Saxon to the University. All rejoiced exceedingly at this signal success, and especially Arthur Hallam, who was enchanted to find Kemble spoken of in the highest terms as one of "our best Anglo-Saxon scholars for real learning and

capacity of his subject." In sending *Beowulf* to Tennyson, Kemble said to him—"I love you heartily and wish you were with us. I wish you could come and dine with the 'Apostles' on Monday next. I am not sure that Donne and Trench will not be with us. . . . Are there no Gardener's Grand-daughters?" And he wrote to Trench—

"Alfred Tennyson is about to give the world a volume of stupendous poems, the lowest toned of which is strung higher than the highest of his former volumes. He has been in London for some time, and a happy time it was: a happy time and a holy time, for it is the mighty privilege of such men to spread their own glory around them. . . . We had a fine re-union of choice spirits of an evening then: Hallam, Spedding and his brother, the two Heaths, and Merivale—the kindest hearted and one of the mildest of scoffers."

While Trench, now a curate, wrote to him about this time—

"My dear Kemble,—

"I sometimes hear in a roundabout way concerning you, but from yourself never. Donne tells me that you sometimes write to him—and therefore I will not give you up. I suppose you say in your heart 'They hate us youth'; however it is not so. Could you not come and pay us a visit here the end of this week or the beginning of next. The ensuing week to that I am going, D.V., to pay Donne a short visit, and perhaps shall move like a Patriarch with my wife and little one, though I cannot tarry many days. You probably are not aware of the alteration of our plans

since last I saw you. Mr. Rose's health will not enable him to remain here, as he finds the climate to disagree with him more than that of any other place—he has therefore exchanged this living for a much smaller one, where he will not need my assistance. We probably shall find ourselves free at the end of next month.

"I cannot but regret the prospect of my connexion with one who is both a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman being dissolved, though it is not so much a matter of regret to leave this part of England. It is to me sadly out of the way: has little of natural beauty to recommend it, and except that one may here as well as in another place serve one's generation, by the will of God, I would not have chosen it at the first. I hope you have some fair prospect of a curacy, and shall be glad to see you fairly established among your own people—you will soon find yourself grow attached to them and they to you, so that a parting even after a few months' residence among them, would be sufficiently grievous. I am sure that I find it so here, and have great heaviness in my heart to think that I shall see their faces no more. At this moment, too, one begins to think of all the shortcomings, of how much more one might have done, if one had given up himself more to the work and less to the indulgence of the body or the mind—which last is more likely to be both your and my temptation. I am sure if we take these things in hand, we shall never find much peace or satisfaction of conscience except in giving ourselves wholly to them.

"The responsibility of a minister's office, even though one may have faced and contemplated it from the first, grows mightily upon one.

"I forgot to tell you that I cannot give you a

bed, but there is a Hostel neighbouring. I make no apologies for this apparent inhospitality.

"Yours affectionately,

"R. C. TRENCH."

But there was no curacy for Kemble. He now, to the distress of his family, gave up all idea of Holy Orders. His sister Fanny complaining of this change of plan, says—

"This romantic expedition" (with Torrijos) "cancelled all his purposes and prospects of entering the Church, and Alfred Tennyson's fine sonnet addressed to him when he first determined to dedicate himself to the service of the temple is all that bears witness to that short-lived consecration: it was poetry but not prophecy."

When Kemble married, which he did early, Donne said to Blakesley: "I did look for him never to marry, but the shock of surprise was much milder than if it had been told me that Spedding had sacrificed himself to the good of posterity."

But he married and settled down to a life of study. He did a good deal of profound work, and amongst other things edited the *British and Foreign Review*. We find Trench saying to him—

"I was very sorry to miss seeing you when I called last month. I am now in town but for a single day, and cannot devise a time for getting to you, but hope much another time to be more fortunate. Donne told me that I might send the accompanying little parcel for him to your house, and that there are packets passing between you and him which would give it an

opportunity of being forwarded to Mattishall without expense.

"Would you be inclined to have an article in your Review from Maurice on the present condition of Theology in England? It would of course take in—indeed have main reference to—the great controversies now stirring. You know as well as I do the wisdom and value of all things coming from Maurice—whether it would suit you is of course another matter into which I do not enter; but if you think it would, his address is Guy's Hospital, otherwise you might say nothing about it."

The above is an example of the system of friendly agency which prevailed amongst the "Apostles." It was a business quite unique in its way, and almost incomprehensible; for no doubt Kemble would have taken Maurice's work from Maurice, just as willingly as Moxon would have taken Tennyson's poems from Tennyson.

Kemble and Donne (whose favourite study was history) seem sometimes to have relaxed their minds by sending each other full descriptions of the work they were engaged upon. These accounts, in lighter guise than the same material presented when given to the world, are of singular interest, and the following is a happy example of this sort of confidence:—

"My dear Donne,—

"I should have written to you long ago, but have been harassed out of all patience and activity by my wife's illness and other plagues, now happily abated.

I am greatly flattered by your opinion of my Preface to *Codex Diplomaticus*: I confess I think it a satisfactory piece of work, and you will comprehend me when I say that it is pregnant with at least ten times what it expresses. You will also, I am sure, understand and appreciate the tone of decision and authority adopted in it, and which was assumed intentionally, and as it appears from its effects successfully: in that I did not choose to give the *established humbugs* even the chance of a doubtful expression. Grimm and the Germans are high in its praise, and I owe it another diploma or two, concerning which I care little enough. The least important part, viz. the upsetting all the old chronology, will of course attract most attention: but the nuts to crack, and the kernels to find, lie elsewhere. I send you another and lighter production: put it in your bookcase; Schmeller's name is on it, but that signifies not. It is my last copy, and Schmeller may read it in the *Archæologia*, which you will *not*. You will think I have treated Magnusen and others harshly, but be content, they have only got their deserts, Magnusen being not only a Quack but a Rogue, that is a *Quack conscious*. James Grimm, who is not only the learnedest, but the gentlest of men, says I have served M. right.

"I have made my cottage the prettiest thing in this part of the country, having built myself a whole wing, i.e. a dining-room, sixteen feet by eighteen, a hall with winding staircase, a good kitchen, one large bedroom sixteen feet square, two small spare rooms, and a nursery bedroom. I have also raised the roof of the old cottage. So now I keep a room for you, where I trust we shall have many a crack over the iniquities of mankind in general, and the virtues of ourselves and friends in particular. I wish I could persuade

you to come and see us in September. You do not shoot, nor do I; but we could find something to amuse us nevertheless, and now I have my books about me I am an emperor again. I do not propose to give you the rheumatism by putting you into a new room, for during the progress of building I rent a house a stone's throw from my own. Vipan spent a few days with me, and went away more than half persuaded to come home and settle in Surrey, which he says is the most livable part of England he has seen yet. Only my wife hinted that a mistress to a house was so necessary a piece of furniture as to be almost indispensable, whereupon Vipan flew off at a tangent and went to Baden. From that haunt of mad dogs and equally mad Englishmen he wrote to me a day or two ago, fairly charging my wife with frightening him out of England. Think of Connop Thirlwall being a real fullgrown Bishop after all! It is the most creditable thing Melbourne has yet done, and is likely to be a 'heavy blow,' etc., to that Goliath of Gath, Exeter Philpots. Melbourne set down a Commission to investigate Thirlwall's Introduction to Schelier-macher, and smell out Heterodoxy. The Bishop of Chichester and Ripon, (?) who were charged with this *rôle de Smell-fungus*, having reported favourably, the Archbishop was asked if he had any objection. He hummed and hawed a good deal, but finding himself out-Bishoped, was fain to make the best face he could and gulped the pill. If one part of this transaction be better than another it is that the heads of our Spiritual Pastors and Masters have declared that to conduct Mythological Investigations after a scientific fashion is no longer *Heresy*. *Væ, Væ Vobis Pharisæi* &c., &c. How are the parsons be-Bishoped!!! Charles Fellows has discovered ten

new (or rather old) cities in Lycia : he has also found several bi-lingual Lycian inscriptions, furnishing us with a new language and a good deal of new History. Oxford Müller has, in consequence, considerably modified his views respecting the Dorians. I should say that Philology on a large scale was rising rapidly in this costermonger age of ours. Thorpe has just published a noble book, *The Anglo-Saxon Codes* ; taken together with the *Codex Diplomaticus*, it will furnish the oldest, completest, and most thoroughly national Copus Juris of the whole Teutonic family. I am labouring in my vocation, that is getting on with my *Anglo-Saxon Lexicon*, which, if I complete my plan, will certainly be a book of some importance : but *Ars longa, Vita brevis !* I aim at something rather more philosophical than the host of word-books, and I know that I cannot execute about a tithe of what I should like to do ; but then as yet no one else can, so I say Est quoddam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra ! In the philosophy of acting up to which doctrine I think you will fully concur with me, and so I commend you to God, &c. . . . When the root verb is *not found yet*, it will be given hypothetically in *italics*. What say you to this ? Exemp. gratia. Wrîtan, wrât. writon. Writen, *cædere, sculpere, scrivere*. Examples of the three uses. Deriv. Wret. (n) sculptura, and scabies ? Comp. For wrîtan *condemnare*, &c. This will give you specimens of what I mean. Of course the derivatives and composites are numerous. You will see by the little Abhandlung on the Runes, how wrîtan came by its *third* signification. In old languages like Anglo-Saxon, the metaphorical uses of language have not overlaid the original system and vital vigour, and the metaphysics are readily comprehended. Moreover, '*Language in its spontaneous period is sensuous*,'

which golden law write up in any Etymological Dictionary you possess. When a tongue becomes dead like the English of our own day, Society keeps the key of its coffin! The errors which I shall commit will be innumerable, but still I think the experiment worth a trial, and as I said before, if I do not make it no one else will; and who is to assure me that fifty years hence there will be any one more inclined or more capable than myself? For unhappily Thorpe and myself are still almost alone in our work: many begin, but few finish; and the mass of readers are not thinkers even tho' Anglo-Saxon be their subject.

"Miss Adelaide has been most triumphantly received at Naples, and my father, who still suffers, means to return with her early in 1841. Henry is in Galway, hourly expecting his Captain's Commission.

"Farewell, God bless you, and believe me,

"Yours ever affectionately,

"JOHN M. KEMBLE."

While Maurice, who can have had little in common with his old friend Kemble, seemed glad to be able to secure him as a critic.

"MY DEAR KEMBLE,—

"I have been much disappointed in not catching you at home these two or three times that I have called.

"I have fully intended to avail myself of your kind invitation to come at any time, several particular times, but at all these times have been prevented. However, I still hope that we may not find five and a half miles an absolutely impassable barrier to intercourse.

"Either in your private or public capacity I shall

have united to do myself the pleasure of asking your acceptance of this volume, but as my publishers regard you in the august and awful light of a Reviewer, I must no further interfere than to say that any words which you may find it impossible to say (in any note or parenthesis) in praise or abuse of what is here written, will be highly acceptable to them and received by me as an additional token of the kindness and friendship of which in former days I received so many proofs.

"Fro , Believe me my dear Kemble,
"Very sincerely yours,
"F. MAURICE."

Through his father's influence Kemble was appointed by the Lord Chamberlain, to succeed him in the office of Licenser of Plays, which post he held from 1840 and filled most capably, till his death in 1857; but from that period he lived most of his time at Addlestone, deep in old documents from which he would emerge sometimes to join in some such festivities as the following—

"DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"How are your Bishop and your heart's cockles inclined towards a run down into Hertfordshire on Friday next?

"Brief, it is the installation as Provincial Grand Master of William Stuart of Aldenham Abbey (son of the late Primate of Ireland) and a worthy brother in many more senses than the sense 'usual among Masons,' which is not always commonsense.

"The place is Watford, one hour from London by Birmingham rail: the work magnificent, the dinner, for a province, *comme il faut*, the company excellent.

If you will be my guest, I will ensure you a jolly evening and a hearty welcome. You can return early the next morning or late the same night, and you meet some of the best of our Surreyians and some of the first country gentlemen of Hertfordshire.

"I am just returned from old Trinity, where I and Mrs. J. M. K. spent a fortnight. The old place is utterly gone to the dogs. Mr. W.—is more intolerable than anything that has ever been reported of him: I never saw so melancholy and mischievous a spectacle. As for the young 'uns they are a set of milksops. Conceive my being absolutely told that men did not believe that I used to get out under the Library thro' the bars! As if I was the only man who could take a flying jump through them, armed cap-and-gown, in *our* time. They treated it as a myth. I got them up three combination rooms while there—small ones!—and was thanked: they had not had such luck for months. I made delicate inquiries about milk-punch: the receipt it seems is lost, but it was suggested that milk and water abounded—if that would do as well. Tho' a member of many scientific associations, I thought the experiment too venturous. In short, there is but one expressive word for the whole race, which I leave to your own discreet imagination to supply. It is a great pity. One wants men to cultivate something more than flowers: unhappily at present Mr. Widiall with his geraniums drives a better trade than Mr. Hardman used with other commodities. Some indeed of the old set—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—console themselves with solitary smoke; and gave me some capital dinners. But they seemed half afraid of their own hospitality. Can you imagine the re-appearance of the sweating sickness, or the great fire of London? How these things would astonish us! Well,

don't go down to Cambridge, or you certainly will 'go home' before 'morning' from any undergraduate's party you may honour with your presence. If the fellows were only manly thereby, I should honour them, but I hardly saw a broad shouldered chap in the place. It was full of well-dressed, decorous mediocrity without great virtue and, I dare say, without great vice. But milksops! milksops! Eheu!!! Of course such real sound hearts as Merivale, Thompson and Co. are exceptions: but they belong to us—not to the later dynasty! Sedgwick growled awfully and let out his full heart to me in one or two walks on the Trumpington and Huntingdon roads, and Romilly sneezed in a gentlemanly way, as he used. But I asked of echo, where were Thirlwall, Greenwood, jolly old Musgrave, good old Peacock, Fisher, Barnes?—even poor Hyman—and echo answered 'Where?'—it is quite right they should be—some Bishops, others Deans! But they are not at Trinity!"

Evidently there was in those days as there is in later times the same resentment by old Cantabrigians at the intrusion of a later generation upon their former haunts which they look upon as private property, and a consequent scorn and contempt for the usurpers.

And in another letter he says to Brookfield—

"DEAR PARSON,—

"Last year you had sinners to save, and sinners to damn on the part of your Bishop. By Thursday in Easter week, this year, I hope such clerical employments will be over, and that you will be able to come down to me on the 20th April (i.e. Thursday) to stay

or go, as you please. Did I tell you that I could give you a bed? If not, smite me on the orthodox cheek!

"But if you can come earlier and will bring Mrs. Brookfield with you, she and the other *widows* on this awful occasion can make common cause, and when we dine in Lodge, they can dine in company *chez noi* and rail at us. We shall meet for *Chapter* early in the day; for *Lodge* about three; for dinner at six, or half-past five. I can lend you a *badge*, and you will want no more *masonry* than your own good feeling. You will meet gentlemen, good men, good masons, and jolly good fellows. Need I say more?

"Certainly: Mrs. John Kemble, a lady whom I once had the honour to introduce to you, had a great desire not only to renew her acquaintance with *you*, but to welcome your wife; and will be most happy if you can manage to spend a few days here and breathe a little of God's air, which never blows in London. You may go to your duty; why should not Mrs. Brookfield stay here for a few days for her pleasure? A country gentleman's house is always open. On looking over my scrawl I perceive that the Calligraphists would be puzzled, but I also have to add that between the Queen and the British and Foreign and the N. W. Provl. Grand Master of Surrey, I have written this day exactly three hundred and sixty five letters, all of six foolscap sheets, and my hand is becoming a humbug. So leaving you to decide when and how you will come (only let me know a day before, that I may fetch you and baggage from Weybridge). We shall mingle dignity with gravity, *seriis jocum*, as becomes us, we are the jokers, you the serious. Will you come?

I remain (in ample form)

"Yours fraternally,

"JOHN M. KEMBLE."

Concerning the installing of the Prince Consort as Chancellor of Cambridge, he wrote—

"DEAR W. H. B.—

"You would very greatly oblige a poor man, who is sometimes *stumpt*, as the saying is, for a song, by sending him one of yours; and in truth, you made me a sort of promise of 'Cannikin'. I do not ask for more than the usufruct, saving all rights of the superior lord and owner of the same, whenever he shall think fit to resume his proprietorship. I am become a kind of amphibious animal, rejoicing by turns in the mud of London, and the mists of Addlestone; on the latter I can fatten like wood-cocks; but I know nothing that typifies the effects of the former save *swine*—eels perhaps. So on the whole, if you please, let it be understood that when in London I am, and am to be considered, a Pig. Can we tempt you out to brown and red tines, falling leaves and a smell of fungus—'odours vague that haunt the year's decay' as a dim lushy, smokified poet singeth?

"Will the loving-cup of the Lodge of St. George, Chertsey, tempt you out of residence for a few hours? It will be circulating with tolerable rapidity about nine o'clock on Thursday, November 16th, under the auspices of your poor friend and most unworthy W. M. Finally, is there anything in Autumn, Masonry or Addlestone that will make you pitch your Bishop and cure of souls to Apollyon for a season? Is not your pulpit cold, your vestry paved with stone, your church too little (or too much) heated? Have you not a catarrhal affection for which Addlestone is a specific, Chapelfields an undoubted cure? Is there not balm in Gilead? Is there not wine in the bottle? Is there not a bed in the spare room, and a coach and several trains

in the morning? I pause for a reply. James Spedding seems muddy too: he writes from Mire-hall or Mirehouse or some such other boggy mansion in Cumberland; he talks of returning to town to continue his researches at the British Museum—very muddy this, indeed! All the rest of the world is so swamped in mud that one never even hears of it. In the midst of dull plays, refractory Managers, fastidious Lord Chamberlains and slippery diplomatic doings at home and abroad, I feel a yearning after a good draught out of old Cambridge times, to clear my head and give a fillip to my heart in these cur-days of ours. So Lonsdale is to be the new Bishop? What will Whewell say? It is supposed he did say—'Madam, I don't mean to hint anything about a remuneration or a gratification for all the bother you've given us here: but I think it right to say that these are very hard times, and Mrs. Whewell and I forsee that we shall have a very large family, and I've been at a great deal of trouble for you and the Prince, and as I said before I don't mean to ask for anything, but if you're inclined to do the thing handsomely, there's a bishoprick and one or two deaneries vacant, and . . .

"The answer is not on record, but though Trench, Winter, and Lonsdale were all named, I looked in vain for the euphonious nomenclature of Dr. William W—!

"Can you imagine a man reduced to write all this trash, merely by way of varying the amusement of looking at the rain on the leads, from a back third pair in Bruton Street? So it is, and villainously dull, to say nothing of being dressed like a gentleman for fear of the sudden intrusion of a Manager. Pity me, Pity me: if this lasts long I shall take to writing domestic tragedies in the syncretic manner, which is the last stage of mud and dullness.

"Make my kind remembrances to the partner of your joys and sorrows, and believe me,

"Yours very Fraternally, Masonically,

"Apostolically, Diabolically,

"JOHN M. KEMBLE."

Of Kemble's life-work, there is but one opinion. Of Anglo-Saxon he knew more than any other student of his time, for he had as well as their information a scientific knowledge of his subject. He took infinite pains with his work and his accuracy was so absolute that all that he passed as genuine was accepted without question or doubt. As a specimen of the style of the English of his writings—a few lines from his valuable treatise on the "Supposed Antiquity of Church Rates" will suffice—

"The first person who brought Christianity into this country as a missionary from Pope Gregory of Rome, was St. Augustine: he found the people of England worshipping Woden and Thunor and other Gods, and he succeeded in converting a great number of the men of Kent from heathenism. . . . We have still the letters which Pope Gregory sent to St. Augustine and not only from them get wisdom and piety, but from the rules of conduct which they laid down, these letters were held in affectionate estimation by the primitive English Christians." etc.

He had too much of the student in him to fight for the conventions: and as time went on absorbed himself more and more into his study. "A brilliant scholar, given over to his own learning and deep philosophizing," as his sister said, he never competed with the

world, but steadily got through much useful work, work which was admired by German and English *savants* alike. He was only fifty when he died.

He was unduly modest with regard to his poetic gifts although they were highly esteemed by his fellow "apostles." The following sonnet was one of their favourites:

Might, majesty and wisdom were the dower
That man inherited: why has he striven
To cast away the panoply of Heaven,
Wilfully crouching in the world's dark power?
Faith, care and watchfulness were as a tower
From which he might o'erlook the whirling wave
Of hopes and fears; a rock of might to save
The shipwrecked mariner in evil hour;
And these he hath disdained. Woe is me
That, God-endowed, he yet should bear to creep
Along with noisome creatures of the deep,
Sharing the boisterous unrest of the sea,
Till tumult is his nature, and his life
Is as the billows, dashing hate and strife.

CHAPTER IX

HENRY LUSHINGTON

Enough for us if any praise,
And you above the rest,
The humours of a solemn phrase
The wisdom of a jest

(JOINT COMPOSITIONS)

Shadows of three dead men
Walk'd in the walks with me,
Shadows of three dead men, and thou
wast one of the three.

(TENNYSON)

HENRY LUSHINGTON was the youngest of this set of "Apostles." Like most of them, he had gained scholastic distinction at an unusually early age. He came from Charterhouse, where he had been head of the school at fifteen years old and where he had laid the foundations of lifelong friendships with Thackeray and Venables. He was only seventeen when he came up to Cambridge in 1829, and he immediately made a favourable impression, not only by his sweetness of disposition and personal charm but also by his singularly attractive appearance. It is a remarkable fact that all these intellectual giants were endowed, not only with prodigious faculties, but with extraordinary good looks. And the cleverest appear also to have been the handsomest.

At the end of his third term, Lushington had proved himself, in College examinations and in all that he undertook, so far ahead of all the men of his year that it was confidently anticipated that the highest honours awaited him. Unfortunately, his health became delicate and he was urged to take a little relaxation. This he was loth to do and he continued to struggle on with his studies in the face of all warnings—until he was finally overcome by an illness which necessitated his leaving Cambridge for two whole years. This was at a period when the "Apostles" were at their brightest and best; and Lushington's grief at having to tear himself from the joyous companionship of these, his dearest friends, was more than all their sympathy could assuage. It was almost as sad for him to return in 1832 to find the old radiant circle broken up—most of its lights already gone down, and others about to go.

The year of his return, and again the following year, he took the Porson Prize for Greek Iambics. In 1834 he graduated as Senior Optime with a first class in the Classical Tripos. In 1836 he was elected Fellow of Trinity. And he achieved all these honours with no special effort—for he was too much of an invalid, even after his two years of complete rest, to "cram" or study at the extra pressure which most young men apply on the eve of an important examination.

He first displayed his great faculty for composition in essays written for the "Society"—his methods were different to those of most of the "Apostles," but these notwithstanding held him in high esteem and reckoned

him a remarkable writer and fluent speaker. Francis Garden once wrote about Henry's brother and incidentally about Henry himself, "The 'Apostles' are flourishing in fine style—I had the pleasure of begetting one the other day in the person of the younger Lushington (brother to the senior medallist of the year before this). He is a glorious fellow, and I feel great pleasure in thinking that what in all probability has been my last "Apostolic' act should have been to introduce so excellent an acquisition to our forces."

During the last part of his College career, Henry Lushington brought out a spirited pamphlet upon *Fellow Commoners and Honorary Degrees* —a fine pronouncement against "an unwarrantable and unjustifiable institution." Venables says, that "his common sense and his pride as a gentleman were revolted by the spectacle of noblemen and cadets of nobility attired in a gorgeous livery, courted by their academic superiors, and taught to regard, perhaps not without reason, a curtailment of their studies as a reward due to their hereditary merit." This was his first printed work; it was widely read and made a considerable impression although the institution he inveighed against as utterly inconsistent with the liberty and equality of University life, was not entirely abolished till many years later. In 1837 he left Cambridge and entered himself at the Inner Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1840; but he scarcely ever practised.

It is impossible to conjecture to what academic

heights Lushington might not have soared, had he not been trammelled all his life by ill-health. He could not lead the life he would have loved, that of a busy student, active in the acquisition of fresh knowledge and liberal in its diffusion ; he could only contemplate the industry of others and exercise his delicate literary discrimination in courteous criticism and generous appreciation.

Lushington's greatest intimate was undoubtedly Venables ; next in his affections came probably Tennyson, whose aching heart found in this warm friendship some solace in its mourning for his lost beloved companion—

> Two dead men have I known
> In courtesy like to thee :
> Two dead men have I loved
> With a love that will ever be :

These two dead men were Arthur Hallam and Henry Lushington, and the charm of this later friend was, in the poet's eyes, enhanced by his exquisite taste in poetry. Tennyson admired his criticisms so much that he used to say " that of all the critics with whom he had discussed his own poems Henry Lushington was the most suggestive." For one of the most attractive traits in Tennyson's character was the naïve simplicity with which, when at work, he would collect suggestions from all his friends. " The Princess " was dedicated to Lushington, and his home, with its " broad lawns " is described by the poet in the prologue to that poem.

The connexion between the Lushingtons and the Tennysons was very close. Park House, near Maidstone, contained a charming group of bright young people, four sisters and three brothers, all of whom loved to welcome the poet and his relations to that home, where

> higher on the walls
> Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer
> Their own forefathers' arms and armour hung.

And although at that time the Tractarian movement was agitating the great minds all over the country and stormy discussion disturbed almost every intellectual gathering, it is noteworthy that with the gay and spiritual circle assembled round the Lushingtons' table, the talk was all of poetry and literature and of their youthful exploits. As Tennyson says:

> "but we unworthies told
> Of College: he had climbed across the spikes,
> And he had squeezed himself betwixt the bars,
> And he had breezed the Proctor's dogs: and one
> Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common men
> But honeying at the whisper of a lord;
> And one the Master, as a rogue in grain
> Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory."

Edmund Lushington, Henry's elder brother (afterwards Professor of Greek at Glasgow), one of the most remarkable students of his day and to whose brilliant scholarship Thackeray makes allusion in *The Virginians*, by-and-by married the sister of the poet, Cecilia Tennyson. The epithalamium at the end of the *In Memoriam* is in celebration of

this event and not, as commonly supposed, to commemorate the marriage of the lady formerly betrothed to Arthur Hallam.

Lushington's essays are all elegant in form and solid in matter; in those which concern Italy there is perhaps an added vigour and enthusiasm, while his Italian translations give a happy and ingenious reproduction of the Italian characteristics of the originals. He sympathized with the revolutionary poet Giusti, a contemporary of the "Apostles," who wrote, amongst other things, his "Memorie di Pisa," in which he incorporated his reminiscences of College days. In an appreciation of this poet and these especial poems, Lushington says: "There is a deep truth and tenderness in the tone in which Giusti recalls those four happy years spent without care; the days, the nights, 'smoked away' in free gladness, in laughter, in uninterrupted talk; the aspirations, the free, open-hearted converse, all the delights of that life, whether at Cambridge or at Pisa, which comes not again."

If in his literary habits he was rather the reverse of orderly, his intellect—Venables says—"was thoroughly scholarlike, even mathematical in its accuracy, and promiscuous knowledge at once arranged itself into symmetrical form in his unfailing memory." His retention was amazing—he knew Carlyle's *French Revolution* by heart, and it was supposed—both in the Lushington as well as in the Tennyson family, that if "Alfred's" writings had, every vestige of them, been destroyed, they could have been accurately repro-

duced whole, without the alteration of a word, from that marvellous garner. Tennyson himself said of him: "Others may find a fault in a poem, but Harry finds the fault and tells you how to mend it."

Of the "Joint Compositions" produced by Lushington and Venables, it is hardly possible to distinguish which sentiment or which thought belongs to each. There was such a perfect accord between these two men that they practically thought alike. The poems were made as they walked or rode together—and they were "contented with our own appreciation of their correspondence with our own purpose."

The following is a fair specimen of their work.

But doubtful in our dazzling prime,
We watched the struggle of the time,
The war of new and old;
We loved the past with Tory love,
Yet more than Radicals we strove
For coming years of gold

. . . . .

When rich and poor in mutual trust
Shall know each other and be just,
Not bound by laws severe:
And a true mother commonwealth
Lead back sick children unto health
With love and gentle fear.

Lushington was one of those who watched events; he did not meddle with them, and he never let them agitate him unless they were likely to become a menace to the country; but being by family ties and affection connected with Indian affairs, he, over the retreat from Cabul 1841–2, allowed his anxiety and distress seriously to affect his health. He afterwards investi-

gated the matter, and became convinced that all had been brought about under instructions from home, and that those who followed out that foolish and flagitious policy did so because they could not recede from it. This decision caused him to produce a book called a *Great Country's Little Wars*, which work was unfortunately printed too late to do him or Indian affairs any good ; but anyone interested in Afghanistan to-day could scarcely do better than study that eloquent and engrossing brochure. It was supposed to have been the wisest and wittiest pamphlet ever written on the Indian Adminstration System. Of the Indian Service he ever wrote in glowing sanguine terms ; he applauded the men who worked there and encouraged them and praised them as much for the steady work which did not appear as for brilliant work which advertised itself to all the world. When his brother, an Indian judge, paid him a visit once, he said : " I at first thought he looked very old, having the recollection of thirteen years back wherewith to contrast him. Probably if one could place in the glass, side by side with one's own belathered face of to-morrow morning, the comparatively smooth and youthful cheeks of 1831, one should see at least an equal change ; but it is well—well under the circumstances of the case, that is—that the spectre of one's own youth does not walk through life by one's side. It would be an appropriate antithesis to the skeleton of the Egyptians, a memento equally effective and not less painful. The two together, one on each side of one's present self,

would visibly complete the Trinity of Time, 'quod fuit, est, et erit, the trinodas necessitas' which includes us all."

He took an eager interest in every subject, and even brought to the question of the gauges (one which much agitated our grandfathers), the freshness of an original mind. Milnes said of this: "His pamphlet on the Broad Railway gauge is a powerful argument, and as amusing to the unprofessional reader as was Bishop Berkeley's 'Essays on Tar-water' to the general public of his time."

He had in politics a leaning towards Liberal, even Radical, opinions; he enthusiastically welcomed the accomplishment of Catholic Emancipation; he applauded the French Revolution of 1830; and he approved of the Reform Bill and voted for the grant to Maynooth. In his political leanings the opinions of all the "Apostles" stand revealed—they seem to have been at one over all these questions—though some of them in addition espoused the vexed cause of Women's Suffrage.

At the time when the Maynooth Endowment Bill was the question of the day, a number of the members of the Senate of Cambridge signed a petition against the Bill; on which Lushington organized a counter memorial in its favour. On his paper in a few days he had six hundred signatures, including all the people of eminence in Cambridge. In company with some other promoters he presented this imposing scroll in Downing Street, on which occasion—more to his amusement

than amazement—Goldburn, the member for Cambridge, either wilfully or stupidly took the petition in an entirely opposite light to that desired; and choosing to infer that the deputation were his own political supporters and entirely indifferent to the endowment of Maynooth, said to them: "You will be glad to hear, Gentlemen, that our friends on the other side are not seriously hostile. They take it up *only as a matter of principle!*"

In 1846, he was appointed Chief Secretary of the Government of Malta; this change of scene altered his purely negative life into an active one. Once at his post, his administrative powers were found to be remarkably high, yet he continued in the midst of his duties to exercise his fine poetic and critical powers. A patriot, as well as a polished writer of verse, he found his best expression in what may be termed Battle pieces—in "The Road to the Trenches," a poem of singularly pathetic beauty, he says—

O'er his features, as he lies,
Calms the wrench of pain:
Close, faint eyes; pass, cruel skies!
Freezing mountain plain.
With far-off sounds the stillness teems;
Church-bells,—voices low,
Passing into English dreams
There amid the snow,
And darkening, thickening o'er the heights
Down fell the snow.

Looking, looking for the mark,
Down the others came,
Struggling through the snowdrifts stark,
Calling out his name:

"Here, or there?" the drifts are deep:
"Have we passed him?" No!
Look, a little growing heap,
Snow above the snow,
Where heavy on his heavy sleep
Down fell the snow.

. . . . .

Simply done his soldier's part
Through long months of woe.
All endured with soldier's heart,
Battle, famine, snow:
Noble, nameless English heart,
Snow-cold, in snow.

He used to say that his "was a generation which grew up with some hopes of the progress of men: some faith in their country." Someone once asked why Lushington had not kept to the law, or done better at it, when Milnes said: "Perhaps he paid what appears to be the inevitable penalty of humorous men in their relations to public life—that of seeming unsteadfast to the narrow-minded, and insincere to the stupid." And Milnes said this in all sincerity, for he himself had been doubted on account of his humour, as had been more than one of them in those earnest days.

On behalf of the Italians Lushington always laboured with generous affection. His home in Malta was one of the most popular resorts in the island, and he was highly esteemed and beloved. He retained all his life the fragile grace which distinguished him as well as his beautiful countenance. Venables thinks he preserved the latter because it had "never been distorted by a bitter feeling, and never deformed by a

mean or grovelling impulse." Milnes said that of all the people of his youth, with the exception of Arthur Hallam, Henry Lushington rested clearest in his memory.

He had a restful disposition and rare and varied gifts, and Tennyson had a true affection for him—he was for the poet one of his "Princes of Courtesy," but Tennyson was not with him when he died in 1855. It was Venables who undertook that memorable and melancholy pilgrimage, who brought his dying friend step by step from Arles to Paris.

"At Dijon," he says, "I at his request read him a considerable number of the Odes from a mutilated copy of Horace which was the only edition procurable in the shops of Lyons. As often as I paused at one of the frequent breaks of continuity, he repeated the missing passage in a low voice, without the mistake of a word." At Paris, at the last, when Venables read to him, from an unpublished copy which he had brought from England with him, Tennyson's "Daisy" and his poem to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Lushington said, "How the simple change in the last line from a dactyl to an amphibrachys changes a mere experiment into a discovery in metre!" The verses remarked upon being—

Rev. F. D. Maurice

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Gārrŭloŭs under a roof of pine.

THE DAISY.

Or tower, or high hill-convent seen
A light amid its olives green,
Or olive hoary cape in ocean,
Or rōsy̆ blossom in hot ravine.

Milnes was at Meurice's in Paris at the time Lushington and Venables arrived there and he says: "You may think how shocked I was at finding dear Henry Lushington so ill that there is little hope of his life. He came from Malta some days ago with his physician, and it seems doubtful whether he can move home, which he is anxious to do.—Poor Venables is with him, tending him like a lover, and carrying him about in his arms. His elder brother arrived yesterday. All this blackens this bright sky and makes a visit here very gloomy." Then again: "Dear Henry is worse and worse and there is hardly a gleam of hope." . . . And again: "Henry Lushington is no better, they do not let me see him and probably I never shall again. I somehow or other think of those who are left rather than those who are going, and thus I feel more for Venables than for himself. It has been the best and truest friendship I have ever seen in life."

The phrase which best expressed Venables' feelings over this great loss was, he says, the old familar words: *Quanto pluris tui meminisse quam inter alios versari.*

CHAPTER X

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE

Angels have talked with him and showed him thrones;
Ye knew him not: he was not one of ye;
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn:
Ye could not see the marvel in his eye
The still serene abstraction.

(TENNYSON.)

For, being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty-thousand college-councils
Thunder "Anathema" friend at you:

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight.

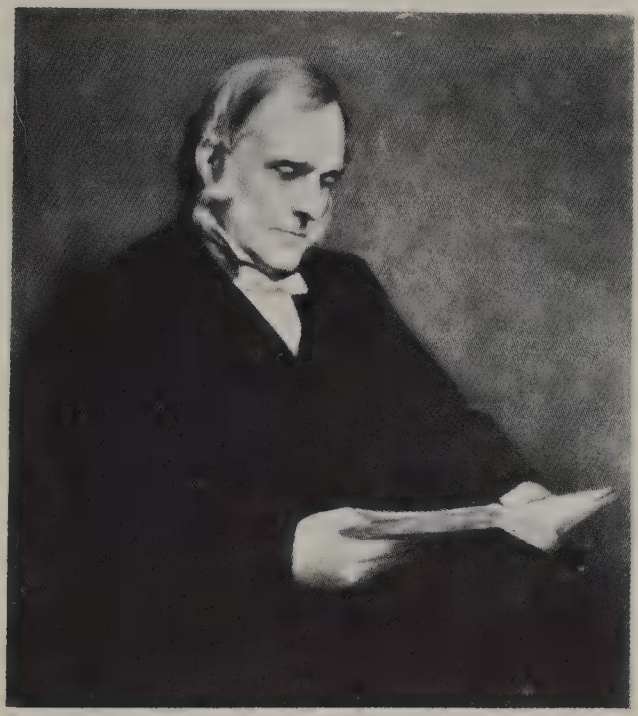
(*Ibid.*)

A PROFOUND thinker, a hard worker, a man of conscience and of scruples; one who sought all his life through for truth in order to reveal it to others groping in the same search; a rare personality, of ascetic charm and philosophic culture; a teacher who founded a school and attracted a multitude; the influence of Frederick Denison Maurice has scarcely lasted in the way it promised nor in the way it was expected to do.

It may, however, be too soon to decide conclusively

on this point; those who feel his light has grown a little dim, all hope that with the swing of time its glow may again be blown into flame; and if in the days to come the work which he accomplished—apart from the educational schemes which he evolved, which have had as full and ample achievement as he himself could have wished—if in the future his teaching and writings are not valued so highly as they used to be for their intrinsic worth, their literary merit and their conscientious research, still those who go to him must be favourably impressed by his strength, his purpose and his loftiness of aim.

Maurice, in common with many of the highest intellects of the early part of the nineteenth century, was born of Unitarian parents; an accident which coloured his character and caused many of his struggles; it certainly prevented him from accepting life with the content and assurance that others, educated on broader lines, possessed. The passing of most of his family at different times into different religious communities, also complicated his threads of thought and placed him at an early impressionable age in the turmoil of theological war. These early mental perturbations affected his self-confidence in later life and made him doubtful of the soundness of the conclusions at which he arrived even after profound study and mature consideration. The hyper-humility, which was part of his most intimate nature, went hand in hand with an inward and secret sensitiveness. He admitted himself that "he never thought his own arrangement



Frederick Denison Maurice

From the portrait by Samuel Laurence
Photographed by Emery Walker

of himself satisfactory," and in his searchings after truth, he no sooner adopted a fresh view than he would begin to reconsider with regret the theory he had just discarded.

Had Frederick Maurice been only more sure of himself and his own position, his influence would have been considerably more great and more lasting than it was, and his prophetic instinct of more unchallengeable value.

He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1823, being then eighteen, and he went there from a circle who imagined that the system at that University might have the effect of narrowing a mind which had already proclaimed itself to be no ordinary one. But whatever may be alleged against Cambridge, her influence has never been what could be described as "narrowing." Upon Maurice his University life had as broadening an effect as it had upon his companions Trench, Buller and Blakesley and on those who presently joined him there, Arthur Hallam, Tennyson and Milnes—the broadening process not being, in every case, equally fruitful of good.

At Cambridge he at once set about forming fresh aims in divers directions. Every new day, every new work, every new conversation, made a deep impression on the shy and emotional youth. "The more brilliant but less profound" John Sterling sought him out, insisted on having his friendship, and entered with him into an intellectual alliance which not only gave pleasure to themselves but to all who knew

them. For years these two were close companions, Sterling exerting himself always for Maurice's welfare in every way, but most of all in endeavouring to make him "come out of himself." Each of them, strong in spirit, influenced the other more than he knew, and hardly aware of his own work, helped to form the other's character.

Maurice had even then the penetrating individuality of the master mind; a power which at once and in all circles made itself felt. Through Sterling's instrumentality he was initiated into the company of the "Apostles." Treated with unwonted respect by his contemporaries, he became the acknowledged leader of these remarkable men, who, as soon as he began to formulate his thoughts, showed themselves ready to accept from him whatever he had to give.

His metaphysical powers were remarkably great; though—despite his worship of his friend—Sterling would only allow that "Maurice had in him the makings of a metaphysician."

However, study was easy to Maurice, and he did well; but if he had not felt his position as a Dissenter to be somewhat anomalous, he would for certain have done better. It was with him always the "test" question, or the relative position of man to God, or Unitarianism as opposed to the doctrines of the Church of England, which troubled him.

Maurice was no sooner an "Apostle" than he set to work to reorganize the "Society" and to make in it drastic and sweeping reforms. Finding it limp

after too rapid a growth, he imbued it with new strength, turned its aspirations towards higher objects, showed it its own power and caused it to be universally recognized as the most remarkable and interesting Society of the first half of the nineteenth century.

He fired his fellows with new ardour ; they warmed to the work which he inspired, and gradually Maurice himself began to draw fervour from the burning discussions which he had kindled. Filled with the glow of a new self-confidence, he shone forth and dazzled all with a brilliancy which had too long been kept under a bushel. It would be useless to pretend that the opinions which then, or even a little later on, took the strongest hold on the "Apostles" were always sound and well balanced. The abstruseness of the topic chosen, and the unquestioning confidence they reposed in their favourite advocate of it, had often an unsettling effect upon "changing youth," though perhaps the unsettledness of mind of the "Apostles" at that time, should only be reckoned as part of a phase through which the whole educated world was then struggling.

In 1825 Maurice became part editor of the *Metropolitan Quarterly*, a review which only ran into four numbers, but which affords interesting evidence of the high and polished literary attainments, even in those early days, of Maurice and his college friends. It was an excellent Review, admirably conducted, and its failure seems quite unaccountable.

Its collapse was a heavy blow to Maurice, who

had privately thought it might have been the first step in a literary career. Most of the "Apostles," full of expectation and hope in his future, were for his joining the Church and taking orders. John Kemble indeed vowed he should "one day be *his* curate," but Maurice could not then see his way to such a course. He turned his thoughts to the bar, and in 1827 migrated to Trinity Hall, in order to pursue his law studies there; and thither John Sterling soon afterwards followed him.

Maurice and Sterling, who took themselves even more seriously than did the other Apostles of their time, were ambitious to achieve more than they, —more indeed than was humanly possible. In their keenness to peer beyond the horizon of Philosophy —farther than the range of intellectual vision—interjacent facts faded out of their focus, and truths which to less eager eyes stood forth clear-cut and defined, became to their strained vision blurred and indistinct. They were clever enough to know in their hearts that they had overtaxed their powers, but, in the pride of youth, they were loth to admit it. It was probably this failure which gave them the sadness of expression which distinguished them both.

Maurice always acknowledged that he was under the greatest of obligations to Sterling. He practically lived with him at Cambridge. He always spoke and thought of his friend reverently and affectionately. "Sterling," said he, "fancied all fine things of me because I had exactly the qualities he wanted, and

was deficient in those which he had," and of a later time he says: "When this opinion was shaken, when he (Sterling) suspected I had passed into a fanatical theologian, and when I was hard and cold to him, he still showed me the rarest friendship." While Sterling said of Maurice: "With his frankness and nobleness which always exaggerated his debts to others he immensely overrated what he owed to me and suffered the inevitable disappointment which follows when a supposed hero turns out to be what he is."

Maurice in due course took a first class in civil law, to the exultation of his Apostolic friends, who urged him now to take his B.C.L., and influenced him so that he wrote to ask what "degree of consent and adherence to the doctrines and formulas of the Church of England he would have to profess, in order to obtain admission to the degree." He was told the profession of Conformity which would be exacted from him, on which he immediately requested that his name might be taken from the books. "He was convinced that he could never conscientiously fulfil these requirements,"—that is to say, allegiance to and observance of the canons of the Established Church. As his intellectual value was so highly esteemed, the importance of taking a degree was pressed upon him, whereon he wrote imperatively and begged that his name might be removed at once. "Whatever his religious convictions might ultimately become he would not hang a bridle round his neck to lead his conscience." His father, used by this time to change of

thought in his children, was delighted that his son had "preserved his principles at the sacrifice of his interests," and joyfully upheld him in his decision.

Maurice's life and acts at this period are worthy of all praise, particularly as there is no doubt that from his character, conduct and success, he would have received a Fellowship had he made that his object; but he turned his back upon the temptation and entered seriously upon a literary life.

All this time, however, although he hesitated to admit it, his sympathy with the Church was growing in strength, especially as the influence over him of the German Philosophers—to which he and his companions had all submitted for a period—was sensibly weakening. Throughout his theological researches, Maurice stoutly maintained he had no desire for religious excitement—but it is sure that few men ever lived in a greater whirl of it than he. A trifling quibble, a tiny scruple, would suffice to set his mind in a ferment. He was unable, at this period, to contemplate calmly the science of Theology. He lived perpetually in that very state of "religious excitement" which he professed and believed himself to disregard.

He, however, found peacefulness and rest in his friendships, which were many, strong and varied. He was as firmly attached to Kemble—gay, debonnaire and sincere—as he was to the brilliant and speculative Sterling. Kemble, in his loyal affection, followed Maurice and Sterling for a certain distance in one of their wanderings through theological mazes, and

wrote, when he had safely emerged and Maurice already saw his way out: "Maurice has determined to put his shoulder also to the wheel, and to stand up in these later days as one of the watchmen and defenders. He has declared for the Church. . . . If he only remains what I have known him to be, the Church will rarely have possessed a braver or a more protecting champion. He is a man of war in the panoply of intellect and will."

Maurice left Cambridge sadly and wistfully, feeling he had not fulfilled his part there; but while he deplored Cambridge levity of tone and Cambridge slang, he spoke with enthusiasm of Cambridge affectionateness and Cambridge generosity. Of himself he says, looking back on those times and speaking of his position among the "Apostles" and other societies where he was wont to sway the majority: "I was a noisy and often angry disputant—though mixing much shyness with my presumption. In most parties I was reckoned a bore."

His work during his career as a reviewer shows the greatest ability and the widest range of thought, but he did not really shine as a journalist. To begin with, he was not happy. He did not like London; his life there was all struggle, and a want of success in his work together with his straitened circumstances, told upon his spirit. That which stood much in his way during those trying months was the fact that he did not go enough into society; his chief obstacle, however, was his low estimate of his own powers, which friends as well as strangers deplored in him. But if he did

not go out much, he saw most of the Cambridge men who passed through or lived in London, and he was constantly with Sterling, who watched over him with extraordinary zeal, helping him in his life, encouraging him in his work, and fitting in with all his moods. "Maurice gets wiser and more practical every day," he said; and if this was true, Maurice was learning those virtues in a hard school, for almost everything he touched at that time failed dismally. When things were at their worst he and Sterling decided they would both write a novel, in which each should incorporate in romantic form his thoughts on the several subjects which had caused them the greatest agony of mind. This plan, decided in all seriousness, sounds to-day more like the extravagant suggestion of a humorist than the sober outcome of two serious minds.

Together too they took over the *Athenæum*, hoping much from it. Their "Apostolic" friends sent contributions to it, and they both worked hard, Maurice especially, for he of himself sometimes filled its pages. It is probable that it was the Spanish business which gave this paper its *coup de grace*. The public was not so much interested in Spanish "exiles" as were the "Apostles," who meeting them constantly in Sterling's rooms fell beneath their spell and made themselves their patrons as well as their champions. Maurice met many of the Spaniards and knew them well; but though he pleaded their cause in the *Athenæum*, it was in a half-hearted way, for he was not really in

sympathy with them. It is possible that he, with all respect be it said, may have been a little bored with them, and unconsciously allowed his father's losses in Spanish bonds and the consequent curtailment of his own economic liberty, to have a little prejudiced him against the "cause."

While he was working on his paper, he was at the same time working for relaxation at his psychological novel; and, in the course of its development, studiously weighing and analyzing—confuting or agreeing with—every theory and opinion which presented itself to the mind of its hero; as a result, his concordance with the beliefs of the Church became strengthened and he presently resolved to take his degree after all, with an ultimate view to Holy Orders. Julius Hare, on discovering this, urged his return to Cambridge—although he feared, while persuading, that he had not then enough of determined aim in him to accomplish much. But Maurice, remembering the suffering he had experienced through the falseness of his former position at that University, shrank from returning there. On this John Sterling entered his name at Oxford, whither he went in 1829, to Exeter College, where Sterling soon followed him. When it became known that Maurice had taken this unusual step, people wondered how he could bring himself to recommence life in this way; on which he said he thought that to begin again as an undergraduate would be "profitable humiliation to him after the airs he had given himself in his literary life."

Friends at Cambridge gave him introductions to Oxford friends. In thanking Hare for the "flattering testimony" which he had given on his behalf—which was of substantial assistance to him in obtaining concessions from the Oxford authorities in respect of terms he had kept at Cambridge—he said he thought, as his tendency had hitherto been to be too loose and incoherent in his speculations, that the habit of the place (Oxford) might operate rather as a useful check than as a dangerous temptation to him. "If I could hope to combine in myself something of that freedom and courage for which the young men whom I knew at Cambridge were remarkable, with something more of solidity and reverence for what is established, I should begin to fancy that I had some useful qualities for a member of the Church of England."

Arthur Hallam wrote to Gladstone, exhorting him to cultivate Maurice's acquaintance. "An acquantance which from all I have heard must be invaluable. I do not myself know Maurice, but I know well many whom he has known and whom he has moulded like a second nature, and these, too, men eminent for intellectual power, to whom the presence of a commanding spirit would, in all other cases, be a signal rather for rivalry than for reverential acknowledgment. The effect which he produced on the minds of many at Cambridge by the creation of that society of the 'Apostles' (for the spirit, though not the form was created by him) is far greater than I dare to calculate, and will be felt both directly and indirectly in the age that is upon us."

"I know Maurice well," said Mr. Gladstone, "had heard superlative accounts of him from Cambridge, and strove hard to make them all realities to myself . . . I think he and other friends did me good, but I got little solid meat from him, as I found him difficult to catch, and still more difficult to hold."

Gladstone also tells how once Maurice, being due to read a paper before the "Essay Club" (a society which had been inaugurated on the lines of the "Apostles"), was found, when they all arrived for the reading, in his own room engaged in writing the beginning of an entirely new essay, having been so discontented with his first attempt that he had thrown it into the fire.

Maurice went to Oxford entirely without enthusiasm. His credentials commanded for him a welcome from every one worth knowing in the University, which was at that time full of interesting men; of a different order of thought and expression, it is true, from the brilliant circle with which he had been intimate at Cambridge, but more in harmony, perhaps, with his own grave and conscientious disposition. In fact, there is no doubt that Maurice was intended by Providence for Oxford, and that he felt far more in his element in the sedate society he found there than in the light-hearted set he had left behind him. His intercourse with his new friends, however, did not make upon him the mark he had anticipated; the fact being that he was less impressionable than he had been two or three years before; also that he was passing though a crisis which kept all his thoughts self-

centred and left them comparatively insensible to external influences. Although his opinions were far better disciplined than in the old Cambridge days, it must have cost him considerable moral disquietude when the time came for him actually to endorse by his signature the uncongenial Thirty-Nine Articles. He vented his feelings some years later in a pamphlet called *Subscription no Bondage,* which was shown to both Pusey and Newman and taken and accepted by them without surprise and without comment, they having, Maurice thinks, both of them subscribed to the articles in much the same state of mind as he had done. There never was a franker, more candid spirit than Maurice's. He says himself of this outburst: "I had a moderately clear instinct when I wrote it that I never could be acceptable to any of the schools in the Church: that if I maintained what seemed to me the true position of a Churchman, I must be in hostility more or less marked with each of them." Later, when his views had changed and he was strong enough to repudiate his own sentiments, he wrote another paper in which he advised the abolition of tests and which he entitled *Subscription is Bondage*—a *volte-face* trying even for a humble man.

Maurice may be said to have been reared on sermons. All his family were in the habit of writing, in all good faith, long and earnest homilies to one another; and although family affection was not the warmest of his emotions, he could speak of these letters almost poetically, showing that their advent gave him one of

his few perfect pleasures. Speaking of a dearly-loved sister's burial, soon after his joining the Church, he said: "There is something exquisitely painful in the insensibility and apathy I have hitherto experienced, but it is wicked to make a complaint. . . . I feel that everybody put into this earth is a new invasion of Satan's present dominion, a new declaration that Christ is coming to claim the earth for His Church."

Whenever in early days he was over persuaded into giving an opinion on the thoughts or conduct of others, he always regretted it, and would say: "Of all spirits, I believe the spirit of judging is the worse, and it has the rule of me I cannot tell how dreadfully and how long."

While thinking over the Ordination Service, he said: "I am not going into a Church in which I look for a bed of down. That as an establishment it will be overturned, I know not how soon, I am nearly convinced. Yet I would sooner be a member of it now than in the days of its greatest prosperity." His depression of spirits during his fight with family and friends over his conversion had a prejudicial effect upon the work he was putting into his novel, with the result that he was advised to cut half of it away.

On this he re-modelled the book, though the entailed delay caused him disappointment and anxiety, for he had thought, with the hopefulness of that far-off day, with the profits on his story, to pay his expenses at Oxford. Fortunately soon afterwards the financial position of his people became substantially

improved, and when the book was ultimately finished Sterling took it in hand and succeeded in getting it published, and after it was out pushed it all he could. But *Eustace Conway* was not a pleasing book, though one critic maintained that "A work of such power, of such intimate knowledge of the human soul, can never be a failure." In sending a copy to Trench, Maurice said: "There will be nothing in it, I am sure, which can tempt you to any Lot's-wife act of looking at the doomed city from which you have escaped." This was a reference to the days when Trench had written a play and had himself made designs for novels. At the annual dinner of the "Apostles" that year, 1834, Maurice was toasted three times by his "Apostolic" brethren. First as an author of the Club. Second as having taken Orders since the last meeting. Third as the author of *Eustace Conway*.

When the chaplaincy of Guy's was offered him he gratefully accepted it, feeling convinced that his work was on the battlefield and that the battle was to be fought in London. As his fame increased, and his new opinions became more and more widely known, many of his old friends fell out with him on account of his broader views, while others avoided his company lest they might find they could no longer agree. Maurice was never a *companionable* thinker: that is to say, it was never in his nature, if puzzled by a problem, to take it to his friends and seek their help in solving it. He would rather seclude himself and work it out alone. This moral unsociability was

a source of great distress to him ; he felt keenly the fact that he was not able to converse freely with those who loved him best concerning the workings of his mind ; and he knew, although he could not alter his temperament, that it was this reticence which kept some friends at a distance, and which offended others.

But although he could not bring himself to discuss current questions with his intimates, he was able to find some relief, as his views became definite and formulated, in giving them forth to the world at large in the form of pamphlets and sermons. During the various crises in the Oxford movement, we find him from time to time endeavouring to bring the world back again to "simple and trustful views." "Oh that our High Churchmen," he exclaims, "would but be Catholics ! At present they seem to me three parts Papist and one part Protestant, but the *tertium quid*, the glorious product of each element so different from both, I cannot discern even in the best of them."

There was never a man with a less self-seeking nature than Maurice. More than once, when preferment was offered him, he said : "If I am to do anything for the Church, it must be in a subordinate position," and he would proceed to urge the claims of some one else in his place. It was while delivering a series of lectures at Guy's Hospital that he commenced his important work on Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, which remains a monument to his intellectual powers as well as to his indefatigable industry. He was

an admirable writer—lucid, forcible, elegant, often picturesque—but he lacked one quality essential to lasting fame and greatness, one which must be freely given by the gods, for it cannot be acquired, even at Cambridge; Maurice was entirely deficient in humour.

It was in 1838 that he was introduced to Carlyle by James Spedding, at his hospitable rooms at Lincoln's Inn—the first meeting-place of so many of the great men of the day. In this case the friendship did not progress far. The two admired each other, it is true, but somewhat grudgingly. Maurice was not at his ease with Carlyle, and whenever they met would awkwardly burst into controversy with him, a contingency which Carlyle always sought to avoid. Maurice, too, imagined, no doubt erroneously, that Carlyle thought him "a sham," and this did not tend to bring the two philosophers of opposite schools into affectionate relations. Carlyle's lectures always made considerable impression upon Maurice, though he criticized them freely, and maintained that the "Sage" would "say and repeat things he laughed to scorn in other men." He complained loudly too of Carlyle's "silly rant about the great bosom of nature." It is difficult to say why these two should have failed so utterly to get on together, except that their natures were essentially different—that Carlyle having once formed an opinion upon a point was content, while Maurice seldom was. But Maurice's attitude towards Carlyle resembled his attitude towards

the "Schools"—it was eminently conscientious, but pre-eminently unsatisfactory.

Whenever (and it was often) he felt strongly, he rushed into print; and for a long period his life was plunged in controversy; he was a mettlesome but absolutely fair antagonist. He was bitter against those who expressed negative feelings in religion, yet he wrote his pamphlet on *To be on Neither Side*. His impartiality lost him from time to time some partisans, and he at last became conscious that he was not popular. The time he suffered most was when he had to cut himself from "heretic" friends. For years he was sure there was but one man to save the Church, and that that man was Manning. He said of him he was the "completest man he had ever met," and "if there are ten such, I think England is not Sodom." And this he said knowing that Manning was suspicious of him and perhaps, like Carlyle, not quite sure that he was not a "sham."

He was the most modest preacher of strong views that modern times have seen. When he was writing his *Mental and Moral Philosophy* —the work by which he will in all probability live—he said: "I like this task better than declaiming about greater matters: facts are becoming dearer to me every day."

The amount of physical and mental work which he accomplished is incalculable: still he found time for relaxation. He saw Tennyson and Milnes whenever he could. Spedding and Venables were his close associates, and the most sympathetic of his friends.

He was not intimate with all our "Apostles," but that was probably because he travelled in realms whither some of them could not follow him. Brookfield he met constantly—their duties as well as their inclinations bringing them often together. Brookfield notes in his diary that Mrs. Brookfield would go surreptitiously to Lincoln's Inn to hear Maurice, and "This afternoon Thackeray and Garden came to luncheon. Mrs. B. and Garden went after to Lincoln's Inn Chapel to hear Maurice. I called on Sir E. Perry, where was Phinn, M.P. I sat a long while talking, and finally went into Mrs. Elliot's, where Lady Heslop, Mrs. C. Elliot, and W. Harcourt. Dined at home, Thackeray and Harcourt joining in with infinite mirth. They, with Jane, were talking before dinner how the second lesson that afternon had been 'quite a chapter for Maurice,' apparently unconscious how exactly like other cliques and religious coteries they were talking." Maurice, though, attended "Apostolic" meetings. He says once: "I go to-day to dine with my old Cambridge friends" (i.e., the 'Apostles' Club); "the bonds which connect me with them are very sacred. I owe very much to them—more than any one can tell. But I have never rightly used my opportunities, and any meeting with them is or should be a reason for fresh humiliation; so much good that one might do has been left undone, so many words unspoken, and so many spoken too much. Oftentimes I have thought I would hold no more intercourse with them (though I always learn something from them), if I

could not be more helpful to them, but I believe it is right to keep up every old tie and to strengthen it if possible. Good does come out of it, if we are ever so weak."

It is difficult to get at Maurice's real views about the "Apostles." On one occasion he said he thought some of them ought to "thank God for having passed through a debating Society with any part of their souls undestroyed." He was constantly fighting the press, and in doing so once expounded an important truth. "*The Record*," he says," which talks of us all as infidels" (this was concerning the Sterling Club), "has been the cause of more bitter infidelity in the younger branches of religious families than all Voltaire's writings together."

But Maurice's contempt for human respect led him to perhaps an injudicious disregard of the impression his conduct conveyed. For instance, he mixed himself up with Socialism in times when its purest form could not, by the public eye, be distinguished from its foulest, and so he was misunderstood; he brought obloquy on himself by his teachings on certain points which the *Guardian* pronounced to be dangerous, and which it condemned. And partly in consequence of this he was asked, after thirteen years of splendid work, to resign his professorship at King's College.

After the stormy comments which all this provoked, Tennyson's invitation to him reflects glory on the poet as a friend and as an "Apostle." In the rhymed invitation to the Isle of Wight, does he not tenderly say—

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip,
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
. . . . .
How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor;
How gain, in life, as life advances,
Valour and charity more and more.

Monckton Milnes, who always kept on happy terms with Maurice, and loved him the more as he became the more notorious, commenting upon this business, at the Grange, the Christmas after it occurred, said: "Lord Radstock was the theologian who condemned Maurice in the King's College Council. . . . Whereupon Venables maintained that Maurice, in that hour, 'gave the grandest example of human nature possible.'"

That which most affected Maurice during this unhappy time was the address of sympathy presented to him by a body of working men—a touching memorial which embodied in it a hint that he should place himself at the head of a college for working men. Education being Maurice's great hope for the country—his lecture on *Has the Church or the State the Right to Educate the Nation?* might with profit be now read—the idea grew in his mind, and soon a scheme was drawn up which became the basis of a college for this purpose. He himself took a house, and arranged it and invited professors to give their services to it,

and so started one of the most wonderful institutions of modern times.

Although a Church Reformer, it is on social questions that Maurice is best seen. Here his ambitions, his organizing faculties, his true and heartiest sympathies, had their best scope and most comprehensive expression. These were his true life's work—which once begun, he carried on with rare genius; and the success of all that he inaugurated in this way is the best testimony to the excellence of his plans and the greatness of his abilities. A part of a fine letter written to some one who suggested that Charles Buller's scheme for emigration for our poor was inexpedient, is worth quoting: "Colonization is not transportation: it is a brave, hearty, Saxon, Christian work. To stir up men and women to engage in it is to stir them up to feel that they are men and women in the highest, truest sense of the words."

His working men were the first to congratulate him on his appointment to the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge; though when this tardy compliment was paid to him his life and his work were nearly over: but when Donne, his brother "Apostle," also wrote he replied: "I thank you most gratefully for your kind and candid note. It is a very great pleasure, a greater pleasure than I ever looked for, to have been so treated by the University, but the welcome which my friends have given me on my appointment has been more to me than the Chair itself. I do not know when I have had so much kindness shown me,

though I have had a very unusual and undeserved share of it at all times."

It is difficult in these days to reconstruct in any way the interest, the glamour, or the fascination that Maurice had for the men of his time. If one writes of him now, somewhat unenthusiastically, it is because one is angered to find with his great gifts he did not do more; but there seem to have been few in his own time but felt the attraction of his presence and the high superiority of his mind. He was ideally handsome, with a beauty of the highest order, which he never reckoned as a contributing cause to his success as a preacher; he had a melodious voice and a flow of good words, but he was never merely the orator; matter he placed always before manner; and if his voice trembled when he spoke, it was from the force of his own sincere convictions and from no cultivated affectation. Milnes once said to Gladstone: "I wish you had mentioned Maurice in your estimate of preachers—to me it was more apostolic than anything I ever heard." As a fashionable preacher, he was pursued and teased in the ordinary way; and he had, even amongst his own disciples, those who pointed out to him new lines of thought as well as new routes to follow. For years he held and dominated a large affectionate public, all willing to be led —he willing to lead. An earnest, tender soul, no one doubted his spirituality. Kingsley's idea of him was no doubt the correct one: "His humility was carried to an extreme; unaware of his own intellectual and his

own practical and governing power, he would submit at times when he ought to have ruled, or listen when he ought to have commanded." He had a protective personality. He took under his wing the poor, the sick, the oppressed, and women; to all of these he gave out all he had of sympathy and assistance; he was also a warm supporter of female suffrage. In fact to women Maurice's courtesy and consideration was as chivalrous as it was unstinted. His patience was beautiful, his acceptance of them as equal with himself in brain, and in all organizing mental capacity, one of those confidences which led to the greater freedom of women, and to their bettered position to-day.

When he died all England felt the jar caused by the cutting away of so tenacious and earnest a personality, those who had disagreed with him as well as those who had agreed. Edward W. Tait, one of his disciples, in one of his charming letters, says—and he expressed the opinion of all Maurice's followers—" I feel as if I had lost a second father in losing Maurice out of this world. . . . I owe more to Maurice, I think, than to any one else. There was a requisition that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, but according to his own wish he was buried quite quietly with his own kindred at Highgate. I went to the funeral, and the simplicity and solemnity of it I shall never forget. After the service was ended, some men and women of the Working Men's College, which he had formed and over which he had watched for so long, sang two or three hymns—very badly but all the more impres-

sively—ending with 'Abide with Me,' in which everybody joined. Nothing could have been more truly grand and appropriate than these simple people singing their songs of faith and hope in a quiet corner of a common cemetery over the grave of the great teacher whose lessons, taught gently and quietly to all men alike as his brothers, have in them the power which will presently reform this country of England, and through it, largely, the whole world."

CHAPTER XI

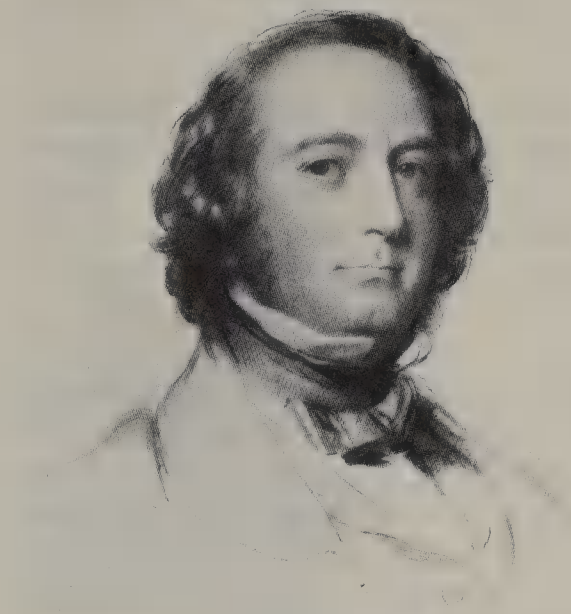
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

Friends.
Keep, oh! keep your Paradise!
Once I gained your happy place,
Ardent in the healthy race,
One of many braced together,
Comrades of the way and weather.
(RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.)

AMONG the lights of those days, some shot their beams farther than others, some were steadier and some purer; but the most *brilliant* luminary of them all was undoubtedly Richard Monckton Milnes. His social advantages were exceptional, and his amazing and delightful personality enabled him to avail himself of them to the fullest extent. He had high ability and wide ideas, the former of which enabled him to fascinate and bewilder the world with the originality of the latter. His earliest recorded expression was eminently characteristic, when, as a child, he first saw the open sea, and vehemently proclaimed his rage and disappointment that it was not bigger. From his youth up he displayed a virile self-confidence; he never doubted his own powers. "I must work my own way unpatronized, or not at all," was the motto of a satisfied and independent mind.

Although his education had been in private hands, he was fairly well equipped when he arrived at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1827. His mother went with him, arranged his books in their shelves, and wistfully watched him from a gallery at his first dinner in Hall. "He sat by Wordsworth" (Master of Trinity), "and seemed as much at home amongst the dons as if he had been there for years."

Milnes, overjoyed to get to College, and enthusiastic about his surroundings, flung himself at once into the spirit of the place. In those days the aristocracy—and plutocracy—were wont to become what were called "Fellow-Commoners," a privileged sect (that against which Lushington fulminated) who enjoyed, by paying for them, sundry indulgences and exemptions, and who inspired their humbler fellow-students with awe and envy. But since Thackeray gave his own special significance to the word "snob," and caused a social revolution, especially at his old University, by the delightful book in which he illustrated his definition, the Golden Calf has gradually lost many of its worshippers at Cambridge, until nowadays both "Fellow-Commoners" and "Sizars"—the high priests and the servers of the *culte*—have ceased to be. It was, however, in the natural order of things, as they then existed, that Milnes should become a "Fellow-Commoner." It was some royal blood on his mother's side which gave him a claim to this advantage, and it was his father's blood which gave him a taste for it. It was a position, said a fellow "Apostle," "which



Richard Monckton Milnes

enabled young men who were capable of it to profit by the conversation of Dons."

When Tennyson saw Milnes for the first time, he said he thought him the most good-humoured and the best-tempered creature he had ever seen, and "a man I should like to know"; while Arthur Hallam said he was "one of our aristocracy of intellect here, a kind-hearted fellow, as well as a clever one, but vain and paradoxical." It was perhaps youthful vanity which prompted him to write, on the subject of his height, "Pray console my mother about my growth by Lord Monson being a head less than I am; Grattan and Fox were both little men, and so was St. Paul," but it was far more probably a little audacious banter.

After he and his fellow-freshmen had joined the "Union Debating Society," where "a Mr. Sterling told us we were going to have a revolution, and he didn't care if his hand should be the first to lead the way," it was found that Milnes had some power of speaking in him if he would "cultivate it well," and that he was "as ambitious as was reasonable"—these were Hallam's opinions. "What a rare thing is a grown-up mind!" said Milnes of Hallam in return.

On the occasion of the Shelley *v.* Byron mission in 1829 to Oxford, Milnes, when he asked leave to go on that errand, did not feel it his duty to be clear as to whether it were the poet Wordsworth or the poet Shelley whose glory was the object of the deputation; and he afterwards, in his candid fashion, said, "I may per-

haps have implied it was the former. . . . I wanted to see the place and the men . . . we drove manfully through the snow . . . arrived in time to speak that night . . . fêted next day. Saw the lions—and came back next morning."

He had, with several of his contemporaries, the sort of genius which does not lend itself to competition, yet, on one occasion when he fancied he had failed to excel in an examination, we find this self-possessed young worldling—paradoxical even in his emotions—flinging himself upon a sofa in an agony of tears. It subsequently turned out he had done better than he had imagined.

There is no doubt that he loved advertisement; there are many men, not merely politicians or soldiers, but men with exalted poetical natures, to whom life is savourless without the sauce of *réclame*. But the extravagance of some of his juvenile pranks was due less to any vulgar desire to attract attention than to the whimsicality of his inclinations. He had a natural desire to judge of everything by personal investigation. His thirst for a new experience took him even up in a balloon—in days when aërial travellers were few. While floating in the air on that occasion he wrote a rapturous letter to Arthur Hallam, to which his sober friend replied, "I had been sceptical all along as to your possessing physical courage enough to venture." Milnes had a high appreciation of Hallam's genius, and complains in a letter, "I do not see Hallam once for the twenty times I am with Fitzroy or O'Brien,"

though on another occasion he proudly begins, "Hallam is in my great chair. . . . I found a sonnet from him awaiting me in town, which ended—

> . . . a sterner part assume,
> Whether thou championest Urania's strife,
> Or, marked by Freedom for her toga'd sway,
> Reclaim'st thy father's soon abandoned bay,"

which looks as if Arthur sometimes endeavoured to tutor the gay and airy Milnes into sobriety and discretion.

Milnes was always amusingly discursive about the "Apostles," and was a joy to them, though something of an anxiety. Blakesley, despite his great esteem for him, was of opinion that "the Society does not gain much from him." "I read an essay on the state of the country, at a Society called the 'Apostles,' last Saturday," Milnes wrote; "I hurried it too much to be very good. One party called it too metaphysical, the other (the greater part) too practical, but it took altogether very well."

When he left Cambridge he had youthful romantic ambitions, chiefly political, and with regard to these he sought the advice of Lady Morgan, who said to him, "They who would legislate for the world must live in the world," astute common-sense which the urbane Milnes accepted with content. When he went down, as it was not yet time to start on his political career, he joined his family abroad, where they were living—so they alleged—for economy; though they

appear to have dwelt in marble palaces and to have entertained all the illustrious of the land. Young Milnes wrote: "Cardinal Weld has done a beautiful drawing for mamma; he says 'It is not much, but he does not think she will find another Cardinal to do it better.'"

The new experience of travel and foreign surroundings for the time being drove politics from his mind, and awoke in him fresh enthusiasms, especially for scenery and for all that was beautiful. "What is Italy without Rome? What Syria without Jerusalem? What Egypt without Thebes and Alexandria?" The man who found the "Coliseum" had "a glory of ruin which must be grander than its first perfection," was an artist as well as a poet, but Milnes gave himself up entirely to poetry. His was a genius which could have enriched the world through the medium of any art he had chosen to espouse; but poetry was the popular mistress of the hour. All his friends wrote verse, notably Tennyson and Hallam, and could he not do the same? argued Milnes. Much of his poetry was written in circumstances illustrative of the power of the man. He would easily and cheerfully get though any poetic task he might set himself, and produce a masterpiece before setting forth in pursuit of other pleasures; and no one ever lived with a greater capacity for pleasure than Monckton Milnes.

The first great steadying shock of his young life was the death of Arthur Hallam. He said—for he had not seen him for some time before his death—

I thought, how should I see him first,
How should our hands first meet,
Within his room, upon the stairs—
At the corner of the street?
I thought, where should I hear him first,
How catch his greeting tone?
And thus I went up to his door,
And they told me he was gone!

He mourned for Hallam "as for a brother":

For I have lost the veriest friend
Whom ever a friend could name.

Milnes had plenty of sympathy; it was not very deep —that would be too much to look for in one with such a nature—but it was consistent and universal. The death of this young friend caused him to lament "the loss of youth," and brought forth from him poems connected with life's young day, which are some of the most charming and affecting of his works. His artistic temperament made him take delighted interest in all that he produced himself. When he got back to Rome in 1834, he says ingenuously, "I wish I had brought some copies of my book here. It would have gone off immensely. . . . There are here Garden and Monteith and Trench. We are quite a Cambridge *coterie*." His book went off very well, and in a way to cheer him, though he says it did not sell at a "vulgar rate."

Macarthy, a friend to whom Milnes always unbosomed himself, says of this time: "In the spring of 1834 I was one day returning from one of the gorgeous ceremonies of Easter at St. Peter's, in com-

pany with Trench and Milnes. Milnes in his red military uniform, I in black silk academic gown, were sauntering along the Tiber. Trench, who came up to us, said in his deep voice, 'I was just thinking that, after all, there are but two professions in the world worth professing—those two' (pointing to our dresses). 'Yes,' said Milnes, 'but we neither of us belong to them; Macarthy is as much a Churchman as I am a soldier, that is to say, not at all.'"

It was to Macarthy, who did not go into the Church, that Milnes once quaintly observed: "The thing I was intended for by nature is a German woman. I have just that mixture of *häusliche Thätigkeit* and *Sentimentalität* that characterizes that category of Nature. I think Goethe would have fallen in love with me; and I am not sure that Platen didn't."

Milnes believed in the cultivation of the poetic faculty, and encouraged youths to practise it, believing that it taught men to "divide the sphere of imagination from that of practical life, and obviate dangers that so often arise from the want of this distinction." "There is no better preservative than the poetic faculty from religious hallucinations, from political discussions, and, I would say, even from financial extravagance." When he also said, "The greater portion of the verses I have written were that product of the lyrical period of youth which is by no means uncommon among modern civilization," he was writing at a period when even the young "bucks" deemed it not unmanly to cultivate certain

elegancies of mind, and when games were frankly ranked as pastimes, and not as occupations.

At one time he was looked on as the successor to the Laureateship. Landor, at a breakfast at Rogers', maintained that Milnes was the greatest poet then living and writing in England; and he certainly had a following who, during the mid-Victorian age, thought him the poet of the century. It is unquestionable that in some of his verse he reached great heights. Had Tennyson not come to the fore, Milnes would have done even greater things than he did. But he would not exert himself against a giant whose powers he admired so much. When he withdrew gracefully from the lists, it was not in fear of a possible conqueror, but in favour of a popular aspirant who was also an old friend—one whom, in his generosity of heart, he had sooner see crowned than wear the bays himself. It was, in fact, he who recommended Tennyson for the Laureateship. "I am in no hurry to publish my poems . . . and when the world's such that Alfred Tennyson does not think it worth while to write down his compositions, there need be no rash eagerness on my part."

In 1844 Milnes published a volume of his works with the following dedication: "*To the members of* 'THE CONVERSAZIONE SOCIETY' *established and still continued in the University of Cambridge. This edition of 'Poems of Many Years' In grateful remembrance of knowledge communicated, affection interchanged, and intelligence expanded.*" These compliments were highly appreciated by the "Apostles," for the little

book contains most of his best work. The following passage from "The Flight of Youth" is wonderfully reminiscent of Sir Philip Sydney, without being in any way a copy of the soldier-poet :

> Alas ! we know not how he went,
> We knew not he was going,
> For had our tears once found a vent,
> We had stayed him with their flowing.
> It was as an earthquake, when
> We awoke and found him gone,
> We were miserable men,
> We were hopeless, every one !
> Yes, he must have gone away
> In his guise of every day—
> In his common dress, the same
> Perfect face, and perfect frame ;
> For in feature, for in limb
> Who could be compared to him ?

Recalling a walk in his youth, he says :

> . . . with you a'strolling hand in hand
> Break lances in a tournament of rhyme—
> Dispute about the tints of faery-land—
> Or, by some heritage which olden Time
> Has left the wise,
> Bid wondrous pageants, as by sorcerer's wand,
> Before us rise.

Modern lovers of poetry should turn to the works of Monckton Milnes ; unlike those of a minor poet, they stand the test of time ; indeed, the only trace of age they show is scholarship. He stands forth pre-eminent and for always the Poet of Youth.

> How we have joyed, when all our mind was joy,
> How we have loved, when love was all our law,
> Looked with half envy on the rising boy,
> And thought of manhood with religious awe.

Perhaps his most beautiful lines of all were those inspired by the verse: "O that I were as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my Tabernacle." But it was his "Palm Leaves," in which he sings of the East after a romantic visit thither, which attracted the most contemporary notice. De Tocqueville wrote: "You seem to have returned too much the Mussulman. I cannot make out why in these days so many distinguished minds evince this tendency." Sydney Smith said: "Milnes is the writer who sent out 'Palm Leaves' which came back Laurels." Kinglake criticized them in the *Quarterly*, upon which Milnes affirmed by way of rejoinder that he himself, had he chosen, could have written "Eöthen"—"that is *nearly*."

Although poetry was the art he loved, he wrote prose besides. His *Keats' Life and Literary Remains* is written and compiled with admirable tact and artistic sympathy; and his mind had lost none of its keenness nor vivacity when, twenty years later, he published his brilliant *Monographs*. It is interesting to learn from him that he found he wrote poems less true in expression as he began to write prose more easily. He contributed to the principal magazines and reviews; he was also the author of numerous pamphlets, of which one of the most earnest and serious was his *One Tract More*. This he wrote under the *nom de plume* "A Layman," and in it he says:

"Persecution was a refusal to recognize religions on the part of those who acknowledged secular authority.

It was in this theory of the Church of England that the Continental Protestants nicknamed it 'Parliament faith' —and that Melancthon maintains that the German Lutherans named those who had suffered for the reformed cause in England the Devil's Martyrs."

The whole tract was a fine piece of special pleading, and it was much praised by his friends. For Milnes made no concealment of his eagerness to hear what people thought of his work, and whenever he published anything fresh he would go the round of friends and acquaintances to hear their opinions and enjoy their congratulations.

Milnes had always strong Catholic leanings. At Cambridge, while many of his friends were for a time under the spell of the German philosophers, he was never attracted by their unlovely dogmas. And no doubt during his sunny holidays in Rome his imagination must have been still further stimulated by the graceful emblems and magnificent monuments which surrounded him. Had he, like most of his "Apostolic" contemporaries, had the habit of serious introspection, he would probably have found he was already in his heart what his mind inclined him to be. But the paradoxical Milnes was always least serious when contemplating most serious subjects. However the teetotum of his mind might vacillate as it spun, it always fell finally light side up. He was one of the first to subscribe himself an "English Catholic." "These are 'shocking' bad times for me," he once remarked in early days; "but a liberal-minded English Catholic

would be a great game to play in Rome, if he had wit or will enough." His friend O'Brien at the same period said to him : " It is a pity you have no faith ; now that we are all settling down in faith, you ought not to go on frittering your fine talents and good heart on things that win you neither respect nor love." It was this gentleman who told Milnes, " You are near something very glorious, but you will never reach it," and he was something of a prophet.

On occasions Milnes would write thoughtfully on theological questions : as for instance when he comments on the singular fact that both Gospel and Church should be silent on the matter of the re-union of living souls after death. " If the bond of affection be in itself indissoluble, there must be sameness if not a unity of destination for souls which are thus banded ; and how is this irreconcilable with the adjustment of spiritual differences, to say nothing of awards and punishments ? Can we conceive a soul at once enjoying intellectual communion with the wise Heathen, affectionate communion with the object of its earthly love, and spiritual communion with Christ and the Saints ? "

But if others discussed religious matters in a serious manner, it was rare for Milnes to take his tone from them. On one occasion, when some of the more ponderous-minded of his fellow " Apostles " were sitting in solemn conclave upon one of Dr. Pusey's Oxford sermons, and by dint of serious thought and analytical argument were arriving slowly—and most of them reluctantly—at the conclusion that it was to be pro-

scribed, Milnes entirely changed the tone of the discussion (to the scandal of his graver hearers) by jauntily suggesting that the sermon undoubtedly deserved to be condemned—for its length.

In politics he displayed an amount of orderliness and method, a quickness and firmness of grasp, a power of rapidly unravelling complications and immediately placing every fact in its proper mental pigeonhole, hardly to be expected in so volatile a nature. He knew by instinct the way to the back-stairs of politics, and the secret thoughts and schemes of politicians, and he had such discretion—another unexpected virtue—that he could chat on international questions with kings and diplomats and gossip around state secrets, apparently without reserve, and yet without betraying a hint which could possibly strain relations.

When he stood for Pontefract as a Conservative, his triumph, which was signal, was hailed with delight by his friends, who, as they did not hesitate to tell him, did not till the last moment know the colour of his politics. He tried hard and ingeniously to maintain an independent position, an attitude which often brought down abuse upon him and caused his constituents sometimes to doubt his good faith. He did not take politics so lightly as he took other interests. To become a great statesman was the one serious end of his ambitions, and he devoted himself to its achievement with heart and soul. But although he had the qualifications of a great diplomatist, he had not the

temperament of a successful politician. Artist to the finger-tips, he could never have become anything so *bourgeois* as a party leader. Gradually he realized that the parliamentary boat was not one in which he was destined to occupy his favourite and usual thwart —that of stroke ; in fact he found that it was a galley in which he had no particular place at all. Peel refused him the part of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and this no doubt hipped him and influenced him to some extent in his experiment of a change of politics. When Peel's course of action was being discussed and criticized at The Grange, Carlyle exclaimed : " No, no ; Peel knows what he is about. There is only one fit post for you, Milnes ; and that is the Office of Perpetual President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society." During the same house party Lady Ashburton, on being told there was a rumour that Milnes had accepted some Colonial appointment, exclaimed, " I hope not ; we shall have no one to show us what we ought *not* to do and say."

He never forgave his father for refusing a peerage that was offered to him. " I think that the severe dullness of the House of Lords, which Lord Grey used to call ' speaking to dead men by torchlight,' would have suited my nervous temperament." And when Strutt refused a peerage he said, " The disease seems catching ; and if the Lords cannot be recruited either from the Conservative or the Democratic side, what will they come to ? " Luckily for his peace of mind, he died unenlightened.

Milnes helped towards the bringing in of the Copyright Bill, and was great on liberty of conscience. Of the clever things he said, he never, perhaps, surpassed "Gladstone's method of impartiality is being furiously earnest on both sides of the question." He was in sympathy with the Suffrage for Women, and led the movement for the legislation of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, questions on which feeling still runs high. As an instance of wasted enthusiasm, the story may be told parenthetically of a young marquis of a later period who left a houseful of guests and travelled a ten hours' journey to oppose the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill in the Lords. "You don't often put yourself out like this on your country's behalf," observed a club acquaintance. "Ah! but this is a case when one's *bound* to put one's self out a bit," replied the young peer. "I *do* think it'll be an infernal shame if they oblige a chap to marry his Deceased Wife's Sister—*if he don't want to.*"

"A Bird of Paradox," according to Mrs. Norton, the "Cool of the Evening" and "London Assurance" to the rest of the world, Milnes with all his *persiflage* had a high sense of his own dignity. He challenged his man when he found himself insulted; arranged a fight; was furious at receiving an apology, and loudly lamented that duelling could not again be legalized.

Milnes loved the society of the clever and the great, but he was neither a patron nor a parasite. He had the "Liberty-Equality-Fraternity" temperament of every true artist, and always had the power of feeling

at his ease and of conveying the same sense to others. In fact, though he preferred his Bohemians in fine—or at all events, clean—linen, he was happy in any company, high or low, provided it were interesting. His parties were always discreetly assorted ; the guest-list was ever a work of art like the *menu ;* he believed in mixing like with like ; he would invite the gay to meet the lively, the grave the serious ; every one who went to his house was usually sure to meet company in which he could shine. He used to say, " Other people give their friends bread. I like to give them cake." At his breakfasts—where " the gods gathered like flies "—he always took care to have a goodly sprinkling of Cambridge intimates to diffuse the conversation and to break up the " monologues of Smith and Macaulay." Milnes always maintained that he looked on the " intimate and independent conversation of important men as the cream of life." He was a man of "sensibility " in the sense in which the older dramatists use the term ; he would have liked to have gone about discovering and fostering newly-hatched genius—but not having the time nor perseverance for that, collected around him the full-fledged specimens, who flocked to his call. He used to say, " It is not the amount of genius or moral power expended, but concentrated, that makes what the world calls a great man ; the world never sees a man but in *one* capacity."

Sydney Smith, who once wished Milnes " many long and hot dinners with lords and ladies, wits and poets," was present at the breakfast when Milnes told

how "George IV. in latter years used to speak as if he had been present at certain great fox-hunts, battles and the like. Some distinguished foreigner being at Belvoir when the king was there, his majesty had thoroughbreds sent from the royal stables for the foreigner and himself, and gave the former his choice. When the day came, the king never left his chamber, but for long afterwards he would talk of the splendid run they had had, and how he was the only one in at the death! So in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, George IV. spoke of *the charge* he had led at Vittoria! After a dinner with the king, some one once asked the duke, 'What does all this mean?' 'Oh,' answered the duke, 'partly madness and partly the habit of lying.'"

Of the curious range of Milnes' mind, it is only necessary to note how easily he could turn from poetry to politics and from politics to palmistry. It is remarkable to find a man of such shrewd good sense saying: "This thunderous weather has made me nervously electrical; I could see the sparks coming out of my fingers in the dark. I am going to see the somnambulist Alexis this afternoon."

In breakfasts, as in everything else, Milnes wished to be first. "Old Rogers lives and goes on breakfasting, but is a good deal estranged from me: I rather think he is the loser by it," he observed, with cheerful and characteristic effrontery; while of an aunt he said, "She wants to give breakfasts like mine, but the one last week was quite a failure."

On one occasion a son of Garibaldi called upon him and sent up his card at a moment when Milnes was entertaining a party of Catholics of high rank. The gentleman was not admitted, and the distinguished prelates were not informed of his visit. "If they had met," said Milnes, "what a confirmation it would have been of the wildest stories of my parties." To no one but the cosmopolitan-minded Milnes could such an incident have occurred. A vast volume might be compiled of Milnes' *obiter dicta*. The light heart that could say, "I rather think of six weeks of Berlin this winter, to rub up my German and see whether the king is a humbug," belonged of right to the person who broke his ankle "dancing a cachuka on a green Alp that was not meant for it," and who was in the habit of saying "fresh country air and exercise gave him more indigestion and uncomfortableness than London dinners and doziness."

Previous to a masked ball at Buckingham Palace, Milnes was heard to say he intended to go to it as old Chaucer. Wordsworth was seventy-five, but he was also going. When told of the younger man's intention, he exclaimed, "If Richard Milnes goes to the Queen's ball in the character of Chaucer, it only remains for *me* to go in the character of Richard Milnes." "You are a man of large heart," said Lady Waldegrave to Milnes at this same ball. "That may be, but it's not near so useful as a narrow mind," he sighed.

Milnes made Carlyle so welcome to his house that he called going there "seeing the felicity of life." Brookfield always said he never could decide which he liked best in Milnes, "his diabolical good humour, or his charitable heart." He did not always approve of Milnes' friends, though, and he once records in his diary: "Dined *en garçon* with Milnes at 16, Brook Street; Albert Smith, Wigan, Kinglake, Corry, Harcourt, C. Villiers. For a wonder, not a successful mixture nor very agreeable. Smith coarse to a degree. Acquiescent recognition of the worse profligacy as a matter of course was sickening. Home at 10.30."

Carlyle's protective patronage over Milnes' writing was as beautiful as it was quaint. "You will write a book one day which we shall all like," he said to him after his article on "Emerson." "In prose it shall be, if I may vote. A novel, an emblematic picture of English society as it is! Done in prose, with the spirit of a poet, what a book were that!" And on another occasion he says, "Milnes has open eyes for genius, and reverence for it." Some one compared the friendship between the two as "a combat between the Secutor and Retiarius of the Roman arena." Milnes, giving back praise for praise, says, in speaking of the historian's lectures, "Carlyle's personality is most attractive. There he stands, simple as a child, and his happy thought dances on his lips and in his eyes, and takes word and goes away, and he bids it God-speed whatever it be."

When Milnes was made a peer, his friends were all of them genuinely delighted, though Greville comments somewhat carpingly, "Monckton Milnes has obtained the object of his ambition and is created a peer by the title of Lord Houghton. People in general are rather provoked at his elevation, but he is a very good fellow, and I am glad he is made happy." It was said, *à propos* of Milnes' invariable success in getting where he wished, "It is to be hoped that our Richard will have the legitimate *entrée* to the Kingdom of Heaven; but if not, he will certainly hustle St. Peter to get a good place in spite of him."

Lord Houghton was sent by the Government to Paris in 1867, as one of the jurors of the Exhibition there, and there he was retained as President of the group of the liberal Arts. Before leaving England, he wrote to Brookfield, who was already in Paris, that he was about to arrive and would be obliged if "Brooks" would inform several ladies whom they both knew, and whom he knew would like to exercise their hospitalities upon him, that he was coming—Madame Mohl being one of these. When he reached Paris he notes, "I dined yesterday with Madame Mohl—quite a crack intellectual party. Brookfield came in the evening; he is librarian to the British part of the Exposition, and is lodged and fed at the expense of the country." It was during this Paris visit, at another party—given by a lady who shall be nameless—that Madame Mohl, Lord Houghton and Brookfield, all of them used to good living, found that,

though the generous spirit of the hostess was doubtless strong, her judgment in clarets was weak. Madame Mohl, as she raised a glass of somewhat styptic St. Julien to her lips, murmured to her old friends, who were on either side of her, "A little unkind that we should be asked, at our time of life, to put new wine into old bottles."

Nothing could exceed the completeness and well-roundedness of Milnes' charm. His very effrontery had an irresistible attraction about it. He delighted his contemporaries and delighted in them. He was a man of humour who humorously studied himself as well as all the world, and was well satisfied with the result. He invariably treated himself as he would a pleasant acquaintance. Of humour, of which he was past-master, he said, "You may generally divide the goodness of your joke by the number of your auditors. A joke good enough for half a dozen people will be too good for one hundred; you must coarsen your humour for the House of Commons or for any other mob." He would certainly say things which no one else could say—as when he told the Prince Consort that he and himself were the "best after-dinner speakers in England."

Venables, a man of weight, in speaking of his friend, said, "Monckton Milnes, whose rare faculty of combining universality with concentration in his social relations has enabled him to outnumber, with the catalogue of his genuine friends, any ordinary list of common acquaintances." For one thing, he was

always more prepared to make friends than most people; his native *bonhomie*, which, as some one once said, "made every one better tempered directly he entered a room," made him alert at all times and in all circumstances, to extend his circle. With regard to one close associate, he humorously remarked, "And no wonder we were friends, for we had once found ourselves in a moral quarantine together."

His remarkable qualities would have enabled him to have done far more than he actually accomplished, had a great lasting fame been his ambition. A man who took such an active interest in men and affairs that he went late in life to America and to Egypt, and enjoyed in those countries the new scenes and the new people with all the zest of youth, a man who had himself carried to a dinner party after a horse accident the previous week, was a person whose vigorous attachment to the world commands admiration, if it does not inspire imitation. On his seventy-first birthday he assisted at an "Apostles'" dinner. There was still a group of College contemporaries to be toasted and talked over; Venables, Spedding, Tennyson and Trench were all four still alive. A few weeks later he was at a wedding party, and, being a little bored at a request to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom, when he had stipulated he should not be called upon, he startled the party by saying in the course of his speech: "It would be preposterous in these modern days to wish the young couple anything so old-fashioned as a long and happy married life; let

us go with the times, and wish them, at all events, a well adjusted and equitable separation." Since this very unexpected and unconventional epithalamium, the fashion of wedding-breakfast speeches seems gradually to have fallen into disuse.

Essentially a man of Clubs, he was the life and soul of several, some of which he had founded himself. In later days he liked especially to look in at those where he was likely to meet rising young politicians, whose courtesies always gratified him. "I like," he said, "the attention of young M.P.'s as an old coquette does those of the sons of her former lovers. . . ." At the "Beefsteak Club," of which he was to the last a popular member, he continued with Henry Kemble and Charles Brookfield the cordial friendship he had commenced with their forbears in the old "Apostle" days at Cambridge.

When the end of his life was at hand and he commenced to complain of being ill, Sir Wemyss Reid, struck by his appearance, asked him, "What is the matter?" on which he answered, "Death, that's what's the matter with me; I am going over to the majority, and you know I have always preferred the minority." Joking until the end, he said to the same friend, and when he was suffering severely from the fall upon his bedroom floor which ultimately killed him, "he had dreamed of being pursued by Mr. Gladstone in a hansom cab, and in his struggle to escape from him, had fallen from the bed to the floor."

He, more than any of them, kept up the spirit of

the College days of the Cambridge Apostles, and he who enjoyed the present so candidly and undisguisedly is he who has left on record that—

> . . . The Past is ours,
> And we can build a temple of rare thoughts,
> Adorned with all affection's tracery,
> In which to keep from contact vile and rude
> The grace of this incomparable Day.

CHAPTER XII

JAMES SPEDDING

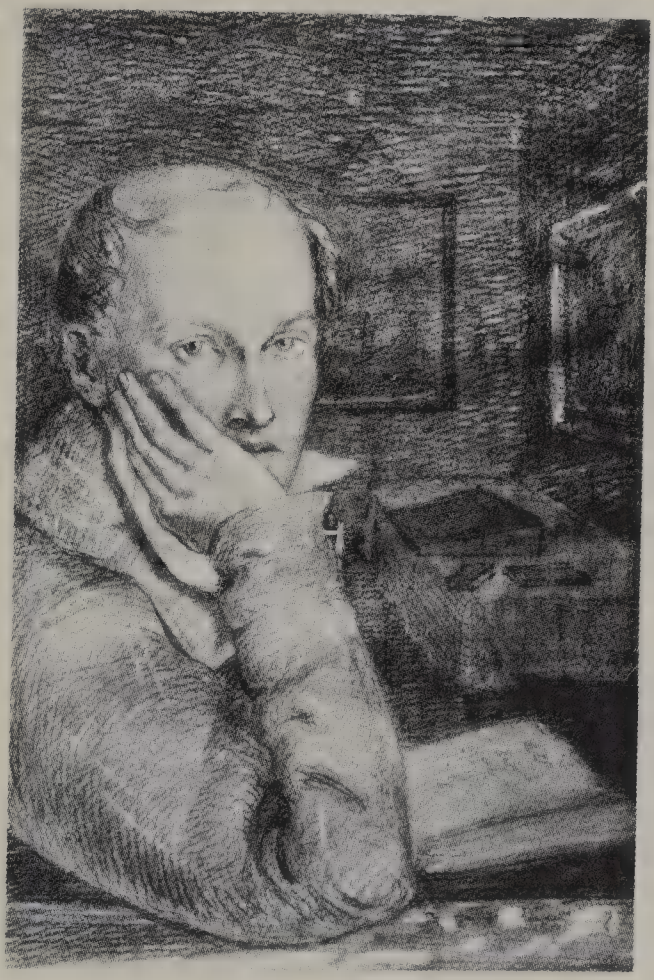
The wind, that beats the mountain, blows
More softly round the open wold,
And gently comes the world to those
That are cast in gentle mould.

And me this knowledge bolder makes,
Or else I had not dared to flow
In these words towards you.

(TENNYSON.)

IT is a testimony to the affectionate esteem in which James Spedding was held, as well as to his complacent good humour, that each of his intimates had a separate sobriquet for him. With Brookfield he was "Spedding the Sublime"; FitzGerald speaks of him as "Old Jem Spedding" and as "My Sheet-Anchor"; while Thackeray entitles him "Jeames Spending" and "that aged and most subtile serpent."

Spedding, an accomplished classical scholar, was an "Apostle" of the type dreamed of by the originators of the "Society." Heartily respected and beloved by his friends within and without that "body," he had the open mind, the wide grasp, the level outlook and the accuracy of expression which were the attributes



James Spedding

Drawn by himself

of the most illustrious of its members. And though he had a strong sense of humour, it was not of the reckless and irresponsible kind which always alarmed that earnest sodality. Was he not "the Pope amongst the set," according to Tennyson? and did not the bard further confess that he "was rather overawed by Spedding's calm personality—and dome"? Spedding, it may be mentioned, went bald quite early in life, but his sweetness of temper permitted him to smile at the bantering comments of his contemporaries. He was from his boyhood a graceful writer of verse, and he was the fifth of this especial set who took the Declamation prize. "Spedding," says Monteith, "has just finished his prize declamation, which has been greatly praised. Alfred Tennyson, talking of it to Whewell, observed, "It quite smells of Spedding," to which Whewell replied, "A rare good thing to smell of, too."

When Tennyson left Cambridge, Spedding was one of his favoured correspondents, and once he tells him how he is "melted by the recollections of intellectual evening when we sat smoking," and he asks in the same letter, "Is Brooks at Cambridge? To him I owe a letter, and I mean to pay my debt." On another occasion he sent him a "sketch to move his heart," while Spedding, who had a clever pencil (as well as pen), retaliated by drawing the poet *en déshabille* during one of his visits to Spedding's home. The picture of himself in this book is one that he did for Douglas Heath, a fellow "Apostle." It is not a flattering likeness, but in it we see him, at all events, "as he

saw himself." Spedding's parents, "wise, tolerant and charitable," were troubled to find their son so much in touch with poets and poetry, and wished, while he was at Cambridge, that he would turn his great talents to "something better than verse-making." FitzGerald thinks that these parents "had seen enough of poets in Shelley and Coleridge (perhaps in Wordsworth), whom they remembered about the lakes." The home of the Speddings was in that picturesque neighbourhood, and, whatever their private sentiments, they were kind and hospitable to all the many poets and artists who flocked thither.

He was a great correspondent in those early days, and he wrote delightful letters. W. B. Donne was the recipient of many of them, written when both their lives were fresh and teeming with interest.

"TRINITY COLLEGE,
"*October* 30, 1831.

"MY DEAR DONNE,—

"'They're a mysterious thing, is a man!' said a friend of mine the other day, and Solomon used to say much the same long ago, and, though I meant not to make myself equal with Solomon, so say I now. If I were to tell you how many times in solitude, and amid the weary fret, unprofitable, etc., in the long vacation, my spirit has turned to thee, thou wanderer through the world—turned to thee, I am ashamed to say, rather to curse thee than otherwise—I fear the staidness and piety of my character would sink in your esteem. Curse thee I did, however, but write as much for that I knew not where to write to thee

myself as for that thou wert slow to write to me. And yet, here have I gone on for I dare say three good weeks of a reforming world, without writing you a line, without acknowledging your letter, which came at last to comfort me, without executing the distinct commission, nor answering the distinct question, for which you trusted to me unworthy! Well! well! 'they're a mysterious thing, is a man,' and that is the conclusion of the whole matter.

"Your question concerning the society you would meet with, I can answer fully. In the course of the summer I have seen a good deal of various north-country friends, and I am not altogether so proud of the moral and intellectual being of my countrymen as I used to be from old recollections. If I may generalize from a few facts, I should say that there is in the Cumbrian character great frankness, openness and honesty, strong practical sense—a hearty contempt for *humbug* (a comprehensive word and embracing all that is deeper as well as all that is shallower than current opinion), shrewdness and eagerness of intellect and much dry humour, but withal a great deficiency in depth and patience, and tranquility of contemplation, and those finer qualities which you will understand much better than I can explain, more especially if you will think of the blueness of the Archipelago, the name of Italy, and the climate of the South of France. This I should take to be the character of the gentry of Cumberland, and you will perceive that it must suit me much better than it would suit you. I question whether you will find any men to venerate old orthography, or read Sir T. Browne; certainly you will find none to kiss the sacred splinters of Chatterton's box.

"And now I leave you to draw your own conclusions,

engaging to furnish you with any other information which you have the grace to write for. The chapel bell is ringing; therefore I will not now enter into politics, wherein we somewhat differ. Hallam wishes to remind you that it is nine months since he heard from you, and yet you have brought forth nothing. Hallam furnished the fact; the indecent allusion, I am proud to say, is my own. Tennant desires me to say that he has not written to you. Trench is here, attending Divinity Lectures and groaning over the prospects of mankind; he has cast down the magnificent temples of Shelleian religion, and his only hope is in a speedy millennium, of which he hails the newly given gift of unknown tongues as a forerunner and assurance.

"I was present, with Edward, at the first public exposure of this great and growing grace; Irving is an old and very great favourite of mine, and his Christianity is after the stamp and spirit of St. Paul. But he is no logician, and the errors of a deficient though a most confident and ambitious logic are sanctified by passing through his burning imagination into awful and imposing truths. There was something very noble in his earnestness of spirit, and eloquence of the very first order in his exposition. But until these new-fangled tongues shall cease, or until some miracles shall be manifested which are not according to the natural course of things, I think I shall not go into his church again, and I grieve thereat. But these are high matters. I shall conclude with a small poem which I really think shows true poetical power. There is a sequel to it which is not so good. I call the two 'Before and After.' Perhaps you will recognize in the following lines their original, C. Malkin :—

(1)

I cannot think that thou wilt die,
  Ever during summer dwelleth
On thy placid forehead high,
  Thy pure cheek of summer telleth
Summer sleepeth in thine eye.

(2)

Thousand solemn summer sheen
  Shall come and find thee still as now,
With thy gracious eye serene,
  And thy balmy tress'd brow
The same as thou hast ever been.

"I believe I have a right to ask to be remembered to Mrs. W. B. Donne. Please give my kindest regards to your truly good mother.

"Yours truly,

"J. SPEDDING."

When Spedding next went into the North himself, he was supposed to be much engaged in Wordsworth's company, "cigars and the rudiments of German." He never agreed with Sterling, who in describing Wordsworth, said there was "little of the poet and philosopher in the lower part of his face. This accounts for the unnecessary trivialities of some of his writings, but more than all for *The Excursion*."

In another of Spedding's letters to W. B. Donne, he describes some of his early literary experiments, and gives an interesting criticism on Fanny Kemble's recently published tragedy—she was only twenty-one at that time.

"TRINITY COLLEGE,
"*April* 1, 1832.

My life is full of weary days:
  Yet good things have not kept aloof,
Nor wandered into other ways:
  I have not lacked thy mild reproof
Nor golden largess of thy praise.

Shake hands, my friend, across the brink
  Of that dark grave to which I go:
Shake hands once more: I cannot sink
  So far, far down, but I shall know
The voice, and answer from below.

"Do not suppose that this alludes to any physical disease of my own: all at Ely though the cholera be, and all in Rose Crescent though it be reported. It is only a moral death that I have died; and not that neither, except, as I hope, in your imagination. For in truth, oh thou that usedest to write often and be written to oftener, my offence is rank and the smell of it may be best excused to the delicate sense of your epistolary conscience by being supposed to savour of the Charnel House. Truly, if you have not believed me dead, you must have wished me d——d. An unfortunate alternative for me, but I will accept either, rather than believe that you have not thought me worth the damning. Howbeit, I have long repented of the wrong I have been doing you, and I am now going to requite it.

Oh! my gentle Donne,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee his creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.

Which is indeed the reason why I began with those same stanzas which I presume you are still feasting on in your inmost heart, and not attending to what I am now saying, which is also the reason why I write so foolishly and repent not.

"By those two stanzas (they have entered into your soul already, so now listen to the words of Mercury) I conceive I have already made ample requital for all past neglect, as well as enriched this parcel to the value of carriage; for whose should they be but the great Alfred's, and to whom should they be addressed but to the lordly-browed and gracious Hallam? worthy subject of worthy Poet! You have seen but little of the said Hallam, but I know him well and—

I love his voice, that falls upon my ear
Like a lonely leaping fountain.
* * * * *
Eyes of joyful grey, lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, clear and sound, and whole.
* * * * *

"A fragment as you perceive, and to remain a fragment, the last lines forming part of a perfect poem which you may hereafter see; and the unworthy subject of so exquisite a fragmentbeing com bined with a wealthy, portly miller with a double chin and a pretty daughter. Guess who!

"And now if you deduct the postage of this letter and two or three more which I hope to be favoured with, you will find that I have not taxed your purse unreasonably nor unseasonably with this same parcel.

"Moreover, as I do not deal in mimic modesty, at least not with my familiars, I presume that its other contents will not be uninteresting to you. You will

find in it my 'Apology for the Nineteenth Century,' a work (as I have told you before, and now beg to reassure you) of great fame in these parts, and indeed, I may say, the rock on which my name is (for the present) built; my classical and mathematical speculations having turned up blanks, or not much better. You will also find in it the 'substance of a speech, etc.,' being a speech spoken and afterwards composed by me—observe, by substance of a speech I merely mean a speech *not* as spoken. The publication of the same is at the expense and desire of my father, who says he can understand it, every word, and rejoices therefore. I am not aware that anybody has bought it or taken notice of it; but I think it (not the less, but the rather, for that) a good speech, well written, and well reasoned, and far too much in the right to find any sympathy in the thought and feelings of an enlightened public. This feeling, you will observe, is, and always has been, part of my philosophy; and what philosopher but would be disquieted with any honours which involved the dishonour of a favourite theory?

"Yet, again, you will find in it a third composition of mine, which points at a fourth, which will, however, cost you half a crown, if your idle curiosity should prove too strong for your economy and induce you to procure it. 'Romeo in Covent Garden *versus* Romeo in Shakespeare' is a subject on which you are much interested. The history of its composition is as follows: There was a certain *Englishman's Magazine* in which Hallam and other friends of mine took an interest, and which, claiming as it did to be a literary reformer, did thereby claim the interest and support of all good and wise men. This opportunity of troubling the community with my sentiments on

any subject happened to coincide with certain conceptions of exceeding disgust at the modern drama, which I conceived in the last long vacation, when I was in London, left much to myself, and went now and then to see a play, and always came away with a headache (an infallible sign of badness as a work of art). The modern Romeo and Juliet was a good subject to fire off upon, and accordingly I began the article of which that I now send you forms the second part. I intended to have written only two or three pages; but the exposition of my views of the spirit and purpose of dramatic art swelled into a goodly article by itself, which was reviewed and acknowledged by the editor, who thanked me duly by return of post, and made use of it in his October number. Unfortunately, however, my article possessed every quality of greatness in such a degree that the *Englishman's Magazine* died in the effort of giving it birth.

"Wherefore, also, my second part appears in unprinted individuality at your service. I have not got a copy of the first part to send you. Wherefore, if you want it, you must apply through your bookseller for the *Englishman's Magazine* for October, 1831, at Moxon's, 64, New Bond Street. It will cost you half a crown, but contains divers quaint and good things besides mine—especially a facetious, but not first-rate specimen of Charles Lamb. But in the number for August there is not only an admirable Elia about Elliston, but also a splendid critique on Alfred Tennyson, by Hallam, so you will judge for yourself.

"If you happen to know any publication which would take my second part and publish it without discretionary alterations, it is very much at their service. It is a thing for the day, and will become

obsolete in a year or so: and, therefore, though it is not worth troubling oneself about, I would willingly pick up any opportunity that might fall in my way. But I have no notion of being improved by an editor, and therefore I would not give up the MS. on such a condition, which said editor would think anything but reasonable. However, as I said before, it is not worth all this jaw.

"I have read Fanny Kemble's tragedy. It was so magnificently praised in some of the periodicals that I began to tremble for the fair fame of my friend's sister. But I think the praise was exaggerated, and both the merits and defects of the play do her great credit. As poetry, it is poetry of a very high order, not only in the diction, which throughout is English and excellent, and in the separate passages, but the whole thing is poetry: the action, the feeling, the character all unfold themselves in the true spirit of poetry; they have the genuine swell and fall, the glory and repose of art. As a drama, it has very great but surely not Shakespearian merit. I perceive, and I am glad of it, none of the familiarity with the secrets of human passion which is claimed for her. The darker passions in her play are only reflected from Shakespeare—I do not believe that she is a whit more familiar with them than you and I, who know them out of the bard of Avon, and Walter Scott, and Don Juan and other such books that let one into secrets—but as for anything more, we are as innocent as lambs unborn.

"You speak of Trench's metamorphosis; ay marry! but what could you expect of a man who used to believe in Shelley? Did I not tell you that people would come round to my opinions concerning that great warrer against Customs and Rights and Forms and

'the crust of outworn opinions on which established superstitions depend?' Blakesley never admits that he has changed an opinion, but he, too, is full of the inviolable sanctity of conventionalities.

* * * * *

"I am, yours in all purity of utilism,

"JAMES SPEDDING."

"MIREHOUSE,

"KESWICK,

"*October* 28, 1834.

"MY DEAR DONNE,—

"You desired me to ask Southey whether certain pictures in your possession would be of use to him in his *Life of Cowper*. I called many weeks ago to execute the commission, but he was away, and I have been prevented since, partly by my own laziness which waxeth, and partly by other things over which I have as little control till within the last few days.

"He will be glad to have the use of them, and will write to you about it. I saw him yesterday, and he gave me some very strange and interesting information about Cowper which he had gathered out of certain letters from Newton to Thornton. The strangest of all will not be made public. He thinks Cowper's letters the most beautiful that ever were written.

"I know that Coleridge is dead, and that De Quincy has written reminiscences of him. The article is in *Tait's Magazine* for September and October, but the last I have not yet seen. It is powerful and very interesting, but I am daily more and more convinced that nobody ought to publish anything touching living men and women without first consulting me. In some

parts the article is almost disgusting, by reason of its indiscreet prattle about things which should not be prattled about at all—least of all in public. The parts which relate to Coleridge himself, his habits, and powers of thought, are worthy of De Quincy, which, from me, is almost as much as need be said. What think you of the following as a specimen ?

" ' Coleridge, to many people, and often I have heard the complaint, seemed to wander ; and he seemed then to wander most when in fact his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest, viz. when the compass and huge circuit by which his illustrations moved, travelled furthest into remote regions before they began to revolve.'

" This is what I call throwing light upon a thing—illuminating counsel by words with knowledge. What such a man *might* do, towards setting mankind right, if he would but set about it seriously ! But, alas ! the ' De emendatione humani intellectus ' is, as it were, an aqueduct. See Confessions of an E.O.E. (English Opium Eater).

" I presume that by this time—indeed, long before this time—you have received a Latin essay which I promised you, and which it will require all your charity to excuse. I sent it about three months ago to be forwarded to you by Henry Taylor, that famous man Philip van Artevelde, who detained it on its passage at my suggestion, though contrary to my recommendation. Have you read P.v.A. ? because if you have, you cannot but think his opinion worth a pause ; and his opinion is, that so far forth in Utilism as that essay goes, everybody must go with me who knows the doctrine under all its names, and is not ashamed to avow it. I must say I am not a little gratified to find myself wandering in such good company, though

(while I am writing to you) it is but becoming in me to admit that I *am* wandering.

"Remember me to your household and

"Believe me,

"JAMES SPEDDING."

This trifling allusion to his lack of a fixed faith is characteristic of Spedding's singular mental and moral complacency. He seems to have gone through none of the qualms and misgivings and agonies of mind which wrung the souls of most of his friends. Yet his heart was full of love for his fellow-men, and he was one to whom others in sorrow turned naturally for sympathy and comfort. Mr. Hallam sought his assistance when he was contemplating his Memoirs of his son. "Spedding," he said, "will be able to assist me better than anybody else." Spedding's appreciations both of Arthur and of Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam rank high as memorial tributes, and prove, if proof were needed, that his heart was as great as his mind.

In 1835 he entered the Colonial Office; the following few words to Donne relate to his work there:—

"*February* 1.

"MY DEAR DONNE,—

"As usual I have nothing to do but to confess myself no gentleman.

"*February* 4. What my confessing mood might have led me to I do not know, when I was interrupted by P. v. Artevelde on public business. As it is, let this last put off (No. 1001) speak for its brethren that have gone to their account before it.

"I also have at last got acquainted with Maurice, who now officiates at Guy's Hospital, and he quite equals my expectations, which were high enough. I have seen him three or four times. I fear, however, that he will not be able to make a convert of me to a purer philosophy. I fancy that if I should ever perceive the *dramatic profanity* of his views—their foundation in *his* nature—it ought to satisfy me.

"At present I am engaged in an attempt to reduce the military expenditure in the West Indies, and though it be justly deemed impossible to turn a black army white, yet it deserves consideration whether a white army may not be turned black; you will call it a niggerly economy, and I hope it may turn out so."

The following gives an interesting glimpse of Edward FitzGerald as well as of Tennyson :—

"MIREHOUSE,
June 1, 1835.

"MY DEAR DONNE,—

"One reason for my long silence, and a reason sufficient to account for the same, though not to excuse it, is that I have mislaid your last letter and cannot lay my hands on it anywhere; which makes me think that I must have put it by as a precious thing. People tell me always to put things by, and it will save time in the end, for then I shall never waste it in looking for them. This practice may be good for some people, but I have never found it answer. When I leave things about or cram them into the next book or drawer, I must indeed admit that I cannot always find them at once; but when I have once put a thing what I call *by*, that is in a proper place, I can never find it at all.

"E.F.G." (Edward FitzGerald) "was here for about a month, and left us some three weeks ago. He is the Prince of Quietists. I reckon myself a quiet man, but that is nature, in him it is a principle. Half the self-sacrifice, the self-denial, the moral resolution, which he exercises to keep himself easy, would amply furnish forth a martyr or a missionary. His tranquillity is like a pirated copy of the peace of God. Truly he is a most comfortable companion. He would have everybody about him as tranquil as himself.

"Do you know that Deville, the phrenologist, predicted of him that he would be given to theology and 'Religion in the supernatural parts'? Was there ever so felicitous a mistake? Was there ever a stronger instance of the organs of marvellousness and veneration predominant, though driven so effectually out of their ordinary, if not their natural channel? I take this to be the secret of all that is strange and wayward in his judgments on matters of art: for very strange and wayward they appear to me, though so original and often so profound and luminous.

"There tarried with us at the same time a man who is in many points his opposite—a man whom you know in the spirit already, and will know in the flesh some day, as Scholefield (after St. Paul) says—to wit, Alfred Tennyson. His spirit yearns towards your character as bodied dimly forth in Apostolic remembrances, and he boldly asserts that he means to get acquainted with you. He stayed three weeks, or it may be a month, but the sun did not shine to advantage, and it must be a very capable and effective sun that shall make his soul rejoice and say, 'Ha! ha! I am warm.'

"I said he was the opposite to Edward FitzGerald,

for he is a man always discontented with the Present till it has become the Past, and then he yearns towards it, and worships it, and not only worships it, but is discontented because it is past.

"But though this habit makes him gruff and dyspeptic enough at times, you must understand that he is a man of a noble spirit and a tender heart. His frailty is that he has not faith enough in his own powers, which produces two faults, first that he does not give his genius full beat; and, secondly, that he seeks for strength not within but without, accusing the baseness of his lot in life and looking to outward circumstances far more than a great man ought to want of them, and certainly more than they will ever bring.

"What is your opinion touching the wisdom of booksellers, considered as a body with a bodily consciousness? They have so contrived among themselves that there shall be no complete edition of Cowper for these forty-eight years, and then each of the rival publishers spends, I suppose, half the profits of his edition in advertising against the other. One would think they might better, both for themselves and the public, have coalesced. Southey does not care; he has a thousand pounds for writing the Life and superintending the edition, which by the way turns out to be no such light labour, for he tells me that upon examining the MSS. from which Haley printed his edition of the Letters, he finds not only that many parts have been omitted without any reason, but that they are printed very inaccurately all through, and require a thorough correction of the press. He expects the first volume to be out in two or three months.

"I saw Wordsworth for a few hours not long ago;

he is very well himself, but troubled with domestic sorrows and anxieties. His sister still lingers on, and his daughter has been ill for a good while and gets no better.

"Maurice has published a pamphlet entitled *Subscription no Bondage*, which I have not yet seen. They tell me it does not mean that a man is not bound to the opinions he has subscribed to. I am rather curious to see so monstrous a birth, the offspring of so unnatural a connection as that between the Genius of Oxford and the Spirit of an 'Apostle.'

"Believe me, whether writing or neglecting to write,

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"JAMES SPEDDING."

Spedding was a favourite subject for his friend FitzGerald's banter. He writes for instance, "Spedding is all the same as ever, not to be improved, one of the best sights in London." When he went to America with Lord Ashburnham, FitzGerald said: "Of course you have read the account of Spedding's forehead landing in America; English sailors hailed it in the Channel mistaking it for Beachy Head." And later on in this visit he mentions that he begins to feel sure that Spedding would be safe in America, because "to scalp such a forehead was beyond any Indian's power."

When Spedding got back to England, he gave up the Colonial Office, and also refused an undersecretaryship which was offered him, mainly on account of his enormous business capacity which amounted almost to genius. With regard to this, he said "he knew

his own deficiencies, and that it was fortunate he was by when the decision was taken." A friend said at the time, "No one was more fitted to take office, so gentle, so luminous, and, in his own quiet way, so energetic is he."

Gladstone was disappointed when Spedding refused the post; he thought he was just the man who ought to have been persuaded to take it, and he said of the existing Civil Service System that "if it had brought eminent men into it, it had driven men like Manning and Spedding out," and many of Spedding's friends also regretted his decision, but it was the result of no whim nor idle indisposition for responsibility. The fact was that Spedding felt the time had come for him to renounce all else and devote himself to what he had determined should be his life's work—the defence and rehabilitation of Francis Bacon.

Few men have given up an easy calling in which success was sure, as well as a liberal income, in order to undertake laborious work certain to prove unremunerative; but the chivalrous Spedding elected to do this for love and never regretted his choice. He cheerfully set himself a colossal task, and toiled at it for more than thirty years—leading the life of a student; his papers and books about him, a little company of rare and delightful friends to break in upon him, his *magnum opus* to fly to and engross him during fixed hours as well as in stolen moments.

Spedding was sociable rather than convivial. He was interested in men in spite of his studious habits,

He was a charming host, generous with his introductions; and his rooms were the rendezvous of the choicest intellects in London. Tennyson made them his headquarters on many an occasion. It was in them that most of "The Gardener's Daughter" and part of the "Princess" were written. It was there that Spedding introduced Froude to Carlyle, Carlyle to Maurice, Thirlwall to Carlyle; and many were the illustrious people that he brought together, and many the important friendships formed under his auspices.

Brookfield said once to his wife :—

"I opened the envelope of a letter and enclosure which appears to be from Mrs. Fanshawe. It was in the hurry of opening that which I thought had news from you, and which forms a legitimate exception to my pedantic habits. I have eaten and drunken with Thackeray this morning. I have called on Spedding on my way home, who is reading *Sartor Resartus* by me at this moment (but only by way of rest); we are not going to spend the evening together. Nothing whatever has happened since you left except that I have read and preached at St. Luke's, and read without preaching in bed, and unfitted myself for either preaching or reading by my meal with Thackeray at noon."

And again he notes, a few weeks later, when he was school-inspecting :—

"I met a lively, good-natured woman, kind, unaffected, who knows Spedding and seemed satisfied with anybody who would talk of native Cumberland . . . nobody else did I meet but the second master of this school whose name suffices—it is Cromwell (but

the meekest of men), but the talk of Spedding compensated."

While Spedding wrote to him from Cumberland :—

"For myself I have no news to tell, but that I have been stationed here since August, and am in other respects much the same as in other places at other times, and that I shall probably be in London in the course of this month or the next. I hear that the 'Sterling' is actually changed into the 'Tuesday' Club. What a convenience for the *Record* if it be still inclined to persecute."

The following is a humorous reply to a jocular query from Brookfield, who was still upon his school-inspecting tour :—

"MIREHOUSE,
"*February* 22, 1850.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I am sure you will attribute my long delay in answering your letter of the 2nd inst. to no other than the true cause, viz. the difficulty of the questions in regard to which you wish for my assistance, and my remoteness from the vicinity of extensive libraries, by the aid of which I might have prosecuted the research at once more effectually and more expediently. The limited command which my present position gives me of books of reference for the purpose of classical investigations of the abstruser kinds, entails upon me the necessity of personally perusing the classical authors to a considerable extent in these cases. It is superfluous to remark that such an operation must always consume a considerable time, without necessarily leading to any satisfactory result.

"The singular expression in the first sentence of the extract which you have submitted to me, 'All Britons infect themselves with glass,' appears to me to admit of only one satisfactory explanation, though this explanation involves the assignation to the word *vitrum* of a meaning which, however familiar to an English ear, cannot, so far as I am aware, be supported by any (other) classical authority. We are to remember, however, that the author was writing about England, and was probably himself in England at the time, so the occurrence of a word in an English sense is the less to be wondered at. I conceive that the writer, observing the predominance of that kind of purple here which drinking induces upon the fair complexion of the north, and inquiring (of course through an interpreter) what made their faces so purple (*cærulent*), received for answer that 'they had taken a glass too much,' which in the process of translation would easily become 'they had taken *too much glass*,' and thence, in the way of generalization, they had infected or stained themselves (i.e. had altered their complexions) with glass. If this conjecture be adopted, all will be easy, and the sense will be as follows, 'All the Britons spoil their complexions with drinking, which makes their colour purple' (which we know to be the fact, see Othello) and on this account their faces are the more horrible in a fight. (Another well known fact, the eyes blackening and the face swelling much more when the habit of the body is bad—and quite in character with the notorious taste of our ancestors for pugilism.)

"So far all seems clear. But what are we to make of *capilloque sunt promisso?* What can promised hair mean? Now it is known that baldness is much more common in England than in Italy, and that bald-

ness is always accompanied with the promise (by the vendors of bear's grease) of hair. Moreover, Caesar, being himself bald, and rather ashamed of it, was no doubt familiar with these promises, and may be supposed to have used the indirect and somewhat playful expression, *capillus promissus*, by way of euphemism, in preference to the bare *calvities*. If this be allowed, I would translate the rest of the passage thus, 'The hair of the head they are told will come' (i.e. they have no hair on their heads), and they shave every part of the body except the head (which is already bare) and the upper lip. The truth was that they shaved their bodies to show how little they valued hair (which they could not have), leaving only a moustache to make people think that they might have as much of it as they pleased.

"Hoping that these imperfect suggestions may be of use to you in your most interesting and important office,

"I have the honour to remain yours,

"JAMES SPEDDING."

Spedding was from the beginning one of Tennyson's warmest admirers and staunchest supporters. His reviews of the 1842 Poems did much to advance the Poet's reputation and to enhance his friendship for his critic.

Of his own lighter works, he says he wrote his articles and reviews, not because he wanted subject for an article, but because an article on the subject was wanted at the time.

Carlyle's enthusiastic disciples all lent him loyal support on the occasion of his lectures on German literature, and Spedding, with reference to them, wrote to Milnes :—

"As it is Carlyle's first essay in this kind it is important there should be a respectable number of hearers. . . . Learning, taste and nobility are represented by Hallam, Rogers and Lansdowne. H. Taylor has provided a large proportion of family wit and beauty, and I have assisted them to a little Apostlehood. . . . Yesterday I dined with Alfred Tennyson at the Cock Tavern, Temple Bar. We had two chops, one pickle, two cheeses, one pint of stout, one pot of port and three cigars. When we had finished I had to take his regrets to the Kembles; he could not go because he had the influenza."

When Brookfield was ill and starting for Madeira, Spedding wrote:—

"*October* 29, 1851.

"My dear Brookfield,—

"I was very glad to see your handwriting, and the more when it told me that you were still within reach of a line of greeting. For I have been these two or three months under the strangest delusions as to your whereabouts. About the middle of August, dining with a friend and neighbour (Mrs. Brookfield will at once understand that I mean John Forster), Mrs. Pollock shocked me with information that you were going to Italy, all three, the next morning. She had heard it from Richmond (she said) to whom Mrs. B. had been sitting, and spoke so confidently that I thought it useless to go to Cadogan Place to inquire. At all other places, as Mortlake (Sir Henry Taylor's), Aubrey De Vere's, etc., I made diligent inquiry, but could hear nothing about you. So I imagined you to be somewhere in the warm sun, moving probably towards Rome, but uncertain where, till Lord Monteagle told me, two or three days ago, that he had just seen you,

on the point of sailing for Madeira, upon which I imagined you already on the seas. (Pity you were not, by the way, if the weather at Southampton is as wintry as ours is here to-day.) But, however, I am glad to know where you are, and to be inquired after so kindly. My mishap was hardly worth mentioning, except to account for delays in answering letters. I had to be poulticed and to keep quiet for a few days, and being in very good quarters I stayed where I was a fortnight longer than I meant to do; but I have had no illness or serious injury of any kind, and am now as sound as ever, except in one place which has not yet perfectly healed. You call it good shooting when one gets as many shots as one can desire, which was certainly my case on that day—namely, eight in my arm, two in my hand, eleven in my back, and nine or ten in my thigh—but all ingloriously behind, and they did me so little harm that I was not even interesting. But I had all the other privileges of a sick man without any of the sensations—all the privileges, I should say, except that of tossing and tumbling, for being ordered to be on my back without either turning or raising myself, and not to move my right leg or arm for fear of disturbing the poultices, it was impossible to toss or to express impatience by any outward sign, and I happened to be so remarkably well in other respects all the time that I did not even feel it much. And Fanny Kemble, who was staying at the house, came and read Shakespeare and Milton to me, and—but my candle is rapidly giving out, and I shall hardly have time to direct and seal. Take my best wishes with you—for self and wife—into the purple seas, and come back well.

"I was once within two degrees of Madeira myself, and saw the starry heavens there for the first time.

"Ever yours, JAMES SPEDDING."

And when Brookfield again asked advice, this time upon his reading of the *Merchant of Venice*, he wrote :—

" My dear Brookfield,—

" I did not think of being asked for criticism, or I should have tried to remember the particular points that struck me at the time, which I cannot do now, though I have looked through the play to see if it would recall them. I only remember, in the matter of interpretation, that I thought you pronounced the word ' sufficient ' (' My meaning is that he is sufficient ') as if you did not understand it as I do—namely, a man equal to the undertaking ; a ' good ' man in Shylock's phrase was a man ' who could do what he undertook,' a common meaning of ' sufficient ' then, now obsolete. I should throw a stronger emphasis on the word.

" In general, I do not object to the histrionic, because it seemed to me that the parts most acted were the best done. Much of the part of Shylock (which only wanted the stage and the dress to be complete acting) seemed to me admirable. The other parts which were less elaborate I did not think nearly so good. So telling and effective you, of course, did not mean them to be, but I thought they were not so good in their kind. Bassanio always seemed to me one of the most gentlemanly men in all Shakespeare—no man talks more gracefully, easily, unaffectedly, or behaves on all occasions more handsomely. Antonio also was surely intended by Shakespeare for a kind of model Christian merchant of unbounded liberality, tender affections, grave and gentle manners. It is true that a Jew was a dog in his eyes, just as a Christian is a dog among Mahometans—that is to say, Antonio was an orthodox Christian, and thought of Jews as all pious Christians

then did, and as the ostler at Ware did since the beginning of the present century. At least the story was told, as of a man whom people still remembered, about the time I went to Cambridge. I suppose you know it; but if not, this is it as it was told to me, I suppose in the summer of 1828. I know it was as we came from bathing. 'There was a hot opposition between two of the Cambridge coaches, which kept the same hours; one of them was driven by a Jew. The Christian coach was ahead, but while it was changing horses at Ware, the infidel cantered past, upon which the ostler—his divinity, it seems, getting the better of his humanity—shouted after him at the top of his voice, "'Who crucified our Saviour? D—— your blood!'" So Antonio, when he came to words with Shylock on the Rialto, and got angry and excited, treated him as a man who had crucified his Saviour and deserved to be kicked out of the world. Such conduct was not, I fancy, inconsistent with the highest courtesy, generosity and modesty in all his dealings with the rest of mankind, and Shakespeare could not leave it out, without depriving Shylock of the one excuse which brings him within the reach of sympathy. I should think he rather exaggerated it on that account. For such a thirst for revenge excited merely against a rival for interfering with his gains, without any higher or more plausible ground of offence, would have been too odious. In representing the sense of personal indignities as inflaming, and the theological quarrel as seeming in a manner to sanctify the passion which had originally grown out of its selfish motives, Shakespeare was, I suppose, quite true to nature. And so far, taking Shylock's point of view, one can feel *with* him; Antonio had given him a right (as indeed Antonio himself admits) to treat him as an enemy and use ad-

vantages against him. But I cannot think that our sympathy with Shylock was intended to go beyond this; or that it is possible by any art to transfer the interest of the spectator to his side of the question, without losing all the effect of the trial scene, in which we are certainly intended to feel the turning of the tables upon him, and the announcement one after another of the penalties in which he has involved himself, as an appropriate retribution in which we heartily sympathize. Now it seemed to me that you lost this effect, partly, perhaps, because the clock had struck and you had to hurry the scene—an accident which I should say you ought always to take effectual measures to avoid; whatever part you have to omit or reduce, always leave rosy time and space for the closing scene, and as you know exactly how much you have to do, it must be easy to arrange it beforehand. But chiefly because, by representing everybody who came in contact with Shylock as so much less respectable, you drew your audience to his side; in so much that I really believe if instead of 'Tarry a little' and what follows you had told us that Antonio was then strapped down for the operation, and had made Shylock, after touching him with the point of the knife, release him and settle a small pension upon him on condition that he did not spit at Jews any more, we should have thought the practical justice better administered. And you produced this effect by making Bassanio talk like a supercilious coxcomb and Antonio like a pompous brute; though you will find that they both address Shylock with perfect and unaffected politeness, until he makes Antonio angry by reviving old quarrels, in which it seems probable, even upon Shylock's own showing, that he was in the wrong—for he says himself that Antonio's chief offence was the lending money

gratis and so bringing down the rate of usance. Did you ever read Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women?* I remember thinking her exposition of the trial scene and of the effect of Portia's repeated attempts to induce Shylock to relent, to be merciful, to take the offered compensation, while she still allowed him to believe that the law was on his side, admirably good and true. It was because she would fain have settled it without resorting to the legal quibble—which she accordingly kept in reserve until his resistance to all moral and reasonable consideration left him so entirely without excuse in substantial justice, that one is glad to see him caught in any kind of trap, and rejoices at each successive disclosure of a fresh penalty incurred, not because he is a Jew, but because he is an inhuman savage. Like the Dean of Westminster rejoicing in the destruction of a wasp, 'it is part of one's hatred of sin.'

"This is what principally occurs to me in the way of objection to your reading. I don't know whether it will be of any use to you—though, if you allow the objection, you can have no difficulty in removing it. It is only to allow yourself and your audience a little Christian sympathy with Antonio and Bassanio, and not make them talk in a tone which provokes contempt and disgust.

"As for Sir Roger de Coverley, there is of course a great deal in such very fine and reserved humour as Addison's, which can hardly be made obvious to a chance audience in the days of *Punch*, not to say Dickens. But as far as I could judge from the faces I saw about me on Wednesday night, and the sounds I heard, I should say that your readings from the *Spectator* told very well. And they would have told better if it had not been for a general feeling that

time was up and you were in a hurry. In my own case, at least, I always find that consciousness of the progress of the clock naturally interferes with the enjoyment of listening, even when I am in no hurry myself. And I suppose you could easily prevent this inconvenience by ascertaining beforehand, how many minutes it takes to read how many lines, and arranging your extracts accordingly.

"Yours ever,
"JAMES SPEDDING.

"60, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,
"*1st Sabbath in April*, 1859."

Spedding was remarkably handsome; even late in life his clean-cut features and noble countenance were beautiful. He had a musical voice which he never raised above its ordinary pitch, and a ready and winning smile. Lady Ashburton used to say: "I always feel a kind of average between myself and any other person I am talking with—between us two, I mean—so that when I am talking to Spedding I am unutterably foolish and beyond permission." He was one of the regular Bath House party—Lord and Lady Ashburton, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, Milnes and Spedding.

He was an enthusiastic archer; he practised archery to the end of his days, and had a mediaeval belief in the value of the bow as a weapon. At a dinner party during the Franco-Prussian War, he stated with grave conviction that "he believed a company of archers would more than hold their own in modern warfare."

It was Spedding who said of Brookfield, "In him

a new and original form of genius was revealed to me." The two remained to the last excellent friends, and Brookfield was frequently the life and soul of Spedding's cheery parties. Venables said of these assemblies and of these meetings : "One of the few survivors may be pardoned for retaining, after fifty years, the opinion of prejudice that the society in which Spedding and his Cambridge friends then lived, was extraordinarily interesting and genial." The same gentleman said of Spedding's views, "He is a regular Utilitarian and a scrupulously chaste writer."

Of his great work it was said that it was an "unsurpassable model of thorough and scholarlike editing." He had undoubtedly "perfect style and penetrating judgment," though of himself he said, "that he got undeserved credit for knowledge, because no one would believe that such a man could be so profoundly ignorant." Venables vowed that the plan of Carlyle's "Cromwell," even to the typographical arrangements of it, was borrowed from Spedding, and that Spedding's powers of sustained labour have rarely been surpassed in any man. While FitzGerald, who could on occasion call the gifted student a "shy beast," said "Spedding was the wisest man I have ever known and not the less so for the plenty of the boy in him."

CHAPTER XIII

JOHN STERLING

You might have won the poet's name,
If such be worth the winning now,
And gained a laurel for your brow
Of sounder leaf than I can claim.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

For still the thought of things gone by
Relieves of pain the lingering sigh
We give to former woe.
And fills with finer joy the sense
Of happiness that, once intense,
Has now a starry glow.

(JOHN STERLING.)

For an ill-built vessel no sea is smooth and no wind fair.

(*Ibid.*)

JOHN STERLING has left upon mankind as great an impression of brilliant genius and forceful power as if he had attained the highest limits that intellectual and imaginative thought could reach; and this not so much owing to Carlyle's fine life of him as to a vivid and vigorous personality which invariably penetrated, although it did not always please.

When he arrived at Cambridge, this striking individuality made itself felt; it influenced all whom he met, and also drew to him all those he wished to

attract. Maurice was the only one who hung back, but his hesitation was not for long. He was soon glad to avail himself of the friendship and support of Sterling's stronger nature. The two young men had much in common, great brains, fine ambitions, splendid gifts. But Sterling had by far the more aggressive nature. His cry was, "God is *not* in His heaven, all's *wrong* with the world"; while Maurice would sigh, "God is *somewhere;* would that I could find where!"

Their mutual influence was beneficial to neither. Without Sterling, Maurice would sooner have found his ideal and been the happier; without Maurice, Sterling would have been the happier, having found nothing.

Sterling, in a short time, became naturally absorbed by the "Apostles." In the "Society" his phenomenal eloquence electrified every one, and sometimes caused him to influence when he had only meant to interest. He took up various Cambridge abuses and scathingly denounced them. Merivale says, "His vehement oratory carried our youthful judgments away with it, and I dare not say that the influence he exercised over us was very justly earned." In his extraordinary conversational powers Sterling was equalled only by Charles Buller, who never touched him in debate, great as were his own oratorical gifts. In due course he followed Maurice to Trinity Hall. Like several of his contemporaries, he achieved no great University distinction; the minds of this gifted group were of too wide a gauge to run along academic grooves; some of the

John Sterling

most brilliant of them took no honours and some left without even an ordinary degree.

When Trench came up—Trench who later on entered with him so enthusiastically into the Spanish plot—a friendship was formed which lasted long after Sterling's breach with the Church. Sterling had fine generous instincts, and appreciation for the talents of others; and he and Maurice introduced Trench to the "Society." It was then that this batch of the "Apostles" went through their worst mental perturbations. Trench was the first to get back into his proper course, and he was soon followed by Blakesley, then by Kemble; but Sterling and Maurice deviated for many a year, if indeed they ever regained their true orbit. Sterling wrote to Trench early in their friendship, "Pray let me see you as soon as you reach London, and in the meantime commend me to the brethren, who, I trust, are waxing daily in religion and radicalism."

His interest in the "Apostles" was always keen. When he left Cambridge he said to Trench:—

"Any information about things in general, that any of my Cambridge friends would take the trouble of sending me would be received with humble gratitude, more especially any notices touching the Union, the Essayists, or the "Apostles." For the last-named body, I fear that since the departure of last year's men, the salt of the earth must in some degree have lost its savour, though I have no doubt that Sunderland still contrives to keep you all in a pretty pickle. You may assure the three venerable societies

—the *trois règnes de la Nature*—that I am with them in spirit. I have been present in body at several of the debates of the London Debating Society ; I have spoken once or twice, but it won't do. 'Pearls before, etc.' Just do consider the martyrdom to which great and good men are exposed. I was going to be stoned with stones for being an enemy to religion, and now I am ground to powder by a mill in London for excessive piety."

As soon as Sterling was settled in London, he gave himself up to literature, thinking that the one-voiced Reviewer was perhaps the champion whose patriotic and wide-souled views should right the world. But his attacks upon authority and existing institutions failed to strike the popular note and lost him many friends.

Blakesley, who, like Trench, possessed a calm critical faculty, wrote to Tennyson with regard to some of the adverse comments on Sterling :—

"Sterling and all of his class who have been hawked at by the mousing owls of Cambridge, suffer from the narrow-mindedness of criticism. He saw the abuses of the present system of things, which is upheld by the strong hand of power and custom, and he attacked them accordingly. For this conduct he was dubbed a radical. He soon saw that the reforms proposed by that party were totally inadequate to the end which they proposed : that if carried to their fullest effect they would only remove the symptoms and not the cause of evil, that this cause was the selfish spirit which pervades the whole frame of society at present, and that to counterbalance the effects the cause of

them must be removed. This end he at first probably thought, with Shelley, might be effected by lopping off those institutions in which that selfish spirit exhibits itself, without any more effort. He afterwards saw, with Wordsworth, that this was not the true method, but that we must implant another principle with which selfishness cannot co-exist, and trust that this plant as it grows up will absorb the nourishment of the weed, in which case those wickednesses and miseries, which are only the forms in which the latter develops itself, will of their own accord die away, as soon as their principle of vegetation is withered and dried up."

With Sterling's splendid gifts it was a thousand pities that his father's affairs should have become so flourishing as to allow the son absolute independence: to enable him to follow his inclinations, and become a free lance, instead of having to earn his pay under the banner of some responsible leader who would have curbed his turbulent spirit and checked him from tilting at windmills. As it was, however, the hot-headed reformer, eager to fight for freedom, joined forces with Maurice, and together they took over the publication and the editorship of the *Athenæum*. Sterling, already in sympathy with the grievances of the Spanish refugees, wrote on their behalf many an eloquent article in that review. But it is dangerous to coquette with a cause; as appetite comes with eating, so does enthusiasm wax with pleading. When Sterling first determined chivalrously to espouse the cause of the exiles, he little dreamt how close and in-

timate his union with them was destined to become; that the raid into their own country, about which they whispered at first as of remote possibility, was to be the great event of his life, on which all his mind was to be set, into which all his energies were to be thrown, through which he was to experience all the greater emotions, hope, joy, ambition and finally disappointment.

A band of refugees, driven from Spain after the destruction of the Spanish Royal Constitution in 1823, had settled in London. Amongst them were many of noble character, if of a misguided enthusiasm, and these were they who stirred Sterling, Kemble, Trench, Hallam and Spedding to such great depths. Carlyle graphically describes them :—

"Daily in the cold spring air, under skies so unlike their own, you could see a group of fifty or a hundred stately tragic figures in proud threadbare cloaks, perambulating, mostly with closed lips, the broad pavements of Euston Square and the region about St. Pancras' New Church. . . . This group of Spanish Exiles was the Trocadero swarm thrown off in 1823, in the Risgo and Quirogas quarrel. These were they whom Charles Tenth had, by sheer force, driven from their Constitutionalisms and their Trocadero fortresses. . . . the acknowledged chief was General Torrijos, a man of high qualities and fortunes, still in the vigour of his years and in these desperate circumstances refusing to despair."

Sterling was intimately acquainted with Torrijos, the leader of his countrymen here in England, who,

it was hoped, would one day conduct the group in triumph back again to Spain, there to upset the new dynasty and re-establish the old. He had met him while he was still at Cambridge, and had conceived an affection for the man and an interest in his ambitions. When he came to London he took up the cudgels for the refugees, and advocated their cause whenever he could. He made his friends take lessons from them in Spanish; he organized charitable fêtes in order to assist them to live, and he helped them with his money as well as with his partisanship. More, as Cambridge friends came "down," they were introduced to the Spaniards and enlisted, first as pupils in the language, then as devotees to the "cause." How many an evening must have seen Hallam and Kemble, and others of them, arm in arm walking the route from Regent Street to Wimpole Street, bright-eyed with interest, earnest with anticipation, talking in a chorus of praise of Torrijos, the romantic champion of freedom, their hero—their idol. It is sure that the principles of liberty, for which alone they thought he worked, fired them far more than did his programme. Milnes maintained throughout that the tendency of the "Apostles'" politics was in a totally opposite direction to that of the Spaniards.

The exiles, fired by the enthusiasm they had created in these noble minds, in 1829 began to have greater yearnings for a return to Spain and to commence to prepare the ground over there for their re-entry. That they did not do this skilfully is evident, for they

soon discovered that "Torrijos had been suddenly and without cause assigned, struck off the list of refugees who receive pensions from the Government—no doubt in consequence of representations made by the Spanish authorities." Combined with annoyance at new political movements in Spain, this act so worked on the exiles that at a solemn meeting in Sterling's rooms they decided that now was the moment to strike, and that if they failed while striking, death was preferable to their present position. Accordingly, a programme was evolved. It was hoped that if Torrijos were only once able to land in the South of Spain with a band of patriotic followers, that "inflammable Spain, then groaning under another tyrant, Ferdinand VII, would fly to their assistance and a great victory be won." Carlyle says of this scheme: "Considering Somers Town (where most of the exiles lived) and considering Spain, the terrible chance was worth trying: that this big game of Fate, go how it might, was one which the omens credibly declared Torrijos and those poor Spaniards ought to play."

Sterling, in this apparently propitious moment, was brought to remember a cousin of his, Robert Boyd, a gentleman who had just given up his commission in the Indian Army, and who had lately received a legacy of £5,000. To this young man he proposed by letter that he should buy an old royal gun-boat which was then going cheap, refit it, man it, and go "a-privateering.' Boyd paused a little, but being of a romantic disposition came over from Ireland in order

to talk over this and other adventurous schemes, and in John Sterling's rooms he was caught and lost.

Introduced to Torrijos and his adoring crowd, and carried away by the general enthusiasm, he one night boasted of his gun-boat lying idle in an Irish creek; whereupon Sterling said to him, "If you want an adventure of the sea-king sort, and propose to lay your money and your life into such a game, here is Torrijos and Spain at his back." Boyd and Torrijos quickly came to terms. Boyd was promised many things—"a colonelcy in a Spanish regiment" amongst others. He was to get a ship into the Thames, then gradually and secretly arm and provision it. Torrijos and fifty picked Spaniards were to get to Deal without causing comment or raising alarm, and there complete their plans for the landing in Spain and stir up those likely to be useful to them. The ship when ready was to take them up and sail away to Spain and victory. Boyd's little fortune it was that provided the financial sinews for this great scheme, but Sterling, Hallam, Spedding and Kemble gave all that they could and made strenuous efforts to get more, achieving in this a fair amount of success. Not content with giving and getting money, certain of them in their zeal determined to take part in the fray themselves as "democratic volunteers and soldiers of progress."

The plot was worked in grim and steady earnest. Sterling was so absorbed by it that he was rarely seen; and he felt the weight of his increased responsibility.

He wrote to Trench, who was then travelling in Spain, though not upon this business :—

"I often feel that in the last six months I have worn out ten years of existence. I sometimes begin to think and hope of things distant. But all my Guadalquivirs turn out muddy ditches, and I have no visions of Murillo, or tranquil and solemn aisles of meditation to console me."

But willing, ready, eager as Sterling was to accompany the expedition, to his bitter disappointment, at the very last moment—just as he had made all his preparations—his health broke down completely. He had never been physically robust, and under the tremendous strain, bodily as well as mental, to which in his loyalty to the cause he had exposed his constitution, the real condition of his health became apparent. The doctors pronounced him to be in a consumption, and positively forbade him to take any further active part in the expedition. He was compelled reluctantly to yield to this *force majeure*, and agree to stay behind to manage the correspondence and to collect funds.

And after this another calamity befell the scheme. Everything necessary had been got together and with secrecy and precision ; the conspirators were waiting at Deal, and the ship was ready to sail ; Sterling, loath to let the vessel weigh anchor without him, was wistfully superintending the final preparations for a start, when the Thames police came on board and declared the boat seized and embargoed in the King's name !

Sterling barely saved himself. That same night he posted down to Deal and broke the news that there was now no chance of exit by the Thames; but to encourage the conspirators, despite the delicate state of his health, he then and there took Torrijos in an open fishing boat across the channel and landed him at St. Valery; whence that gentleman, by various curious routes, got finally to Gibraltar, whither his Spaniards, disbanded, unarmed, but not dismayed, went one by one to join him.

Sterling went back to London, disappointed and disheartened. But, luckily, throughout this trying period he was fortified by the love and sympathy of the noble-hearted girl who afterwards became his wife, Miss Barton, the sister of Charles Barton, an "Apostle." She it was who saved him from despair and stimulated him to renewed efforts in the cause to which she knew him to be devoted. In June, 1830, his "Apostle" friends set about to do their part to help him and his conspiracy. Trench and Kemble left London by different routes and on different dates, but sailed by the same ship from Portsmouth, reaching Gibraltar together, with money, with news, with instructions and with encouragement for the exiles, with whom they awaited the next shake of the dice-box. In July, Hallam and Tennyson went off to the Pyrenees with letters in cypher and with money for Torrijos' confederates, but to these there came disillusion. Hallam, who had to deliver certain cypher messages, as well as his own pocket money and moneys

collected from friends, discovered that Ojeda, the chief of the conspiracy working in the north, was jealous of Torrijos working in the south ; and his young ideals (he was just nineteen) were shattered ! His horror that so sordid a sentiment should enter into so noble an enterprise was excessive ; and this, as much as the prolonged dragging on of the business, finally sent him and Tennyson back again to England. Hallam, full of anxiety, still wrote constantly to Trench and Kemble. Once he said :—

"I know not whether Blakesley has told you anything about the Tennysons. Alfred went, as you know, with me to the South of France, and a wild bustling time we had of it. I played my part as conspirator in a small way, and made friends with two or three gallant men, who have been since trying their luck with Valdes. I found too many signs of that accursed jealousy which has since broken out ; and a certain friend of yours was looked upon with no very amicable eyes. La Fayette I was delighted with. Kemble's anti-gallican propensities may be damned ; there is sterling stuff in that man. I must bid farewell. God of His mercy preserve you both. Pray remember me most earnestly to Kemble, and think of me as one who sympathizes heart and soul in your cause, but who strongly doubts, or rather altogether disbelieves, the practicability of success, and would therefore fain have you back again in old England and old Cambridge."

There now ensued a period of hopes and fears for all the home sympathizers—especially for Sterling.

The waiting was long—nearly two years is long for the young—and at last their hopes weakened and died, while their fears for the safety of their friends—Trench, Kemble, Boyd, and poor picturesque Torrijos—strengthened, and haunted them perpetually. Kemble and Trench saw grand coups fail and were in daily danger; indeed they carried their lives in their hands. Though they felt they could no longer be of much service to the cause, they stayed loyally on so long as there remained any cause to serve.

Nothing is more painfully pathetic and dramatic than Trench's letter, in which he tells how they are now at a crucial point, awaiting success or failure—that he will leave the letter open for result—then, that the result is failure!

Trench returned, as we know, some time before Kemble, for whose safety he and Hallam continued to suffer acutely, and concerning whose fate Hallam was sometimes in despair. He wrote to Trench soon after his arrival in England: "You have failed in your purpose, and after enduring the fever and turbulence of the means, you have missed that end which might have given you actual peace and satisfied retrospection. Well, you have not laboured in vain, although Spain is, to use Kemble's expression, 'willingly and exultingly enslaved.' . . . I am grieved that Kemble is not with you. He waits you say until the end. What further end, in the name of wonder, can there be?"

But Sterling's distress was the most severe of all. In spite of his engagement and his marriage, the years

1830 and 1831 were, without doubt, the most unhappy of his life. Although we find "One John Sterling is to be married on Tuesday next and will bring his glorious bride to Oxford for a few days," it was a time of such discouragement and uncertainty for him, that notwithstanding Maurice's unfailing sympathy his health failed so signally that he presently went away to the island of St. Vincent, where he had some property, and where it was hoped that change of climate might heal his body and change of scene restore his spirits.

Events presently culminated in Spain. The English governor at Gibraltar behaved handsomely to the conspirators until the time came when it was considered that his harbouring them looked like a menace to a friendly power, after which Torrijos and his men were courteously offered passports and British protection in any other country but Spain. But these they refused, Torrijos saying only that he would soon leave Gibraltar, and peacefully. He did go soon, Boyd, the only Englishman left to the "cause," going with him; and with them their fifty faithful companions. In secrecy they embarked in two small vessels; no one knew when they went or whither they were bound; but their silent flight alarmed the Spanish authorities, who had them followed by two large cruisers. They were sighted in the distance, and the bigger boats soon overtook the smaller. "It was a hunt, not a race," and Torrijos, unable to reach Malaga, the port for which he was bound, put in at

Fuengirola, advanced inland, took possession of a farm, barricaded himself within it, and was at once surrounded. He demanded to treat but was refused, and was at last compelled to surrender.

All were made prisoners. Advice was demanded from Madrid. It came swiftly, "Military execution on the instant. Give them shriving if they want it—that done, fusillade them all." It was done. They were shot—Boyd and all—and their fate might easily have been the fate of Trench and Kemble, Hallam and Tennyson!

That this catastrophe cast a gloom over the life of Sterling is not surprising. He wrote to his brother, "I can hear the sound of that musketry; it is as if the bullets were tearing my own brain."

The dreadful issue of this undertaking, the death of his cousin, of Torrijos, and many others whom he had known so closely and so intimately, caused him such self-reproach that to the end of his life he would never have the subject mentioned; while the effect of this disappointment and shock was upon him for his remaining years. Whether it were the trials concerning Spain, or the terrific upheaval of nature during the great tornado at St. Vincent, or the birth of his child—he himself says this last was the factor which most influenced him—the idea came and grew in Sterling's mind that he might find peace in holy orders, and he determined to be ordained. This decision much surprised and excited his friends; and though most of them were doubtful of such a development in so

reactionary a nature, all rejoiced, and especially Trench and Maurice.

But his shattered health and hopes had evidently somewhat weakened his old self-confidence. He recognized in his soul the want of a settled theology, and planned to go to a German University and study; he also eagerly re-read the works of the modern philosophers who had so perturbed his mind in earlier days, and again he was swayed by each in turn; then he re-studied the Koran, and even when he had arrived at what appeared to him a goal, he wrote :—

"I am satisfied of nothing more entirely than of the necessity for a great crisis in the belief of England, which will indeed destroy Socialism and Sectarianism, but will just as certainly shake off the Thirty-nine Articles. . . . If I saw any hope that Maurice and Samuel Wilberforce and their fellows would reorganize and reanimate the Church and nation, or that their own minds could continue progressive without becoming revolutionary, I think I could willingly wrap my head in my cloak, or lay it in the grave, without a word of protest against aught that is."

Ordained deacon in 1831, he very soon declared he could not bear the "anxiety of deacon's duty," and he became more and more unsettled until he decided he would go on no further in the Church. Carlyle thought if Sterling *had* gone into the German University at the time he thought of it, and stayed there the two years he proposed, that much in him that was rough would have been made smooth, and that his whole

mind might have become more evenly poised. Carlyle also ascribes Sterling's eight months in the Church, "this clerical aberration," to Coleridge. "Had there been no Coleridge, . . . neither had this been, nor English Puseyism or some other strange enough universal portents been." And he describes Sterling as he saw him once :—

"A loose, careless-looking, thin figure, in careless dim costume, sat, in a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking. I was struck with the kindly but restless swift-glancing eyes, which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry eager beagles, beating every bush ; the brow, rather sloping in form, was not of imposing character ; though again the head was longish, which is always the best sign of intellect ; the physiognomy in general indicated animation rather than strength."

John Sterling so loved work that he at one time wished "for a sprain that he might have time to read and speculate a little." He had the great mental vigour which so often accompanies the consumptive disposition. Intellectual employment was necessary to him ; and when he was not originating he was criticizing. In signing his articles in *Blackwood* "S.S.S." he said he did it for the pleasure it would give so many people to turn the first S into an "A."

His short whimsical compositions are still fresh and fantastic, but his longer efforts, such as the *Onyx Ring*, are old-fashioned and flat, though all bear the impression of power and individuality. His work is

too dogmatic in flavour to be popular. His critical essays are exceptionally fine and valuable as allying clear insight with honesty of purpose. His startling article upon Tennyson is unique for its alternations of praise and blame; he could even convey the two in one short paragraph, as when he says, "Emotion, the most general and obvious, the necessary impulse of all poetry in every age, is restrained in all his writings by the awful presence of self-centred will. . . . It is clear that his feelings are always strictly watched by his meditative conscience, too strictly, not for wisdom but for rapture."

Not having himself the "meditative conscience" he scarcely knew when he was abusing his friends, but his praise was wide and generous. "I have been reading again some of Alfred Tennyson's second volume, and with profound admiration of his truly lyric and idyllic genius, there seems to me to have been more power in Keats, that fiery, beautiful meteor; but they are two most true and great poets."

His, as Carlyle calls them, "habits of literature" were never settled and never of much use to him. This may have been due to the restless life necessitated by his ill-health. The public did not care particularly for his works; all through his career his personality seems to have been his principal charm. As a poet he had the heartiest admiration of Tennyson who was thinking of Sterling when he wrote: "You might have won the poet's name." Sterling himself liked his own poems, for he said: "Of all my contemporary

friends, I am not aware that there is one who thinks me entitled to write verses, except Trench, and I know there is a great presumption in favour of their judgment, but I turn so spontaneously and joyously to this mode of expression that I am loath to relinquish it."

Once he said, "On the whole, poetry is well-nigh dead among us: it counts for nothing among the great working forces of the age," and he adds that "an Oxford man, a Mr. Faber, was the only one who showed any true poetic feeling." "I have had a most cordial letter from Emerson, thanking me for my poems. They must improve much in a voyage over the Atlantic, for he writes of them in a way quite unlike any other eulogies that have reached me."

In order to meet his friends when in London on business connected with literature, "a small select number of people whom it would be nice to meet and to whom it would be pleasant to talk," he founded a club in 1838, when he was living at Blackheath. James Spedding was secretary, and early in its career he writes to Donne :—

"Sterling has been endeavouring to get up a Club which is to exist for the purpose of dining together once a month. The dinner is to be cheap, the attendance not compulsory, the day and the place fixed, and the members chosen unanimously from the witty, the worthy, the wise and the inspired—and it is hoped that the Society will sooner or later combine within itself as much of the wit, worth, wisdom and inspiration of the age as can live together in Apostolic harmony.

"Being able to agree upon no name at all, we christened ourselves for the present Anonymous. Being unable to fix upon a place, it was left to me to make inquiries, and I have fixed for the present upon Wills' Coffee House, which stands conveniently near to my rooms.

"The Society consists at present of the following names :—

Bingham Baring, Hon. W.
Blakesley (Apostle).
Boxall, W. (Painter).
Carlyle, T. (French Revolution).
Colville (Trinity man of my standing, Apostle).
W. Donne (Old Platonic clergyman—friend of Sterling's ; refused bishopric).
Eastlake, C. L. (Painter).
Elliott (capital fellow, Emigration Agent General).
Copley Fielding (Painter).
Hare, Rev. J. G.
Douglas Heath (Apostle).
H. Lushington (Apostle).
Lord Lyttelton (clever young man, with a mind of his own, senior medallist).
Macarthy (Roman Catholic).
Malden (History of Rome in L.U.K.)
Mill, John.
Milnes, R. M. (Apostle).
Monteith, R. (Apostle ; candidate for Glasgow, splendid fellow).
Spedding (secretary and orderer of dinner, Apostle).
Sterling (Apostle).
A. Tennyson (Apostle).
Thompson, Rev. W. H. (Apostle).
Venables, G. S. (Apostle).

Wood, Samuel (Newmanite).
Worsley (Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge).

"In addition to these it was proposed last meeting to invite the following gents to become members :—

W. B. Donne (Apostle).
George Cornwall Lewis.
Stafford O'Brien.
Sir F. Palgrave.
Rio (Kemble).
Thirlwall (Apostle).
Allan Cunningham.
Alexander Ellice.
R. Trench (Apostle).
Sir Edmund Head.
Richard Cavendish.

"The meetings are to happen on the last Tuesday in each month. The dinner to cost only 7*s*. a head. No forfeits for non-attendance, but notice of intention to attend to be given the day before. Members may be proposed and elected next Tuesday without notice and by acclamation. But no election to take place afterwards except by ballot (a single blackball to exclude) except notice has been given the previous meeting and except in January and the five following months.

"How say you—will you be of us ?

"I have concluded abruptly. But silence, according to Carlyle, includes all things that are not uttered, and is therefore much richer than speech. Think of all I have not said and this letter will supply you with much profitable meditation."

Blakesley, working with Spedding, said when he was commissioned to get members, "Two have taken the

shilling with great alacrity, viz. Lyttelton and Fielding." Maurice refused, but joined after. The name of the Club was soon changed from "Anonymous" to the "Sterling"; but when, by and by, it was supposed that the opinions of its members had become too strong, and the indignant *Record* had implied that all who belonged to it were infidels, it was changed again. Maurice said concerning the *Record* and that trying time, "What do you think is the last charge? that three Wilberforces, Manning, Allen, Julius Hare, three writers in *Punch*, Trench and I, belong to a Club established in honour of Sterling," and he goes on to say that when Sterling thought his own views had become what might be considered offensive he had wished some other name to be adopted, but that his friends had unanimously said as the meetings were strictly private and they only connected with the Club by private sentiments towards himself, they would not have its title altered. Brookfield, of this event, says to his mother :—

"You ask me 'what the advocates for the Sterling Club say,' etc. I should think they spare themselves the trouble of saying anything at all. I do not know anything less likely to make them uneasy than the spite of the *Record*, which I have heard of but not seen. That the Bishop of Oxford said grace the only time I happen to know of his being there, I can answer for, and could repeat the words. I perceive on looking at the list that the last dinner for 1849 stands fixed for December 25, simply because the secretary has taken his pocket book and put down the date of each last

Tuesday in the month (the dining day) and inadvertently put December 25 with the rest, not remembering that it would be Christmas Day, which certainly would not have been appointed, if for no other reason than that everybody dines somewhere else if he has the luck on that day. But certainly it would perplex yourself or anybody else to find any law, human or divine, written or customary, which could make it desecration for a Club to dine on that day if they were so disposed—which for domestic reasons I should think no Club is. As for there being any Infidels in the Club, I should think that in a society of seventy or eighty persons, some of them at least men of intelligence, there are very probably members who differ in religious sentiment from the *Record*, which I suppose comes to the same thing. But I never heard of anybody amongst them to whom that title was applied. If, however, they are 'notorious,' you must know them.

"For the rest, it was set on foot by John Sterling eleven years ago. The purpose was to have a monthly rendezvous, at very small expense, of persons likely to make a pleasant Mess, chiefly of literary character, or of a tendency that way. I was elected without my knowledge eight years ago, and have dined there once or twice a year ever since and hope to continue to do so. I should not think the Society is likely to take its instructions from the *Record*, whom it shall admit or exclude, or by what name it shall be called."

The name was changed after this hubbub to the "Tuesday" or "Dinner" Club. One of the *minutes* during its "Sterling" period shows rather humorously the apparent simplicity of its aims and customs :—

"THE STERLING CLUB.

"Mr. Green's fresh paint makes him unapproachable, whereby all the statutes[1] are nullified. The Secretary is gone over to Rome (though only for the winter) and the Club is thus left without Law or Government, under these circumstances a Rumpsteak Committee has been appointed to look to the Republick; it consists of all who choose to dine at Mr. Green's, Covent Garden, at 7 o'clock next Tuesday. Steaks, stout and ale *ad lib.* for 5*s.* 6*d.* a head; those who drink wine do so on their own responsibility.

Some of Sterling's "Crystals" are sound enough in spirit, such as: "*We perpetually fancy ourselves intellectually transparent when we are opaque, and morally opaque when we are transparent.*" "*There is no lie that many men will not believe; there is no man who does not believe many lies; and there is no man who believes only lies.*" "*One dupe is as impossible as one twin.*"

It was supposed that the more Sterling got under the influence of Carlyle the more he cut himself from his friends; yet, he was able to look at the philosopher from a distance and say, "Carlyle preaches 'silence' through a trumpet, and proclaims 'good will to men' by mouth of cannon." While Carlyle said of Sterling's mind, that it "went like a Kangaroo." These two great personalities could tilt against each other without great ill effects on either side. Carlyle wrote

[1] The Club shall dine at Mr. Green's
On giving Mr. Green notice.

his splendid life of Sterling with generous magnanimity, ignoring the article his friend had hurled at him, and which Sterling himself called "unfortunately harsh and exaggerated"; and when Sterling's end was near, he informed some one with joy, "There was a note from Carlyle not long since, I think the noblest and tenderest thing that ever came from human pen."

It is the fashion now to call John Sterling mediocre; but as he impressed the people of his time with his brilliant profundity, we may leave it that he was as Carlyle, who knew and admired him, says:—

"True, above all, one may call him; a man of perfect veracity in thought, word and deed. Integrity towards all men—nay, integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous generosity: there was no guile or baseness anywhere found in him. Transparent as crystal, he could not hide anything sinister, if such there had been to hide. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known. It was beautiful to read all those interior movements: the little shades of affectations, ostentations; transient spurts of anger, which never grew to the length of settled spleen: all so naïve, so childlike, the very faults grew beautiful to you."

CHAPTER XIV

ALFRED TENNYSON

The Poet in a golden hour was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

I would be
A poet, were't but for this linked delight,
This consciousness of noble brotherhood,
Whose joy no heaps of earth can bury up,
No worldly venture minish or destroy,
For it is higher, than to be personal!

(ARTHUR HALLAM.)

A noble friend, a rare one,
A noble being full of clearest insight.

(*Ibid.*)

IT is difficult to define with precision what constitutes a Great Man. Most people, if asked, would take refuge in illustration and reply, "So-and-so is a great man." The likeliest name to occur as an apt and complete example, carrying conviction in its very sound would be Alfred Tennyson, whose greatness as a man was quite independent of his genius as a poet. He would have been a great man though he had never written a verse. He had the nobility, the strength, the individuality and the complacency of greatness. There

Alfred Tennyson

From the portrait by Samuel Laurence

was nothing small about him—not even diffidence as to abilities, qualms as to results nor deference to popular opinion. He had also the presence of a great man; he was strikingly handsome, as all the world knows, splendid of face and strong of limb. Carlyle describes him as " One of the finest-looking men in the world " ; and again in a dourer mood, as " A life-guardsman spoilt by making poetry," while to all he seemed to realize the poetic ideal in appearance.

He went to Cambridge in the October term of 1827, at the same time as those two other remarkable men, Monckton Milnes and James Spedding. All three soon took their places, as by right, in the splendid intellectual set already there prepared to welcome them—who numbered amongst them such gifted youths as Kemble, Blakesley, Buller, Sterling and Trench. And in the following spring these were joined by another genius, destined in his short life to exert an ennobling influence and to make an indelible impression upon all their characters; who, with his polished manners, courtly ways and warm sympathy, had the power of fostering friendship all round him. It was Arthur Hallam who contrived, by his gentle domination, to unite that wonderful band of men—all poets by temperament, all full of brilliant promise, but all of various humours and dispositions—by bonds of youthful friendship, stronger far than any time-worn family ties. The activity of these earnest young minds, their independence and eagerness to make their way in the world had a stimulating effect upon Tenny-

son's mind, at that time inclined to be lethargic. They gave him a sense of responsibility; for the first time in his life he began under these influences to think for himself, and to decide what his future career should be; and, impelled by their cordial enthusiasm for his poetic genius, to commence to tesselate the path along which he was to wind his way to fame.

Tennyson was undoubtedly born under a "golden" star. He was especially fortunate in his friends—not merely because they were brilliant and remarkable men, but because his own innate greatness of soul drew forth from them an unswerving devotion and loyal support. A man of moods, as a poet is prone to be, he had around him this circle of cheerful friends, always eager to drive away the shadows from his soul, and flood his mind with gladness. Not that their warm love for him blinded them to his personal eccentricities, which seem, indeed, to have jarred considerably upon some of the more precise of his intimates. Their remonstrances, however, on the rare occasions that they ventured upon them, were of no avail with their somewhat spoilt favourite. When, for instance, Douglas Heath mustered courage enough to suggest to him that a clean shirt might be an advantage, the reply he received from the poet—determined to defend himself on one side if not on another—was "H'm, yours would not be as clean as mine if *you* had worn it a fortnight."

Mrs. Ritchie says: "Whewell used to pass over in Alfred Tennyson certain informalities and forgetful-

ness of combinations as to gowns and places and times which in another he would never have overlooked." The use of tobacco was not yet fashionable in those days; it was even considered "ungentlemanly." Tennyson was a slave to the "weed" to the despair of his friends, many of whom, however, became themselves, a few years later, confirmed smokers. His friend Blakesley once wrote: "Alfred Tennyson has been with us for the last week. He is looking well and in good spirits, but complains of nervousness. How should it be otherwise seeing that he smokes the strongest and most stinking tobacco out of a small blackened old pipe on an average nine hours every day." In after life Tennyson retaliated and said that Cambridge men were all "smoke-sotted"; but the Cambridge men had had the first word and even Lushington said that "Alfred wasted himself in cigars."

But his young friends' sensitiveness to these trifling solecisms of the poet, never affected their devotion to the man, and for this he was ever grateful. For no man ever lived to whom affection was such a necessity. Tennyson, great in everything, was greatest in friendship. Sometimes he nursed in silent happiness his fondness for his especial intimates; sometimes his love burst from him in beautiful eulogy or lament, like the song of the nightingale. And, although his Lyrics and Idylls command our admiration, it is his Sonnets and Elegies which win our love. Our hearts must needs go forth to the author of such tributes of affection as the lines to "J.M.K." (the vigorous John

Mitchell Kemble), to "J.S." (James Spedding, hardest-headed and softest-hearted of all the "Apostles," the death of whose beloved brother drew from Tennyson his first memorial poem), and, in later days, his lines to Maurice and Brookfield. The stones the poet has raised to others form the finest cairn to his memory.

One of the favourite relaxations of "the set" seem to have been the hearing, the reading, the copying out of "Alfred's" verse. The days on which he produced something fresh—not necessarily a complete perfected poem, the germ of one was enough for them—were red-letter days with these enthusiasts; and those who could not assemble to hear the latest effort had portions sent to them, with a bidding to come on the first opportunity "to talk it over." Copies and copies of his poems were always to be found going about Cambridge. It was like the old monastic work—a labour of love—and they each of them made and distributed more than one copy.

Although they all wrote poems—some of conspicuous merit—there was but one opinion as to the standing of the giant in their midst. Brookfield, who came "up" in 1829, came with his portfolio full of creditable verse, which he promptly hid for ever; but if he suppressed his own endeavours, he coaxed and entreated and obtained poetic expression both from Tennyson and from Hallam. "Won't you write me a sonnet, Alfred? Hallam has just written me one." Both admitted that they owed much to his lively stimulus. He would sit while Alfred toyed with his

favourite pet—a tame snake—and fan the embers of the poet's imagination into flame ; or he would pace up and down the avenue of limes behind Trinity with Arthur and lift his fancy into flight ; and twenty years later—and more—Brookfield could still recall, word for word, many of these precious talks with his two cherished friends. On the celebrated occasion when Cambridge magnanimously took pity on Oxford and sent forth a deputation to draw her attention to the beauties of other poets than Byron, Brookfield, although not a chosen representative, assisted them in preparing for their mission. He selected quotations from Shelley's "Adonais," as well as from Byron's "Cain," and slipped in amongst them aptly chosen passages, full of new music and fresh beauty, from the unknown works of his friend Alfred Tennyson. For as Milnes was the enthusiastic quoter and eulogist of Brookfield and all his jests, so was Brookfield the rapturous reporter and panegyrist of Tennyson and all his works. That little Cambridge set would see merit only within their own magic circle. It was at a meeting which they held to discuss a line of Alfred's—"Drawing all things towards its brightness as flame draws air"—that one of them remarked, "We really ought not to be so fastidious in men." Their enthusiasm spread beyond the gates of Trinity, for we find at the Cambridge Union the question was discussed: "Tennyson or Milton—which is the greater poet ?" Arthur Hallam being naturally the eloquent advocate of his friend. Milton appears to have been the only

poet of sufficient magnitude to bear comparison in the eyes of these zealous young disciples with the poet in their midst. Milnes says of Tennyson's *Timbuctoo*, that it "has made a sensation, it is certainly equal to most parts of Milton."

When Alfred became an "Apostle" Kemble said 'The Society has received a great addition in Hallam and in Alfred Tennyson, the author of the last prize poem, 'Timbuctoo,' truly one of the mighty of the earth. You will be delighted with him when you see him." In the "Society" he was more fond of listening than of talking. He had the sensitiveness of the artistic temperament and a certain aloofness, which was not shyness; but when he was aroused from reverie to speech, it was the joy of the set to listen to him or to Hallam as either lolled upon the hearthrug and held forth. His one essay, which he never got through, was always rallyingly held up against him. His son says he was too shy [to deliver this effort, but it is possible that in the writing of it he never got beyond the Prologue—a fine vigorous piece of prose.

To Donne, who had already gone "down," Tennant, at the time of the publication of the Poems by Two Brothers, wrote :—

"If I delay any longer to answer your kind letter, having already delayed an age, the probability is that you will wait till latter Lammas or the Greek Kalends. I wish, however, solely to impress upon you a 'deep sense of the awful responsibility which lies upon you' of instructing me in the right way by Apostolical

epistles, and also of having an unwavering faith (for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed) (N.B.—our translators were punsters) in my having *actually and indeed answered* each and every letter as soon as it comes to hand; and if you have such faith, so it will be, though I may perhaps never put pen to paper—'for all things are as they seem to all,' according to the Flowing Philosophers. I think your judgment of Charles Tennyson's sonnets exceedingly judicious and wise, and to hold such an opinion argues a mind above the common run; *I hold the same opinion myself.* What astonishes me is that they should ever have been written by Charles Tennyson: he is not the light-haired one whom you were introduced to so many times, but a younger one, very dark-haired and more of a *humorist* than a poet, although this volume is a sufficient proof of the very high character of his poetic powers. Next to his brother Alfred (the Timbuctoo poet) I think he is by far the greatest poet that I have yet found in our generation. Hallam appears to me, notwithstanding very many passages of great beauty in his meditative pieces, to have a mind rather philosophical than poetical. I believe you will receive from him a volume of poems which he intended to publish but changed his mind after they were printed. Read particularly the *Meditative Fragments*, the *Sonnets*, and the lines about *A Child upon a Highland Moor*, which last I think are especially beautiful.

"My letter was to have gone with Hallam's book, Hallam's book has waited for Bridge's parcel, and Bridge's parcel delayed its going; argal my letter also hath delayed its going; and the whole case is very similar to the pig driver and his pig—'pig get over the style.' I used to think it very singular that

you had not read *Christabel*, and very glad now to hear you swear yourself horribly in love with her; in my opinion it is a fragment of more touching beauty and a more true and living creation than any poem since the great days of old. I except the *Ancient Mariner* which I consider equal to it in a very different world of poetry, and when I read them and compare them together I am amazed at their being the productions of the same man. These two force me to place Coleridge at the head of all modern poets, although I am not quite sure that Keats had not in him the seeds of even a higher excellence. I judge chiefly from his *St. Agnes' Eve*, *Isabella* and miscellaneous poems. Shelley also was an incomplete character; his own fiery passions prevented him from creating; he was forced back into himself, to think of his own wants and his own sufferings. I used to say that he would have been a *great poet* if he had been a *good* man; but a better acquaintance with his writing has taught me to apply more accurately to his character what a better acquaintance with men has taught me to judge respecting facts.

"You must by this time be tolerably tired of all this critical stuff, and as by a singular coincidence I also happen to be tired, I will leave off."

The whole set were fond of using expressions which were purely the poet's own. In a note to "Οἱ ῥέοντες," one of his earliest poems, Tennyson said: "Argal—This very opinion is only true relatively to the flowing philosophers." It was from the *last* verse of this that Tennant quoted:—

> There is no rest, no calm, no pause,
> Nor good nor ill, nor light nor shade,
> Nor essence nor eternal laws:
> For nothing is but all is made.

But if I dream that all these are,
They are to me for that I dream.
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.

The close friend as well as the ardent admirer of Tennyson, it was naturally upon Arthur Hallam that the honour devolved of being the munificent godparent to the poet's early literary offspring. He took the keenest interest in launching the works he appreciated so highly and wrote with enthusiasm about them and their author. "He is a true and thorough poet, if ever there was one; though I fear his book is far too good to be popular, yet I have full faith that he has thrown out sparks that will kindle somewhere and will vivify young generous hearts in the days that are coming to a clearer perception of what is beautiful and good." While negotiating with Moxon over the publication of Alfred's next poems, Hallam writes to his friend :—

"I have been expecting for some days an answer to my letter about Moxon; but I shall not delay any longer my reply to your last, and before this is sent off yours may come. I, whose imagination is to yours as Pisgah to Canaan, the point of distant prospect to the place of actual possession, am not without some knowledge and experience of your passion for the past. To this community of feeling between us, I probably owe your inestimable friendship, and those blessed hopes which you have been the indirect occasion of awakening. But what with you is universal and all-powerful, absorbing your whole existence, communicating to you that energy which is so glorious, in me is checked and

counteracted by many other impulses, already less vivacious by nature. . . . You say pathetically, 'Alas for me! I have more of the Beautiful than the Good!' Remember to your comfort that God has given you to see the difference. Many a poet has gone on blindly in his artist pride."

It was Arthur Hallam's delight to take Tennyson with him on various travels and rambles abroad. At the time of the Spanish business, they joined in the conspiracy to the extent of carrying money and messages to Señor Ojeda and a group of revolutionaries whose headquarters were in the Pyrenees. Señor Ojeda seems to have looked somewhat askance at the poet, who was obviously not enthusiastic in the cause. However, if he did not enter into the plot with full heart, he held his peace concerning it.

The night Tennyson left Cambridge there was a supper in his rooms, after which he and his friends all danced quadrilles. In a letter from Brookfield to Hallam, earlier in this book, is an account of a dance in which the whole set heartily joined, for dances after supper often occurred. Tennyson danced with zest then, and to the end of his life he indulged at intervals in that recreation. A year or so before he died Mrs. Brookfield was visiting him at Freshwater, when he suddenly said to her, "Jane, let us dance." Although she suggested that they were no longer young enough for such a pastime, Lord Tennyson pooh-poohed the idea and assured her it was his favourite form of exercise. He then proceeded with deliberation and stateliness, to pirouette by himself all down the room.

When he went "down" earlier than usual, because of his father's health, he was not forgotten at Cambridge. He was ever to the fore in the minds of his faithful friends: they wrote to him constantly, and at their banquets they never omitted to toast him. Kemble, writing to Milnes, also "down," says, "If you had heard the cheer that followed the health of Alfred Tennyson, the poet of the 'Apostles,' at our dinner . . . if you had!" While a "Daily Divan" used to sit throughout the term for the special practice of the Tennyson *culte*. "The Palace of Art" was read to every fresh comrade. "The Locus-eaters" was discussed with all the earnestness of a new religion. And one or other of the faithful band of old friends (generally Brookfield) would write flattering accounts to the poet of the way in which his works were appreciated. But Tennyson, though a splendid letter writer, was an indifferent correspondent. Speaking of an "Apostolic" banquet about to take place "amongst Mankind," Stephen Springrice reprimands him thus: "If your health is proposed, I shall oppose it on the ground of your being an unworthy member of the Society," and this because Tennyson was not writing frequently enough to please them. Although somewhat spoilt at Cambridge, Tennyson somehow got it into his head that he had not liked the place, and he expressed his sentiments in a sonnet. Venables, who in after life urged him to take up his residence in that University city, found, to his surprise, that he still nursed some grudge against it.

The death of Hallam was a terrible blow to the poet, whose spirit was quite broken by the tragic event. His friends feared to tell him of the catastrophe. The duty devolved—luckily, one may say—upon Henry Elton, uncle to the deceased and a stranger to Tennyson. Garden told Trench, "When in London I saw a letter from poor Alfred Tennyson. Both himself and his family seem plunged in the deepest affliction, which I trust is to end in their discovering what true joy is, and where it is to be found." While Monteith said to Tennyson, "One feeling that remains with me is a longing to preserve all those friends whom I know Hallam loved and whom I learnt to love through him. He was so much a centre round which we moved that now there seems a possibility of many connexions being all but dissolved. Since Hallam's death I almost feel like an old man looking back on many friendships as something bygone."

It was the Cambridge group of men who urged Tennyson to persuade Mr. Hallam to publish Arthur's *Remains*, and Trench a month or two later wrote, "Tennyson has, I hear, so far recovered from the catastrophe in which his sister was involved, as to have written some poems, they say fine ones."

It is interesting to watch the growth of Tennyson's magnificent and immortal monument to Arthur Hallam's memory; how, as in turn each phase of sorrow at his friend's loss overwhelmed the poet, he found relief in weaving its expression into noble verse. Some stanzas he would carry about him and show to

no one, others he would send to one or other of the "wise and good"—generally to Spedding, his favourite adviser, seeking for help or encouragement—and so year by year the poem advanced. One day in the National Gallery he produced several pages of it and read them to Brookfield, whom he had met in the street, and with whom, sure of a sympathetic "critic," he had entered the building. Not only is the splendid Elegiac a thing of everlasting beauty, but it was conceived and produced in an atmosphere all-beautiful. The incentive of it was beautiful, the mournful perseverance of its making was beautiful, and the beauty of its achievement gives us an extra glow of pride in the English language.

When Milnes, in company with Lord Northampton, got up the "Tribute" in 1836, a year which found Alfred again in sombre mood, thinking but not writing—and therefore not publishing—he, as the cause was a charity to which most of his friends had decided to contribute, asked the poet also to help. To this invitation Tennyson replied, "That you had promised the Marquis I would write for him something exceeding the average length of annual compositions—that you promised him I would write at all—I took this for one of those elegant fictions with which you amuse your aunts of evenings, before you get into the small hours when dreams are true;" then he goes on to tell him that three years before he had been brought to swear "through the incivility of editors" never again to have anything to do with their "vapid books," "I

broke it in the sweet face of Heaven when I wrote for Lady Whats-her-name Wortley. But then her sister wrote to Brookfield, who said she was beautiful, so I could not help it. But whether the Marquis be beautiful or not, I don't mind; if he be, let him give God thanks and make no boast." And he said furthermore, "How shall such a modest man as I see my small name in collation with the great ones of Southey, Wordsworth, Richard Monckton Milnes, etc., and not feel myself a barn-door fowl among peacocks."

Milnes, strange to say, was angered by this refusal, and wrote somewhat violently to Tennyson, who, after some bombast at the beginning of a letter, said: 'Had I been writing to a nervous, morbidly irritable man, down in the world, stark spoiled with the staggers of a mismanaged imagination, and quite opprest by fortune and by the reviews, it is possible I might have halted to find expressions more suitable to his case; but that you, who seem at least to take the world as it comes, to doff it and let it pass, that you, a man every way prosperous and talented, should have taken pet at my unhappy badinage, made me—lay down my pipe and stare at the fire for ten minutes." And he goes on to add some admirable words which formulate what many have wished to say when the spirit of their letters has been misunderstood: ". . . Had I spoken the same words laughing to you in my chair, and with my own emphasis, you would have seen what they really meant, but coming to read them peradventure in a fit of indigestion, or with a slight matutinal headache

after your " Apostolic " symposium, you subject them to such misinterpretation as, if I had not sworn to be a true friend to you till my latest death rackle, would have gone far to make me indignant ! "

However, this breeze ended by Tennyson generously contributing a poem, his brothers also both sending sonnets.

Although Tennyson never felt the pinch of poverty he was not in early days an especial favourite of fortune ; but he was rich in his friendships ; there was the faithful Cambridge band ever ready to brighten his outlook if things looked dark. To whichever of his intimates he chose to turn, he was sure of a *bon accueil ;* and whenever he passed through London, his old cronies—Lushington, Spedding, Venables and the rest—fought as to which should entertain him, though Milnes observed, " I do not give him a bed, he can get a better one at Spedding's." A relationship was always kept up with the Hallams, and it was the historian who got for him the Civil Pension of £200 a year. It was Milnes who, with others, worked the Laureateship for him. When that compliment was offered him, he took a day to consider it and did not make up his mind till he had consulted his friends. " In the end," he says, " I accepted the honour because during dinner Venables told me that if I became Poet Laureate I should always, when I dined out, be offered the liver wing of the chicken."

Perhaps no one was so thoroughly elated at the crowning of the poet as his devoted mother. She was

quite beside herself with pride in her son, and delight at the Royal recognition of his genius. Occasionally, when travelling by omnibus, she would turn to her fellow-passengers (who would listen with various emotions of sympathy, surprise or apathy) and smilingly remark, "It may interest you to know that I am the *mother of the Poet Laureate.*"

The practical side of Tennyson's nature is an object lesson to those young poetasters who cultivate a contempt for worldly wisdom as part of a poet's equipment. Tennyson had an extraordinarily well-balanced mind, and his great genius had two valuable allies in his business acumen and in the conspicuous peacefulness and conventionality of his family life; it was upon these latter that the late Queen Victoria, level-headed and clear-minded herself, especially congratulated him. He was personally an ideal Poet Laureate from the point of view of the British public, for he was unconventional in small things which pleased their sense of fitness, without being unconventional in great, which would have shocked their sense of decorum. What he liked best, in his innermost heart, was to be unconventional in well-ordered conventional surroundings; and this was probably no pose but what his nature demanded. Occasionally some bold spirit would reprimand him. On one occasion, when he was on a visit in Ireland, with Aubrey de Vere, a sullen mood overtook him, and he sought out his hostess and began to inveigh against the inanity of dancing; but the lady cut him short, saying, "How would the world

get on if others went about growling at its amusements in a voice as deep as a lion's? I request that you will go upstairs, put on an evening coat, and ask my daughter Sophia to dance."

His sudden attacks of ill-humour seem to have been quite independent of his control, they would come over him as abruptly and unaccountably as a summer storm. Once at a Court Ball, when the poet in a fit of absentmindedness, was wandering into the Royal circle, and Lord Breadalbane motioned him back, he exclaimed loud enough to be heard: "Surely Her Majesty might keep her flunkeys in better order."

Sunderland, who went the mission to Oxford with Milnes and Hallam, and who was intellectually the greatest of them all—indeed he was perhaps the greatest scholar Cambridge has ever seen—was in early days handled with some roughness by Tennyson in a poem called "A Character." When told that he was the person intended, he said, "Oh really, and *which* Tennyson did you say wrote it? The slovenly one?" Poor Sunderland unfortunately never fulfilled the promise he showed. His brilliant mind failed him soon after he left Cambridge and he died young.

In Brookfield's manuscript "Omniana," under the heading: "Cooked up by Alfred Tennyson, Peel and Whyte, at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, 1846 (almost *all* Tennyson)," we find piously treasured the following lines:—

> Two poets and a mighty dramatist
> Threaded the Needles on a day in June;

Upon the ocean lay a lucid mist,
And round the cliffs the sea-bird's plaintive tune
Resounded, as they row'd beneath the sun.
For Nature is a wondrous harmonist:
And as the boat the gentle waters kiss't
The long wake sparkled in the sleepy noon.
Bright was the glare on that o'erarching chalk;
And soft the washing of the summer seas;
And deep and thoughtful was the poet's talk—
The mighty dramatist—lounging at ease
And all those three great spirits not to balk,
Their aspirations clamoured "bread and cheese."

And against the third line from the end: "The mighty dramatist—lounging at ease," a marginal note, "*A.T.'s favourite line.*"

The Mr. Whyte who had the honour—with Peel—of assisting the poet to make the above impromptu, in writing to Brookfield, invited him to pay him a visit, saying, "I am amazingly glad to get away from France, and I look back with pride to the fact that I speak French with as hideous an accent as ever! To-day I expect Alfred Tennyson, or rather (as he has written to announce his arrival) I suspect he won't come."

Side by side, in the "Omniana" book, with the above quaint composition is the following in Brookfield's writing: "By Alfred Tennyson, I should think thirty years ago. (I write this at Somerby, Grantham, Thursday, October 15, 1868, from memory):—

O'er the dark world flies the wind
And clatters in the sapless trees,
From cloud to cloud in darkness blind
Swift stars scud over sounding seas.

I look; the showery skirts unbind:
Mars by the lonely Pleiades
Burns overhead. With brows declined
I muse—I wander from my peace,
Dividing still the rapid mind
This way and that in search of ease.

Brookfield comments upon this, "'Bleak' in the first line seems to me to be better, as 'darkness' comes in third line." This instance of a friend of Tennyson's throwing his mind back over a lapse of years and jotting down from memory a treasured fragment of his poetry is not put forward as an extraordinary feat; it is only typical of the devotion which the whole set paid to their idol.

It is interesting to get glimpses of the workings of the poet's mind; to see how on reflection he would sometimes be at pains to make at the last moment some apparently trifling alteration in his lines. Thus, in his sonnet to *William George Ward*, Tennyson, in the first copy sent to that gentleman's relations, wrote, "Most *liberal* of all Ultramontanes," which he elected, in the published version, to alter to "Most *generous*." It is questionable whether the poet's second thought was in this case the happier.

Similarly, in the sonnet to Brookfield, he wrote, in the original MS. :—

Brooks, for they call'd you so that loved you best,
Old Brooks, who knew so well to mouth my rhymes;

and in the published version he transposed the words "loved" and "knew." When he had completed that

beautiful tribute to his old comrade, he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield and her son Charles to make an appointment for them to hear it. He arrived, in his long round cloak, his scroll of poetry in his hand, accompanied by a massive elderly lady—not unknown on the platform nor on the back-drawing-room stage—caparisoned in a tight-fitting violet velvet dress with a long train. He had not met the widow of his old friend since her husband's death, and both he and she felt somewhat constrained; so after a conventional greeting, he handed the script to his stately companion, saying, "Here, you'd better read this." The lady in the violet velvet train took the scroll in both hands, partially unrolled it, advanced to the centre of the room, read a few lines to herself in a stage whisper, with much facial expression, as though she had never seen the script before, then, suddenly falling upon both knees, exclaimed in tragedy tones, "Oh! this is too *divine* to be read in any other attitude!" and forthwith proceeded to declaim it by heart.

Another note from Brookfield's "Omniana" records that when a letter arrived from anybody of importance, his children would ask him, "Papa, is this an autograph?" meaning does it deserve keeping as such? One day, July 10, 1866, he writes, "Alfred Tennyson went into Charley's nursery last night and kissed him as he lay asleep. Being told of this this morning, the child exclaimed, "Oh, then, *now* I'm an autograph!"

Tennyson did not look upon himself as a religious man; he said people would not understand his reli-

gion if he told them what it was. His son says, "He held the doctrine of a personal immortality and was by no means content to accept our present existence as a mere preparation for the life of more perfect beings." He once asked John Sterling whether he would be content with such an arrangement, and Sterling had replied that he would. "I would not," added Tennyson, emphatically; "I should consider that a liberty had been taken with me if I were made simply a means of ushering in something higher than myself."

His *Confessions of a Sensitive Mind or Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind not in Unity with Itself*, to give it its full original title, are obviously reflections of the nightmare of rebellious doubt through which he and all the other over-eager souls of his time had to struggle in their early Cambridge days.

"Yet," said I, in my morn of youth,
The unsunned freshness of my strength,
When I went forth in quest of truth,
"It is a man's privilege to doubt."

* * *

Shall a man live thus, in joy and hope
As a young lamb, who cannot dream,
Living, but that he shall live on?
Shall we not look into the laws
Of life and death? and things that seem,
And things that be, and analyse
Our double nature, and compare
All creeds till we have found the one,
If one there be?

* * *

O weary life! O weary death!
O spirit and heart made desolate!
O damned vacillating state!

Later in the poet's work there are happily many evidences of peace attained at last. And in a letter written in 1874, he says, "For I believe that the dead live, whatever pseudo-savants may say."

It is a warm and glowing picture, the end of Tennyson's life. The splendid old bard, his Bible at his side, with his beautiful surroundings, fading into the sunset; his great achievements like banners around a cathedral, his noble poetry resounding his own Requiem. Did he not sing, when his first child died:—

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!
Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!
Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!

CHAPTER XV

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

We meet not now, as once, day after day,
In pleasant intercourse to change our thoughts:
But I can well remember all that time,
And all the thoughts that filled it—for just then
We were as merchants seeking goodly pearls.
(RICHARD C. TRENCH.)

I am at rest—my centre I have found
The circle's edge I had been wandering round.
(*Ibid.*)

FROM that remarkable group of earnest young scholars, impetuous young philosophers, and dreamy young poets, Trench stands forth distinguished by the maturity of his moral qualities. With as great intellectual gifts as they, he seems to have had—if one may use the expression—a more grown-up soul. To all the graceful endowments of oratory, poetry and the like, which he shared with his fellows, he possessed in addition the gift of sound good sense.

He passed swiftly and practically unscathed through the *Inferno* of youthful religious doubt, and he was accordingly able to give his manly guidance to those less fortunate, who were willing to accept it.

Perhaps the friend who profited most by Trench's help was Arthur Hallam; the two had many a discussion, in the course of one of which the younger man observed: "Perhaps the usual prejudice against prayers for special earthly gifts has gone a great way to remove faith out of the Church by destroying the sense of nearness and filial relation to God." Sterling and Maurice, who were Trench's close companions, occasionally allowed him to coax them down from the Babel heights of "Apostolic" dispute; but they would soon clamber up again to the level of confusion. Probably they would both have achieved in their lives greater things with fewer throes had they submitted to be guided by Trench. Those in Cambridge and outside who did not appreciate the "Apostles" and who resented their assumption of superiority in undertaking to enlighten every one upon things intellectual and spiritual, could not see as we can, at this distance of time, that the world at large was in a state of moral ferment, that every man was either yearning to hear or bursting to tell; that the most enlightened, such as our young friends, were eager to do both; that is to say, to acquire quickly—with their facility for learning; and to impart quickly—with their genius for declaiming. The difficulty with them was to find the precise source from which to draw the prophecies it should be their mission to pour forth. Dissatisfied as they were, at that period, with their Church, these young theorists with their picturesque minds endeavoured to blend philosophy and poetry into some kind of a moral

Richard Chenevix Trench

code which should enlighten those in darkness and solve the problems of life and death.

But while his fellow "Apostles" carried on their studies and discussions and efforts in this golden direction, with all the buoyant sanguineness of youth, Trench looked on with profound melancholy. With his superior wisdom and calmer judgment, he saw the futility of his young friends' schemes and realized the morbid effect which the investigations upon which they had so recklessly embarked might have upon their characters. Whenever he was drawn into their debates upon philosophical subjects, they plunged him still deeper into depression; indeed that passing wave of thought gave him a prejudice against Cambridge which lasted for many years. He protested frankly that he "disliked the whole band of Platonico-Wordsworthian-Coleridgian-anti-Utilitarians," meaning the whole Apostolic circle while they were under the influence of the prevailing atmosphere. Sterling found him one day expressing his sentiments of apprehension in flowing verse, and exclaimed, "You would probably have been a poet in any circumstances."

Trench's first experiment in literature was, curiously enough, a tragedy which was meant for the stage. It was entitled "Bernardo del Carpio," and was esteemed a fine piece of work. It was handed round among his Cambridge friends and freely commented upon, after the fashion of those men and times; and it was ultimately submitted to Macready, who read

it twice (so he says) and invited the dramatic aspirant to call upon him, "as I cannot convey to you by letter, with any satisfaction or completeness, my opinion with regard to the elements necessary to the success of your Tragedy." This was the play which Trench destroyed when he went to Dublin as Archbishop of that See.

Sterling wrote to him on the subject of this drama :—

"Kemble, not long ago, inflicted upon me a morning visit of some three hours, in the course of which he spoke highly of the talent it shows (the worse symptoms I've heard of it as yet), but says it requires alteration for the stage. I trust you will let me judge for myself. If you do me the favour, I tell you beforehand I shall be as candid as Mrs. Candour herself, and tell you all the faults I can discover. You remember Rochefoucauld says that friendship is shown by telling your friend of his errors, not his merits, and for once the sour-hearted cynic is right."

He says furthermore :—

"I pity the poor old hero, who having been dragged from the tomb by your witching, is condemned to lie for so many weeks in that limbo of vanity, filled with all manner of ghosts and abortions, Kemble's portfolio."

On some other occasion, in asking some favour of Trench, he said : "If you will do this, you will place yourself in my estimation between Jeremy Bentham and Jacob Behmen."

After taking his degree, Trench travelled on the Continent and went to Spain, intending to wander

peacefully throughout that romantic country and to cultivate the Spanish language, in the study of which he had already made considerable progress under the tuition of one of Sterling's political *protégés*. Here he made up his mind to take orders, but determined to come back and " give himself a calm studious year " before actually entering the Church.

But in the midst of his holiday, Torrijos, whom he had met in London, and liked and sympathized with, became freshly compromised (Trench discovered this and wrote to Sterling, " Unless he returns armed, he had better keep out of the way of the royalists"); and Sterling in England was taking up the cudgels on behalf of the revolutionaries; Tennyson, Hallam, Kemble, and many others of the " Apostolic " band, were also agitating. When he found his friends devoting themselves heart and soul to the cause of liberty and actually proposing to follow the call to arms and fight in its support, Trench, the least truculent of men, with characteristic loyalty, determined to throw in his lot with theirs and joined the conspiracy. The moral value of an act depends upon its intention. We may applaud the spirit of all the young men who took part in that struggle for freedom; we are bound to admire the enthusiasm and the self-sacrifice and the courage of every one of them. But some had illusions to fortify them, others a love for romantic adventure, others a combative nature; Trench had none of these. For this enlightened young scholar, with no revolutionary kink in his brain, with no taste for conflict nor

for strange experience, to set aside his better judgment and sally forth, his life in his hand, through sheer staunchness to his friends, was an act of heroism which it were hard to match.

Once pledged to the wild scheme, Trench threw himself into it with the thoroughness and dash of a born buccaneer. While he was arranging with Kemble the details of their route to Spain, to the spot which was to be the point of attack, he wrote to that gentleman :—

"I cannot rest for hearing the hum of mighty workings, and am very anxious if there is any news that you should give it to me, and how soon it is probable that we shall be wanted. I am in high spirits at the prospect of our speedy hanging, as anything is better than to remain and rot in this country."

Yet during the long dreary vigil at Gibraltar, he wrote a sonnet, *England, we love thee better than we knew*."

Trench, once in Spain, did all the little it was possible to do, and keenly alive to Sterling's anxieties on behalf of his friends whom he felt were exposed to danger mainly at his instigation, wrote to Donne : "Should anything disastrous happen—I mean, should we all be cut off—for God's sake go to London immediately and be with Sterling. I have shuddering apprehensions of how he may receive the news. He will accuse himself as the cause of all." Throughout he seems to have been full of thought and tender solicitude for every one but himself. Sterling wrote, "Trench

has shown himself what he always was, one whose feelings are pure as crystal and warm as the sun." Of his attitude over the affair of the attempted raid, Thirlwall said in a letter of introduction to Bunsen in Rome, whither Trench a year or so later went on account of his health :—

" In a circle which comprised the strongest minds and noblest spirits of our youth (this was the 'Apostle's' Society) he was distinguished for his fine literary taste, his poetical talent and the generous ardour of his character. Soon after leaving the University he accompanied the unfortunate Torrijos in his expedition to Spain and stayed with him at Gibraltar till every chance of success had vanished. His motive for embarking on the adventure was much more one of private friendship for Torrijos, than any political interest in the cause."

But the failure of the " cause " was so complete and terrible that Trench, like Sterling, could never bear to hear it mentioned, and very rarely indeed would he himself allude to it. The tragic death of Boyd was as shocking to him as to Sterling; but while it had the result of thoroughly recollecting and steadying Trench's thoughts, it seems to have had the effect upon Sterling of entirely unsettling his mind. When Trench did once make allusion to the unfortunate expedition it was only to say sadly, " Ah ! the whole business may have been misguided and inglorious, but believe me, it was not unheroic."

When he got back to Cambridge in 1831, in order to

attend his Divinity Lectures, with a heart settled by sorrow and an outlook widened by experience, he had evidently become reconciled to his *alma mater*, for he wrote: "I am far more attached to Cambridge than I had thought. There are very few here, if any, whom you know—Blakesley and Hallam, both worthy to be known, and others who will make it very difficult for me to keep my determination of withdrawing myself altogether from the small and irritating intellectual excitements of the place."

Tennyson writes in the course of a letter to Brookfield about this time the following enthusiastic testimony of their common friend:—

"You and Trench, I am told, grew very intimate with one another before he left Cambridge; it is impossible to look upon Trench and not to love him, though he be, as Fred says, always strung up to the highest pitch, and the earnestness which burns within him so flashes through all his words and actions that when one is not in a mood of sympathetic elevation, it is difficult to present a sense of one's own inferiority and lack of all high and holy feeling. Trench is a bold and true-hearted Idoloclast, yet have I no faith in any one of his opinions. Hallam got a letter from Stradbally the other day. T. writes that they keep armed watch and ward all night, a state of things I should think not very disagreeable to *him* who would have smitten off *both* ears (whose jest was that? the man who made it deserves to be cultivated)."

In 1833 Trench was ordained deacon and appointed curate to the Reverend J. H. Rose, at Hadleigh.

Thither came Newman, Hurrell Froude and Arthur Perceval for their "Great Conference" (at which Trench had the privilege of assisting), when the important question was discussed as to what form the *Tracts for the Times* should take. Trench tells us it was Hurrell Froude who made the greatest impression upon him on that occasion.

He still kept in with the "Apostles." Garden writes to Milnes: "My ten days with Trench were precious. He is the best man and the best clergyman I ever knew and his preaching superb, yet plain enough for his auditors." Trench writes to Donne asking: "Do you know aught of private news concerning the 'Apostles' of late? Blakesley has taken orders, Spedding has gained some University essays—of Sterling I heard a week ago." He was in Rome with several of the "Society" the winter of 1834-5, when there was "quite a Cambridge coterie," as Milnes called it. Trench's ingenuousness is charming when he tells how he wished to help himself from a sermon preached by a Jesuit at the Gesu, "but as I saw some English listening too, must do it with moderation," and this confession indicates that the habit of "helping oneself" is not purely of to-day, and, as Brookfield shows, it was a method which ran through all of them.

On his return from Italy he began to publish his poems. "Justin Martyr" came out in 1835. "Have you seen Trench's new volume? Here we all think the clergyman has swallowed up the poet, and also

that it would have been well if the castastrophe had taken place before the latter had written his last book," said Blakesley to Milnes. Milnes was much excited about this work, and especially so because "Wiseman reviewed it," while to Milnes Trench said deprecatingly about these poems, "I am afraid it is the religious world that have bought them, not the poetical." But this was an excess of modesty, for as a matter of fact Trench's writing glowed with the poetry which filled his soul, and which shone even from his countenance. W. H. Donne said he had a print of Keats, "which I love to look on for its beauty and fire; it reminds me of Trench." It was certainly the poetic in religion, as in all else, which appealed to him most strongly. It is a pity he had not the time to devote himself more to the writing of verse; but he was devoted to duty and a hard and conscientious worker; few have left behind them more actual evidences than he of deep study and scholarly application.

When Brookfield took a curacy at Southampton in 1836, he found himself a close neighbour to Trench at Botley Hill. There they revived their college friendship and a pleasant intimacy ensued, and there Brookfield wrote down, day by day as they were composed, the poems that his friend gave off. In a little book at hand, in the neatest writing, all dated, are all the sonnets and couplets and longer pieces which Trench wrote between the year 1836 and 1840, which were prolific years with him. They used to take each other's

services, and ramble and drive together, their conversations being always on poetry or theology. Brookfield took him, as he took Tennyson and others of them, to the Eltons, when he wrote in Mary Elton's album the lovely sonnet which begins :—

> Not thou from us, O Lord, but we
> Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

"I like Mr. Trench extremely," said that young lady, "such an earnest yet such a mild man."

In 1838 when the "Sterling" was inaugurated, he wrote :—

"My dear Brookfield,—

"I was quite ashamed of the letter with which I troubled you from London ; indeed, if it had not been for the temptation of a frank I do not think I should have written it. As it is, let me offer you my best thanks for your zealous kindness in the matter and for all the pleasure which four days' freedom obtained for me by you brought me. Nothing had been done concerning your election to the 'Sterling Club,' but the matter was put in train by me, and your balloting will come on next time. I am very glad there was no further delay, as the numbers are limited to fifty, and we are within three or four of that already. We had a very pleasant gathering, much in the old Cambridge spirit, and all were at ease with one another. I wish the mystery had found greater favour in your eyes, as one is never willing to believe that one had bestowed labour in vain ; however, I dare say your judgment is right.

"Affectionately yours,

"Richard C. Trench."

Brookfield—with his usual critical frankness characteristic of the set—had given an adverse criticism on a new effort of Trench's. He was not elected this time to the "Sterling," but presently, as a great surprise and pleasure to himself, he found himself a member.

When Trench's little son was dying, he wrote :—

"BOTLEY HILL, "*January*, 1841.

"MY DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"Thank you for your kind note—it has reached us in a time of heavy affliction. Our dear eldest boy is about to be taken from us (your little friend Francis)—I may say is already taken, and lies almost without sense and motion, waiting till his spirit takes flight. The sweet child has been thus suddenly brought low by inflammation on the brain, issuing in water on the head. On Christmas Day we thought him ill, and on New Year's Day the conviction was brought home upon us that he would die ; and all efforts have proved ineffectual to arrest the progress of the disease.

"Oh, may this affliction, grievous as it now is, bear hereafter peaceable fruits of righteousness. I trust it will lead us to great searchings of heart, that we may see what and in how many ways we have been provoking the Lord, till he has arrested us with a sudden hand in our course of departure from Him. Mrs. Trench has gone wonderfully through scenes of the most agonizing description, for you know perhaps the anguish which the disorder causes ; but strength has been given her equal to the need, and we have to praise for the patience and meekness given to the poor sufferer.

"Adieu, my dear friend. When I am in town I will look you out.

"Yours affectionately,

"R. C. TRENCH."

To which Brookfield replied :—

"My dear Trench,—

"Be sure that I very sincerely share in your grief because of that dear boy whom I loved very much. The consolations which I might suggest will have suggested themselves I am sure already to your heart. Still it must be a high exertion of the new and better nature for a parent not only to acquiesce in the will of God, but to render hearty thanks that it hath pleased Him to deliver his child out of the miseries of this sinful world. Such an exertion, however, must be prayed for and endeavoured. I hope it is not trifling with Holy Writ to apply to your departed child a sentence which was first spoken of *two* persons with a somewhat different meaning of his *two* brothers. 'One is this day with our Father and one is not,' and so to let the blessedness of the joint clause take away the sting of the second.

"It must be a subject of great thankfulness to you that Mrs. Trench has found the efficiency of those funds of support and consolation which she had stored up for so dark a day as that must be which for the first time finds a mother 'weeping for her children.'

"I heartily pray God to comfort you both abundantly and to enable you so to sow in tears that you may reap in joy.

"God bless you, my dear Trench,

"Yours affectionately,

"W. H. Brookfield."

In 1844 Lord Ashburton offered Trench Itchenstoke, a living not far from the Grange. Trench used to tell quaintly how Lady Ashburton encouraged him to take it by saying, "There are no poor to harass one's

feelings." While he was there parties from the Grange would often come over and burst in upon him. Thackeray once says, "To-day we have had a fine walk—to Trench's parsonage, a pretty place three miles off, through woods a hundred thousand colours. The poet was absent, but his good-natured wife came to see us—by us I mean me, Lady Ashburton, and Miss Farrer—who walked as aide de camp by my lady's pony."

Trench was himself most interested in the poor, and worked so hard in and out of the Irish cabins during the famine time, that he was laid up with a fever, contracted while engaged in relieving the starving. But he from this time got a little away from the "Apostolic" centre; afterwards his society became naturally more purely ecclesiastical. He was somewhat swayed by his friendship for Wilberforce, who said to him, "My dear Trench, if there were only one book left in the world—putting aside the Bible—what would you choose?" "Oh, I have no doubt, of course, I should choose St. Augustine." To which Wilberforce replied, "Ah, I know you think me a terrible Calvinist."

It was Trench who buried Harriet, Lady Ashburton, and he said, referring to all the distinguished mourners who attended her funeral, amongst whom were a goodly percentage of "Apostles," "It was not so much this woman's sympathy or attraction that these men felt as they stood by her grave, but the echoes of their own—now passing—brilliancy and maturity."

And when Thackeray died, he wrote to Brookfield: "I understand the funeral of our dear departed friend is to be on Tuesday. Can you tell me exactly when and where, and whether the presence of those who honoured and loved him, though not bound to him by ties of blood or of especial intimacy, would be welcome? In such a case I should like much to attend, and would put off my going to Ireland for a day that I might so do."

Richard Chenevix Trench possessed not only the thoughts and lyre of a lofty poet, but all the mediaeval high qualities of which he loves to sing—loyalty, devotion, rectitude, courage. There was no one in that gifted circle of "Apostles" who did not profit—or who might not, had he chosen, have profited—from intimacy with Trench. The most faithful to his friends, the most unswerving from the path of duty, and, with Kemble, the most daring when brought face to face with danger. He expresses very beautifully in one of his sonnets, as one who has felt what he describes, the yearning of youth to achieve and the patience he should have when opportunity is withheld:—

Why have we yet no great deliverance wrought?
Why have we not truth's banner yet unfurled,
High floating in the face of all the world?
Why do we live and yet accomplish naught?
These are the stirrings of an unquiet thought,
What time the years pass from us of our youth.
And we unto the altar of high truth
As yet no worthy offering have brought.

But now we bid these restless longings cease:
If heaven has aught for us to do or say,
Our time will come: and we may well hold peace,
When He, till thrice ten years had passed away,
In stillness and in quietness up grew,
Whose word once spoken should make all things new.

CHAPTER XVI

GEORGE STOVIN VENABLES

My own friend, my old friend!
Time's a soldier bold friend!
Of his lofty prowess
Many a tale is told, friend!
* * * *
But though earthly nature
Has so frail a mould, friend!
What the tyrant cannot do
Is to make us cold, friend!
(RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.)

THE historic encounter between Master Thackeray and Master Venables which took place in the Charterhouse playground in the year 1824, though it cost the former the symmetry of his nose, proved to be the unconventional inception of a valuable and life-long intimacy. The impetuous young Thackeray was the challenger, but it was also he who, after his defeat and on a little reflection, proferred to the victorious Venables the friendship which was eagerly accepted and which never afterwards wavered for a moment. Venables had already another beloved school-friend, the younger Lushington, whose companionship Thackeray willingly accepted, and the three lads formed a happy and

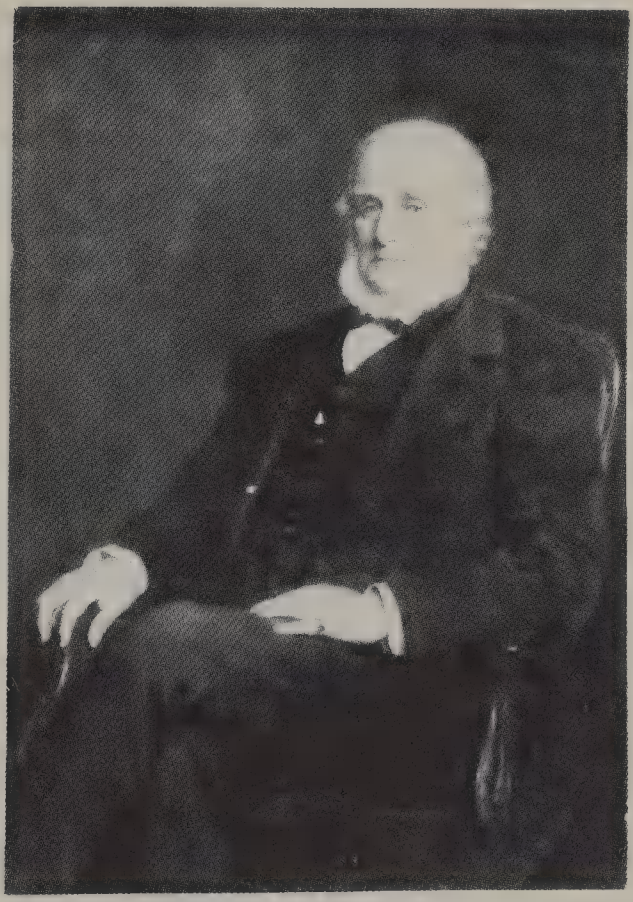
affectionate triumvirate united by similar tastes, and a common implacability towards Dr. Russell, a headmaster of the old unsympathetic-disciplinarian order.

Venables went up in 1829 to Jesus, but he immediately associated himself with the Trinity set. He competed for the Chancellor's Medal for English verse the *Timbuctoo* year, and won it in 1831 with the *North-West Passage*, a fine piece of work in which he says :—

> There is rest
> Dismal and dreary on the silent sea,
> Most dismal quiet : for the viewless might
> Of the keen frost wind crisps the curling waves,
> Binding their motion with a clankless chain
> Along the far horizon.

He was by all the set considered to be a "great" man. He had considerable humour, of a somewhat cynical and acidulated kind, not unlike that of his friend W. H. Thompson, and his carefully balanced epigrams were welcomed and treasured and much quoted by his companions. Whewell, whom they all respected, came in at one time for a good deal of criticism, and Venables' "Whewell's humbug and inbecility reciprocally limit each other" was received with joy.

Venables was tall and strong and strikingly handsome, as his picture late in life, painted by John Collier, proclaims. He had a slight lisp which lent a distinct character to his pungent remarks, while the gravity and dignity of his demeanour enhanced the effect of his



George Stovin Venables

From the painting by the Hon. John Collier

conversational sallies. It was said of him that "a more delightful companion was never known."

He took his B.A. in 1832, M.A. in 1835, became fellow of Jesus and was called to the Bar in 1836. He went on the Oxford circuit for a little, but afterwards confined himself entirely to Parliamentary practice. Recognized as the intellectual equal of the ablest men of his time, he chose, in his non-professional hours, employment at which little reputation could be made. His public work was anonymous journalism. He wrote for the *Saturday* and other reviews, as well as for *The Times* newspaper, of which he usually compiled the annual summary. He was a type of journalist less rare eighty years ago than now. A polished gentleman in easy circumstances, and of good social position, of lofty thought, and high scholarly attainments, he worked not for profit or *réclame*, but to raise the minds of the multitudes and instil into them the spirit of patriotism and loyalty.

He was much attached to all his old "Apostle" friends. Lushington was, of course, his most intimate associate; their friendship, indeed, rivalled that of Tennyson and Hallam. Milnes attracted and fascinated him, and he had a high esteem and admiration for Tennyson, whom he saw constantly and to whom he wrote often and critically. He pushed his work with all his power, and when the "Princess" was written, it was he who suggested and composed the second line at the beginning of the fourth book, which runs :—

There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound.

His affection for the great poet and his family was cordially reciprocated, and the bond between them was strengthened by the Lushington link which, had all things shaped themselves as Venables sometimes dreamed, would have been two-fold.

There is a popular impression that Thackeray founded the character of "George Warrington" in *Pendennis* upon George Venables, but it is difficult to discover the faintest resemblance between the two. It is true that Venables wrote "in a newspaper now and then" and that his style was easily recognizable by "the strong thoughts and curt periods, the sense, the satire, and the scholarship." But on the other hand there was never a journalist less of a "Bohemian" —nor, indeed, more of "Gorgio"—than Venables; he was never a pipe-smoker, nor did any one ever see him, after manhood, unshorn.

His polished manners no less than his polished wit made him greatly in demand for social functions, especially dinners and house parties. He used to tell a story of a certain well known earl whom he met at Lansdowne House, of whom he asked whether he ever saw *Punch?* "Why, no," replied his lordship, "to say the truth I'm—er—not much of a bookworm!"

When asked by Mrs. Sartoris to differentiate between two persons who had unaccountably crept into Society (which resented their presence) he said, "One

is a snob without being vulgar, and the other is vulgar without being a snob."

When Brookfield was getting up oral reading "by persons possessing leisure and a fair amount of the personal qualifications requisite for such a function," as wholesome and instructive amusement for the poor, he asked Venables to give him advice as to what he would recommend for such readings, on which Venables replied :—

"My dear Brookfield,—

"I should think it might be said that the first advantage of reading out what is good in itself is that it multiplies the appreciation of the book almost by the number present, just as a small joke or a dog running down the course makes thousands of people laugh though it would not make a single person smile. This is remarkably the case with poetry, read to those who care for poetry, and it is much easier to find an audience which cares for some kinds of prose. *There is an excitement in any simultaneous thought or feeling which cannot be produced in solitude.* Then it is only by reading out or listening that the attention of most people is fixed on the *language, the precision, and the harmony* which with other things constitute *style,* and form the element of *art* in literature and the condition of permanence. Nearly all readers, especially in an age of reading, read idly and carelessly for the sake of the matter, which can be got at almost in unconsciousness of the words. This is the way in which *newspapers* are read, forming probably nine-tenths of the reading of ninty-nine hundredths of people who can read. The same careless way of reading extends to books which would deserve more attention. Another

class of readers are careless of style from extreme interest in the subject. As Germans who are contented with a profusion of victuals not cooked at all, that is of long involved sentences full of learning, but neither balanced nor in tune, and with the verb at the end. Consequently hardly any German has ever been able to write his own language, and I should think it must be impossible to read out any but one or two books of German prose.

"All poetry that is good for anything is good to read out to those who care for it, but it is chilling work to read it to those who listen to it, as I do to a soprano cavatina in E.

"But all poetry is carefully finished in language, and not merely shovelled out like blue book prose. It is for this reason chiefly that it does to read out. One great advantage of the habit of reading out by a judicious reader is that he is almost certain for his own sake to select books or passages which have a more or less carefully elaborated style. For style is neither more nor less than the whole art of literature

"I think you might digress for four and a half minutes on style, of which the *capability of pleasant utterance is one of the most infallible tests*. Perfect lucidity and due proportion of meaning to sound being elements, and the arrangement of thoughts and words as far as possible in the natural or logical order. The mere reader, if he does not understand the beginning of a sentence or paragraph can look at the end. Articles in *The Times* begin with an anecdote or a story of generalities which are both really and apparently nearly as well adapted to the reformation of adult criminals as to Schleswig-Holstein, but the world in general can look just as easily at the middle of the

article as at the beginning, and therefore it never notices the essential error of the composition.

"*A sensitive oral reader instinctively sympathizes with the vexation of an audience which is puzzled or bored*, and he then finds by experience that he is safest in reading authors who win readers in their art; this reading tends therefore to improve and elevate the taste and generally to make the treatment, the language, in short, the art, more prominent than the mere gratification of curiosity. In Miss Austen the pleasure of the details and the simple, forcible style prevail over any tendency to hurry to the end. I think you could find in her novels some admirable passages of intelligible and pleasant humour and good sense—not much pathos. Charles Lamb is admirable for reading out—he polished every word as well as every sentence and nothing could be changed without destroying the whole value. For one thing Sterne's language is admirably simple and fine, and notwithstanding his indecencies he had an admirable taste in creating pure and refined characters with very few touches. In the story of Lefevre himself, there is no superfluous piling up of miseries, merely a melancholy condition which speaks for itself, and the pathetic effect is produced mainly by the sympathy of Uncle Toby, whose gentleness again gives force to his celebrated oath, and I think his character might be illustrated by two or three other short quotations, as his reply to Mr. Shandy when he had insulted him about his fortification books and his remark on Ernulphus's curse, that he could not find it in his head to curse the devil, etc. He is cursed and damned already, said Dr. Slop. "I am sorry for it," said my Uncle Toby. Even the little circumstance of his getting his *roquelaure* to go out in the cold and dark, and Trim's unwillingness to

let him go, are skilfully brought in, and the whole is admirably short.

"I should certainly not have tendered these suggestions on the suction of eggs if the venerable lady had not encouraged the liberty, but I have no doubt you will give a very interesting discourse, and you can say with more knowledge of the subject than I possess how sound is superior to sense, or rather how it is the test of skill in expressing sense, *the crystallization being more essential* to the diamond than the charcoal which is the substance.

"Yours very truly,
"G. S. VENABLES."

"Carlyle is excellent for reading out but with the same limitations as to audience which apply to poetry."

Once when Venables was leaving a dinner party where Sir Frederick Pollock also had been, he took up his hat in the hall, saying, "Here's my Castor—where's Pollock's?" Always a favoured guest at the Grange, he said at a time when he and the world in general were much excited over inland travellers, that Mr. Parkyns' book on Africa was the most successful attempt on record of a man being able to reduce himself to the savage state.

Thackeray once said to Mrs. Brookfield of a party at the Ashburtons', "Venables was there, very shy and grand-looking—how kind that man has always been to me!—and a Mr. Simeon of the Isle of Wight, an Oxford man, who won my heart by praising certain parts of *Vanity Fair*, which people won't like." While Lady Ashburton once said, "I have told

Venables it surely is not necessary to enter every drawing-room with the feelings of Prometheus prepared to defy the vulture."

Later on in the following letter Brookfield again consulted Venables on the subject of popular methods of interesting and instructing the lower middle classes ;—

"My dear Venables,—

"The chief motive of these lines is the credit that reflects upon one who corresponds with Palaces and all that therein is. But the secondary excitement is that I want to ask you for two or three hints or heads upon the advantages which might attend the cultivation of a little ornamental literature (having an eye chiefly to poetry) in the education provided for the less leisured classes—say the artizan class or a little higher. Of course I am assuming that Conservative as you are you do think such a thing desirable if practicable. If you don't—why then the question falls. I don't want to impose any troublesome task upon you. But if while walking backwards or forwards on the lawn by yourself (supposing that York ever allows you to be by yourself) you would bestow a few movements of your brain upon me, I should be greatly benefited. Could you suggest any book or books that would help one in cooking up a lecture of popular and amusing character upon the English language ?

"The cask that contained the wine of those Lysdinam days retains or will retain its fragrance. You drove your team admirably well ; and the result was really perfection, though such superlatives make one pause for a moment to consider their propriety. I

really don't know how social pleasure could go beyond it. I wish you may be as fortunate in the North as I was in the South-West.

"Ever yours truly,
"W. H. BROOKFIELD."

To this Venables, who was staying with the Archbishop of York, replied :—

"YORK,
"*October* 2.

"MY DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"It has happened that I could not write this and no other letters till to-day. The one day which might have been available we went to Leeds to see the Exhibition, and as we came back we didn't come back to York, the train taking us through to Scarborough ; a saintly Archbishop bellowing out of the window, a pious Dr. Vaughan cursing and a Z.C. blessing inside, so that day was provided for.

"There are Lady —— whom I know and like, and Lord Houghton, but he is at Birmingham. He wants you to succeed X——, but I fear he will scarcely manage it. There are two young Greek women here, and there is a rich woman called Miss Coutts coming. It is not unpleasant. I return to my crust and hollow tree on Monday from here. I rather wish you had requested more definitely what you want, but I am all for poetry as the most devulgarizing of instruments, and I incline to Shakespeare (say *King John*, *Midsummer Night*, and *As you like it*) above all other books ; then *Robinson Crusoe*, then *Ivanhoe*, and *Lay of the Last Minstrel ;* but I have no doubt I could think of details if I knew better what you want. A good argument and illustration might be taken from the Athenians, all of whom heard and cared for the great tragedies

in the theatre, being the most cultivated people, all through, that ever lived, and the Jews who had the Psalms, Isaiah, etc., at their fingers' ends. I should proceed with the subject, the only possible equality of education, equal in quality to the highest, as it can't be in quantity (conceive an average Cambridge man in our time, having more education than can be given to the lower middle classes), but it is the correct thing to assume intellectual sympathy which would relieve popular oration from the temptation to be low, etc., etc. and etc.

"Yours sincerely,
"G. S. VENABLES."

"*October* 9.

"MY DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"In regard of poetry I think you would do well to get up Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, which is quite unequalled as a bit of English history showing the similarity and the dissimilarity of things 500 years ago and things now, and it is also unequalled in itself. With the vocabulary which is in all ordinary editions you could easily get over all the obsolete words, which are not many, and, reading it out with modern pronunciation, except when the verse requires the sounding of a mute 'e,' you would find nothing simpler or more intelligible. It is calculated to be, in parts of it at least, pre-eminently popular, and it would be much newer than Shakespeare. I know nothing like it—for the last century; there are bits of Pope which would be very good, and new to most people; and for an earlier time there are very pretty bits of Donne, Cowley, Andrew Marvell, etc. I should say Pope's Homer, too, which has much more ring than Lord Derby's. All which, if irrelevant, excuse.

"I returned here on Wednesday. I asked Thirlwall, who is coming to open a church, but he is going to Llwynmedoc (Mrs. Thomas'). In the latter part of Bishopthorpe there were Mr. Henry Holland and Miss Coutts. I need hardly say that I proposed to her and was accepted, but there is a temporary impediment caused by my objection on principle to squander any more of my substance on colonial Bishoprics and Churches. I see you are not Dean of St. Paul's or Bishop of Peterborough. I am afraid the chances are against your being Hawkins.

"Yours ever sincerely,

"G. VENABLES."

Brookfield was always delighted by Venables' retort when he was asked for Scripture proof against bigamy. "No man can serve two masters." It was he who said he could not for the life of him understand what the millennium meant, unless it denoted a period when every one would possess a thousand a year! He was always kindly and hospitable, and he was ever willing to give genial invitations and sensible advice in one breath.

"MY DEAR BROOKFIELD,—

"I don't think self-blame is generally a recommendation. What is the use of disinterring a diamond if it is only a bit of charcoal? I wish you were likely to be coming here, for I am afraid I am not likely to come to Somerby, and I am much in want of assistance in drinking, not Maderia of the vintage of Sarepta (see Old Testament), for I happen to have none, but a proving of port and claret which is beyond my personal necessities. I expect Merewether and his wife here

to-day; they will be horribly bored, as it has been dry and now rains. If it had rained and was now dry, he might probably catch a salmon, which is what he comes for—under present circumstances he might as well expect to catch a crocodile. Will you present my respectful regards to Miss Baring, who, I hope, will like her load of visits better than I like solitary squireening."

And another time he said :—

"My dear Brookfield,—

"I expect the Master and Mistress of Trinity, and Thompson on the 19th, and it would greatly add to their satisfaction in the visit if they met a person of your well-known attainments, not to say principles. When they go I believe K—— is coming, and even K——'s company I will not grudge you, though I am aware of the danger to me from the competition! It will be provident to announce your train that I may send to the station.

"If you *can* come about the 16th, I shall be glad to know of it; but if you can't come, then I should be glad for reasons not to know of it till the 17th, having in fact an interest in using your image in default of yourself to propel certain other guests for whose departure I want to fix a not quite unlimited term. Having announced that I am expecting a party who is yourself, in the middle of next week, I wish to be still expecting and I hope expecting on solid grounds; but if not, then in want of cause to the contrary."

With a card to Brookfield to a grand dinner in Mercer's Hall, Blakesley being Master that year, he sent the following, of course as a joke :—

"SIR,—

"I enclose a card of invitation to a dinner of my Corporation to-morrow. I am sure your interest in the prosperity of the trade with which I have been so long connected, will induce you to attend. Specimens of cloth, silk, flannel, and other mercery goods will be handed round between the courses; the tablecloth of my own manufacture. After dinner a collection will be made for the heirs and personal representatives of deceased capitalists connected with the Company.

"Your obedient servant,
"G. S. VENABLES."

To Lord Houghton, who was in some alarm about some action of Bright's, Venables once said, "I no more believe that political democracy in England will be compatible with social aristocracy than I do that Colenso is compatible with Christianity."

Venables told Milnes that his house in Bolton Road was the scene of the death of Fred Maurice as well as of the reception of Manning into the Catholic Church, on which Houghton improvised an inscription to be put over the door :—

EX HAC HOMO
FREDERICUS MAURICE
AD SUPEROS
HENRICUS MANNING
AD INFEROS
TRANSIERUNT.

To Brookfield, Venables said when they were both getting older :—

"My dear Brookfield,—

"Things will change in thirty years. It is a way they have. I might say of my eyes as the Miller's Daughter's husband says of his wife's eyes, 'They have not read a many sermons, dear eyes, since first you knew them well,' but they have read your sermon, and very eloquent and artist-like it is, with the evident quality of having been more especially oral before it was written, or at least before it was printed. The gift of oratorical writing is rather a mystery to me, and all the more appreciated. I can more or less both write and speak, but I can't write what I am going to speak. I can very well see that your style accounts for success as a preacher as far as that depends on style.

"Yours ever,

"G. S. Venables."

This was not long before Brookfield died, and when the latest development of the Tennyson sonnet on his friend was submitted to Venables, he wrote back :—

"I like the new version best, except the repetition of Brooks, which I detest."

In their *Joint Compositions* Venables and Lushington wrote concerning the incendiary fires at Cambridge in 1831, at a time when there were rumours of a mob advancing upon that town :—

Some said, "To sack the Colleges
And some to break the jail."

* * * * *

At dawn we heard, that night by six
Nor love nor money purchased sticks.

Quick ranged in numbered bands
We watched each post and passage straight
From Jesus to the towered gate
Where sceptred Edward stands.

* * * * *

Unto the Poet wise we spoke
"Is any law of battle broke
By pouring from afar
Water or oil or melted lead?"
The Poet raised his massive head—
"Confound the laws of war!"

Kinglake said to Mrs. Brookfield, "Venables had romance in his nature, and I *know* that, like most men of his high intellect, he had humour, but for years he has seemed to me like a brilliant sort of man who had unwillingly taken a judgeship. You know him ten thousand times better than I do. It is always the true woman friend that has the soundest knowledge of a man." The great and beautiful attachment of his life was to Henry Lushington—from early schoolboy days he constituted himself his champion and admirer, and he was that unto that dear friend's death. There is no doubt but that this group stands unique in their unselfish affections. There was first of all the amalgamated friendship of the whole body of the "Apostles" which is unique in history; then the secondary and closer unions, for most of them chose out of their number one to be his bosom friend, and kept him through all times and changes, troubles and vicissitudes—always generously submitting his will, always unselfishly helping his needs.

When we survey these "Cambridge Apostles," all

of them "poets whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world," all of them men of intellect, all of them scholars of attainment, all gentlemen "of dignified bearing and of independence of mind and nature," each worthy of the title of genius, as such proved who chose, the beautiful fact remains that that which impresses and delights us most is not their marvellous accomplishment, but the warm and faithful affection they bore for one another. Our minds are dazzled by their separate achievements, but our hearts are warmed by their mutual love. It was the spirit of helping, not of outstripping, each other which stimulated these faithful friends on their way. Let those who aspire to emulate the members of that early "Conversazione Society" strive to cultivate their greatness of soul ere they attempt to practise their agility of mind. Arthur Hallam was well inspired when he wrote the following lines :—

> O ! there is union, and a tie of blood
> With those who speak unto the general mind,
> Poets and sages ! Their high privilege
> Bids them eschew succession's changefulness,
> And, like eternals, equal influence
> Shed on all times and places.

END.

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William Henry Brookfield, b. 1809, d. 1875. Cambridge, 1829. H.M. Inspector of Schools. Rector of Somerby, 1863. Canon of Ealdland, 1866.

Joseph Henry Blakesley, b. 1808, d. 1885. Cambridge, 1827. Rector of Ware, 1846. Canon of St. Paul's, 1863. Dean of Lincoln, 1872.

Charles Buller, b. 1806, d. 1848. Cambridge, 1825. M.P. for Liskeard, 1829. Judge Advocate, etc.

Arthur Henry Hallam, b. 1811, d. 1833. Cambridge, 1828.

John Mitchell Kemble, b. 1807, d. 1857. Cambridge, 1825. Anglo-Saxon Lecturer. Examiner of Plays.

Henry Lushington, b. 1812, d. 1855. Cambridge, 1828. Chief Secretary at Malta.

Frederick Denison Maurice, b. 1805, d. 1872. Cambridge, 1824. Oxford, 1829.

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James Spedding, b. 1808, d. 1881. Cambridge, 1827. Colonial Office. *Bacon's Life and Works.*

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